

about buying great saddles, German lances,—must come here to answer it. He is among this crowd even now. It does appear his Majesty had decided on having 1000 German horse, heavy horsemen with big swords and unknown speech; knowing men whisper, what they dare not say, that it was for the purpose of coercing such English as would not lend upon benevolence. Colonel Dalbier and Scotch Balfour, Sir William,—they were to command, to enlist the men, to choose the horses. Butlanachi by warrant and sign-manual was to have the furnishing of them in the markets of North Germany. What were they meant for, those 1000 horse under a foreign German, a foreign Scot, with this Lombard for purchaser? If not for an actual Trailbaston business, then for what? One's blood runs cold! *Trailbaston* was the old law of Norman Game-preservers, to coerce the Robin Hood and such like, by swift military execution, if nothing else would do it; but we,—we thought we had got a Parliament law! I hear the name of Alanwaring mentioned also:—Alanwaring (of whom we have briefly noted the business elsewhere¹) had his quietus yesterday, or what will lead to his quietus. Mr. Pym gave it him home to the heart yesterday, I hear it whispered; his accusation is all engrossed on vellum, and the Lords, I think, will accede.²

Petition of Right, Petition of Right; this, too, I hear much murmured of. I am told his Majesty's acceptance of it on Tuesday last was hardly satisfactory. He accepted it; but with a certain vagueness. I hear the Commons are dissatisfied; and have spoken to that effect,—if a man may dare to murmur that he knows such a thing. Petition of Right, I incline to consider, the greatest thing since Magna Charta. What is it but Magna Charta itself, and the Six Statutes reconfirmed? Magna Charta has had to be confirmed thirty times already; and this is the thirty-first? O Mr. Rigmarole! what a Parliament this might have been! These Trailbastons, these forced Loans, and tyrannous proceedings, not of his

¹ See ante, p. 194.

² Rushworth, i. 597.

Majesty, God forbid!—but of certain ill advised persons, who misled his good heart,—are all done away by this Petition. It was the doing of Sir Edward Coke, thanks forever to Coke upon Lyttleton! Were you there on the 1st of May, when the ‘great silence’ took place? Our House was busy on the Petition, considering what could be done in the alarming invasions of our liberty, the King sent a message. Take my royal word, there shall be no more of all that. You will take my royal word, or will you not?—whereupon ensued ‘a ‘great silence,’¹—very natural. Many knew what to think, but none what to say. At length, with the humblest prostrations and expressions, these respectful Commons craved leave to *take* his Majesty’s royal word, to write it down, namely, upon parchment, in due form of a Parliamentary Bill, that it might remain clear to all the world, and to a grateful Posterity when perhaps a less excellent King might be reigning—in other words, to go on with our Petition of Right. This is the Petition of Right—it grew up under the cunning hands of venerable Coke upon Lyttleton, he worked it upon the potter’s wheel of a debating House of Commons, spun it aloft into this beautiful piece of porcelain law-symmetry, which we hope may be the Palladium of our liberties. No Englishman to be imprisoned without *habeas corpus*, no Tallage to be conceded, no nothing—a brief document and a beautiful,—which has cost us two months, come through many perils from the potter’s-wheel of the Commons, from the furnace-kiln of the Lords,—and the King’s acceptance of it was thought to be somewhat of the stingiest. He did not say *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*—he said it should be law but—but—why did his Majesty introduce any ‘but’? An excellent Parliament, Mr Rigmorole,—but it is said they are to be prorogued on Wednesday next.

But let us, in Heaven’s name, try if we can get into the interior of the Parliament itself, look about and see if there is anything discoverable there. A strange, dim old place,

¹ Rushworth, i 553

very invisible, yet very indisputable. There is no disputing of it: here are the *Rhadamanthine Commons Journals* proving to the latest posterity that it is a real corporeal entity, no fiction of the brain, but a creation of the Almighty Maker. Look on it, reader, with due earnestness; it will dawn on thee as a visible or half-visible ghost, one of those strange Parliaments of the Past, which are not, and which were;—the perpetual miracle of this our Life on Earth.

Yes, here I see is learned Serjeant Finch, as Speaker; his face nearly hidden from one by his wig. Hidden mostly by their wigs, sit near, in front of him, his Majesty's select councillors, such of them as have got selected: a Secretary Cook, a Sir Humphrey May, Chancellor of the Duchy, and others: dim rudiments of a Majesty's Ministry such as we now have: they as yet sit sparse and feeble, in front of the 'Speaker'; mostly hidden from all mortals, so to speak, by their official wigs. To all mortals they are and have long been mere human official wig-bearers, not worth discriminating or distinguishing;—as such let them to all Eternity continue!

And over in the general amphitheatre of benches,—well, is it not a sight!—there they sit, all clothed and banded, the honourable Puritan gentlemen, most grave thoughts under those steeple-hats of theirs. Our old friends in the 'Twelve 'kings' Parliament, most of them I still see here: these, and sundry whom I note as new. Old Sir Edward Coke, tough veteran, one rejoices to see still in his place; they have pricked him as Sheriff, they have tried various tricks to keep him out, but could not, so learned was he in precedents, a man of the toughest fibre, of quickest wit, not to be easily balked in the laws. Mr. Pym, still in the Puritan interest, manages most of our complaints against the Manwaring and Priest-hunky species: a man rising, growing; as the healthy oak does; a man you may well call robust. Trumpet-tongued Sir Benjamin [Rudyard?], still on the side of Court. Decisive Wentworth wishing to have Committees appointed; staunch

for Protestantism and Privilege of Parliament, but always with method. It is inconceivable what he has had to suffer down in Yorkshire, in county business, in Elections, from the Savile genealogy there—how they have thwarted and spited him, and striven to make him small among his neighbours,—a thing he cannot brook. Do they know what stuff he is made of, this young Wentworth? He is full of energy, he is full of method, deny him not the first necessity of man, that of expanding himself, of growing bigger,—he must do it, must and will, in a noble or ignoble way. I notice Mr Coryton, also, my esteemed young friend from the west,¹ Mr Strode, esteemed young friend Mr Denzil Holles, old Earl's² favourite son,—inherits plenty of the family irascibility. Here is a Sir John Hotham, too, from Yorkshire,—rather a poor looking creature? says the reader. Yes, on his countenance I read pruriency enough, ill tempered vanity enough,—a stamp of Fate³—much desire to distinguish himself, and small ability to do it,—that is stamp enough of Fate, I think. Fate, the Devil, or whatever we call it, has ear marked or brand marked that man, legibly to intelligent minds, 'The Devil his'—

Mr Hampden—ah, yes 'hail to you, Mr Hampden, right glad to see you here again'. He sits there in the purest linen, clear combed, close shaven, his mouth, somewhat thin in the lips, is very carefully shut, his bright eyes are radiantly open. Don't you think the lips a trifle too thin? My beautiful Mr Hampden! His mother has never yet got him a Peerage, he himself begins to have other views—he, too, is growing bigger, and has to do it, but I hope in a noble way. Fiery Eliot is there, speaking like pistol bullets, his very silence eloquent. Our young friend Sackville,³ Duel Sackville, is become Duel Dorset, by his brother's death, and gone to the House of Lords, but I notice, home here from the German wars,

¹ Cornwall

² John Holles, father of Denzil, became Lord Houghton in 1616 (having bought a Peerage for £10 000) and Earl of Clare in 1624. He died in 1637

³ See *ante* pp 99 167

another manful young gentleman, Ralph Hopton, Sir Ralph they call him, of whom in coming years we shall know more. And seated on the intermediate degrees, lost in the general crowd of steeple-hats, what face is yonder?—The same we saw last in Cripple-gate Church, eight years ago, in wedding raiment beside Elizabeth Bouchier,—Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Burgess for Huntingdon! Yes, sure enough, there sits he; confabulates at times with cousin Hampden; he has been living, been doing and endeavouring all this while, though we saw nothing of him! Doing and thinking—who knows how much! 'What am I? What is this Universe? Whence came I into it? Whither am I bound in it?' These dread questions fell deep on the great silent soul; stirred it up well nigh to madness. Doctor Sincock has told friends of mine that he suffered under terrible hypochondria, and had fancies about the Town-cross. No wonder. These questions are insoluble, or the solution of them is a miracle to us: they are great as our soul is great, accurately of the same size. 'To 'Apes by the Dead Sea' this Universe is an Apey, a tragic humbug, which they put away from them by unmusical screeches, by the natural cares for lodging, for dinner and such like; but to Men it is an awful verity, of which some solution is indispensable!—In brief, my brave Oliver, after much wrestling to solve it, has laid hold of the Puritan Gospel, wherein he finds the question answered; after long hearsay, it became a Divine fact for him, and he stands from henceforth with the Eternal stars above him and the murky waters safe under him, on this firm ground, with a Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.—It is a victory like few. Noble as the gods is he that hath gained it!

The Order of the Day on this Tuesday of June, 1628, is the Declaration to the King. The House was yesterday in the Grand Committee, gradually building up its Declaration to the King. A work of delicacy and difficulty, but imperative to be done. It behoves a faithful House of Commons, now

When Mass Priests swarm among us, and are setting up a College in Clerkenwell, here at home, when abroad the Three hatted Man of Sin is a-tiptoe on his Mountain of Idolatries in the Romish Babylon, summoning all servants of the Devil in cowl or crown, by insidious plot or open violence, to tread out God's light on this Earth, when the passing bell ringeth for religion, and also for liberty and right, when men are maltreated against law, and our trade and substance are decaying visibly, and our counsels, foreign and domestic smitten with futility, and even English fighting is become as mock fighting, except that we ourselves are slain and sunk in salt pits, and disastrous quagmires, and scandalous Turk Pirates are grown familiar with Laver [?] Point, and the Nore buoy, and capture our ships in our own waters, and from all the people struggles wide spread, inarticulate, a sound of sorrow and complaint,—which some one ought to change into a voice—in such circumstances, it behoves a House of Commons mindful of its mission registered, not in the Rolls Chapel alone, but in the Chancery of Heaven, to venture on doing it. We dare not say it! We are very miserable!

The House is to meet this morning at seven of the clock the Order was, the Grand Committee and business of the Declaration shall be proceeded in at eight. No business of greater delicacy could be given to men reverent to his Majesty as to the visible Vicegerent of God,—and not with lip reverence but heart reverence, and yet the invisible God himself must have His Truth spoken,—at thy peril hide it not!—The modern reader will do well to understand that such, in very sober truth, was the temper of this Parliament, that mimicry of reverence either to man or to God had not yet come in. The distractions of this heavy laden Earth were not yet completed, quacks were not raised by general acclamation anywhere to ride and guide the business of this Earth, but there remained in man a clear sense for quacks and for the Eternal doom of quacks,—a great hope consequently remained. This House of Commons will go forward

in its Declaration with all reverence, yet with all faithfulness; I hope none of them have come hither without prayer for guidance.¹

Alas! before ever we get into Grand Committee, hear Speaker Finch with a message from his Majesty: Finch, of whom I see little but the wig, has been with his Majesty over night; as his wont is too often for a faithful Speaker;—and now this is the message: That we are to be provoked in eight days; that we ought to get on with our Bill of Subsidies, and not take up new matter: that, in fact, his Majesty 'requires us' to abstain from such new matter, and especially from all new matter 'which may lay any scandal or aspersion on the State-government or Ministers thereof.'² Here is the King's message. We shall not need to go into Grand Committee, then, to give voice to the dumb sorrow of the people, and the word of the Lord that has come to us. Our treading of the Bridge of Dread will not be called for. We are to lay no scandal on the State Government or Ministers thereof. I command you, says the God's Vicegerent, with brief emphasis, that on that subject you be silent. Such a message, we may hope, never before came to any House of Commons.

Will the modern reader believe it? can he in his light, innocent, mimetic mind, bring the matter in the least home to himself? This House of Commons, men of English humour and rugged practical temper, did, at hearing of this message, burst, not into Parliamentary Eloquence, but pretty generally into a passion of tears! It is the incredible of all entirely indisputable facts. Honourable Yorkshire Bur-gesses, learned Sergeant Members, have written authentic note of it, historic Rushworths put it in print, and the mss. themselves moulder, still decipherable, in the British Museum. Charles's Third Parliament, on Thursday the 5th of June, 1628, at hearing of the above message, sat with

¹ See *ante*, p. 169.

² Rushworth, i. 605.

consternation on every face, and could not speak for weeping

Sir Robert Philips rises — 'This, if ever any was, is a case for making a precedent, if there be none ready made Philips in broken words attempts to utter his big thought Is it so, then? There is to be no hope, then, after all our humble and careful endeavours towards God and towards man, and no hope of rectifying these miseries, seeing our sins are many and great Yes, it is our sins, I consider I surely am myself now, if ever at any moment, wrought upon and tempted to sin To the sin of impatience, poor Sir Robert means 'What was our aim, but to have done his 'Majesty service?' says he, but the big tears burst forth,—except in that way, his big thought can find no utterance, he sits abruptly down Oliver, I think, is pale in the face, and Mr Hampden's lips are closed like a pair of pincers Pym speaks, but Pym, too, breaks down with weeping It is such a scene as I never saw before

Tiery Eliot rises, in his eyes, too, are tears, but lightning also, our sins, he says, are exceeding great, if we do not speedily return to God, God will remove himself farther from us Sir John thinks, surely there must have been some misreport of us to his Majesty what did we aim at, but to vindicate the honour of his Majesty and of our country? 'As to his Majesty's Ministers, I persuade myself, no Minister 'how dear soever can'—Here the Speaker, feeling that a certain high Duke is aimed at, starts from his Chair,—tears in his eyes also,—says, 'There is a command laid upon me, '—I must forbid you to proceed',—and Sir John, as if shot, plumps down silent.

And old Sir Edward Coke rises, Coke upon Lyttleton, tough old man, here in one of the last of his forensic fields, his old eyes beam with strange light, his voice is shrill, like a prophet's 'Mr Speaker, I——p——'! By Heavens! that tough old visage, too, is getting all awry, dissolved into weeping! Sir Edward, 'overcome with passion, seeing the desol-

'tion likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began
'to speak, through the abundance of tears.' We were much
'affected to be so restrained, since the House in former times
'had proceeded by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the
'King's son, and others, and sentenced the Lord Chancellor
'Bacon.'—Old Coke weeping, the House all weeping; it is
such a scene as I never saw in any House of Commons. So
deep the two reverences lie on the old honourable Gentleman,
—such a clash does the collision of the two reverences make
when they hit together! The King, God's visible Vicegerent,
commands us to desist; the invisible God himself, dumb
England, and the voices of our Fathers from the Death-
kingdoms of the Past, and the voices of our children from
the unborn Future, bid us forward. We are come to the
shock of conflict, then,—here is the actual clash of long-
threatened war; and it is we that have to do it, the stern
lot was ours. Very terrible this hour,—the child of cen-
turies, the parent of centuries. 'Apes by the Dead Sea'
would not weep at such an hour; they, with unmusical
screach, would whisk out of it, and be safe: but Men have
to front the hour; woe to them if they make not their post
good!—therefore does this House of Commons weep,—
'besides a great many whose grief made them dumb.'

Yet some, says Mr. Alured the younger, bore up in that
storm. Mr. Kitton says: 'He hopes we have hearts and
'hands and swords, too; he hopes we will not be trodden
'down into the mud without a word or two with our enemies,
'without a stroke or two with them!' Dangerous words, like
a glow of sheet-lightning across the weeping skies. Mr.
Kitton's words being complained of, the House of Commons,
on the morrow, upon question, with one accord did vindicate
the same. 'In the end they desired the Speaker to leave the
'Chair,' that they might speak the freer and the frequenter,
'and commanded that no man go out of the House, upon pain

¹ Rushworth, i. 609.

² *Commons Journals*, i. 909.

‘of going to the Tower. Then the Speaker humbly and earnestly besought the House to give him leave to absent himself for half an hour, presuming they did not think he did it for any ill intention; which was instantly granted him.’ Sir Edward again rises, his voice firmer this time, he says: ‘I now see God hath not accepted our late smooth ways; in our fear of offending, we have not dealt sincerely with the King. We should have laid bare these miseries to the roots, and spoken the truth. We have sinned against God therein.’—Old Sir Edward, actual Coke upon Lyttleton, thinks he has sinned against God. ‘Therefore, I,’ says the tough and true old man, ‘not knowing whether I shall ever speak here again, will speak freely; I do here protest that the author and cause of all these miseries is the Duke of Buckingham!’¹ Yea, yea! cries the voice of all the world, breaking the dread silence with acclamation: ‘which was entertained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House, as when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry.’ And we now vote, not only, that our Declaration shall go on, but that the Duke of Buckingham shall be expressly named in it; we will solemnly point him out; him, as the bitter root of all these sorrows; let us please God rather than man! And so, now our eyes are dry, just as the vote is passing, Speaker Finch comes back upon us, after an absence, not of half an hour, but of three whole hours,—for the chimes of Margaret’s are now ringing eleven—and informs us that we are to rise straightway, and no business farther in House or in Committee, by us or any part of us, to be done this day. ‘What are we to expect on the morrow,’ says Mr. Francis Alured, ‘God of Heaven knows.’ Dissolution, most probably, and confusion on the back of confusion! Sir, let us have your prayers, whereof both you and I have need.

This is the Session 5th June, 1628: which History thinks

¹ Rushworth, i. 609-10.

good to take notice of, as of one of the remarkablest Sessions rescued from the torpid rubbish-mounds of Dryasdust, and set it conspicuous, as on a hill. No modern reader ever saw a House of Commons weeping. What spoones ! says the modern honourable Gentleman : Why did they weep ? O modern honourable Gentleman, I will advise thee to reflect why ;—reflect well upon it, and see if thou canst find why. It may chance to be of real profit to thee. Men in these days do not usually weep ; the commonest case of weeping is that of the schoolboys whom you have cut off from their bun. The loss of one's bun, whether baked bun or other, is still a serious calamity : schoolboys, enamoured young gentlemen, romantic young ladies, and such like, do yet weep for the loss of their several sweet buns ;—but it is justly thought improper in men. Men do not usually weep ; men usually are not in earnest enough for weeping. ' It is a touching thing,' says Diderot (of his *Rather*) ' to see men weep.' I call it a scandalous condition of affairs, in which one cannot weep except for the loss of one's bun : very scandalous, withered and barren, indeed :—the sign that soul has now become synonymous with stomach ; which state of matters may the gods speedily put an end to for evermore ! With stern satisfaction one discerns that if the gods do it not, the Devil will do it, before long !—

The Parliament, as we know, was not dissolved on the morrow : contrariwise, the King changed his hand, and determined to conciliate these Commons ; weeping Commons, that dry their eyes with a Nation ranked behind them, reverent to man, but reverent before all to God, are a thing to be conciliated, if one can. Buckingham himself, a man not without discernment, advises it. His Majesty, with such softest speeches as he had, anxious to soothe, and to get his Subsidies, studies to mollify. For we meet on the morrow, which is Friday, and go on with our Declaration, and justify even the words of Kirton, about swords and our enemies' throats. On Saturday, his Majesty assembles us ; with a

kind short speech, much to the purpose, confirms our Petition of Right, passes it in the usual way of Bills, with all formalities of sanction, 'Let right be done, and *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré.*' To the joy of all men; to the illumining of London again, had not the night been Saturday. We may pray our thanks on the Sabbath, but not illuminate.

If the Commons would now pass their Subsidy Bill, and go about their business! The Commons have their Declaration to perfect first; they have the Trailbaston, foreign Dalbier and Burlamachi to see into. Conciliatory Majesty annuls the whole Trailbaston business, discharges Dalbier, Burlamachi, Balfour, and all German horse whatsoever:—orders the proper authority to sell off the great saddles, disperse men, horse and all by the rapidest mode it can, and let the Trailbaston drop forever and a day,—the Trailbaston for one thing. Our Commons go on with their Declaration, debating daily with closed doors: the Subsidy-bills, for all our hurry, cannot be hastened beyond their own tortoise pace. And London simmers, deep and huge, round them; all dumb to us, to itself all-eloquent; hears, with a bright flash in every eye, that the Duke is actually to be named. Let him look to it. London has no *Times*' reports, Hansard's Debates: but what the Parliamentary sympathy of London was, rude dumb actions do still speak. For example:—Who is this coming out of the Tavern in Old Jewry on the evening of the 13th day of June, Friday evening? It is little more than a week since the noble House of Commons sat all weeping; and now the Duke, yes the Duke, is to be named. Do you see that scandalous old man?—an old man and an old sinner, Duke's Devil,¹—Dr. Lamb the name of him. A warlock, they tell me, a dealer with unclean spirits, himself, sure enough, a most unclean spirit,—tried for life before; his crimes shameful and horrible, his defence cynical; a beast, not of Pity they did not hang him

then ! A catspaw of the Duke ; that is worst of all. He, denizen of dark scoundrel-dom, deals with unclean spirits, with scandals and abominations, to help the Duke. Enemy of God and of England, servant of Duke and the Devil. Why has he emerged from the deep of scoundrel-dom into daylight this blessed June afternoon ? He has been at the play in Shoreditch this very afternoon—at the play. We copy the rest from historic Rushworth :

' At this very time, being June 18,¹ 1628, Doctor Lamb so-called, having been at a Play-house, came through the city of London ; and being a person very notorious, the Boys gathered very thick about him ; which increased by the access of ordinary People and the Rabble ; they presently reviled him with words, called him a Witch, a Devil, the Duke's Conjuror, etc. ; he took Sanctuary in the *Windmill* Tavern at the lower end of the *Old Jewry*, where he remained a little space ; but there being two doors opening to several Streets out of the said House, the Rout discovering the same, made sure both doors, lest he should escape, and pressed so hard upon the Vintner to enter the House, that he, for fear the House should be pulled down, and the Wines in his Cellar spoiled and destroyed, thrust the imaginary Devil out of his House ; whereupon the tumult carried him in a crowd among them, howling and shouting, crying : a Witch, a Devil ; and when they saw a guard coming by the order of the Lord Mayor for the rescue of him, they fell upon the Doctor, beat him and bruised him, and left him for dead. With much ado the officers that rescued him, got him alive to the Counter ; where he remained some few hours, and died that night. The City of London endeavoured to find out the most active persons in this Riot ; but could not find any that either could, or, if they could, were willing to witness against any person in that business.'²

Here is an end to Doctor Lamb,—a man I never saw before. A most ugly weather-symptom, for Duke and Duke's Patron ;—a protest not spoken in Grammatical Parliamentary Remonstrance, but written in violent mob hieroglyphics ; which, nevertheless, it would beseech a wise King to interpret well. The King interprets that it is violent spirits in the Commons who stir up all this ; makes double haste to

¹ 18th in Rushworth is a mistake or misprint for 13th.
² *Collections*, i. 618.

quicken the Subsidy bill, and get the Commons sent adrift — Declaration has the best heat in the Parliamentary oven, Subsidy bill is baking very slowly Declaration is presented, is accepted with sniffing politeness, Subsidy bill is still unready Patience, three days! Finally, mere Speaker Finch and Official men reporting that the Subsidy bill, though not handsomely ready, may now be eaten, hastily his Majesty quenches his Parliamentary oven in plain language, in a most hasty, flurried manner, prorogues the Commons, namely,¹ not even thanking them for his Subsidy bill The Subsidy bill, we said, was ready, though not handsomely ready the Tonnage and Poundage Bill was not ready at all The latter, meanwhile, as an indispensable item of our finance we determine to use, nevertheless The London Magistrate are fined heavily for Doctor Lamb the Commons' Member are all home in the counties Mr Cromwell, I think, at Huntingdon, reports the course of matters with due reticence and pious reflection to Dr Beard, and other judicious persons that have a claim to that privilege His precise words are lost to us, but the meaning of them is very plain to us and every person for a thousand years or so,—all England meant what this Mr Cromwell was now meaning, and saw itself reduced to express the same in a dreadfully audible manner by and by! Puritanism shrank out of sight very submissively at the Hampton Court Conference, in furred gown, four and twenty years ago but out of being it could not shrink,—nourished as it was from the eternal fountains, and commanded by God himself to be It was, in furred gown, very submissive twenty four years ago but behold it now as a Parliament all in tears, with tough Coke upon Lyttleton, himself unable to speak,—yet urged on by the thought of offending God. A Parliament all drying its tears, in the name of God venturing to name the Duke, the very populace in chorus, after its own rude way, pouncing upon a Doctor Lamb A spirit wide as England, seemingly, deep as the

¹ On 26th June, 1628.

Thus is the Parliament sent home again; and, as Mr. Strode says, a slight put upon it in print. For his Majesty causes his Prorogation Speech to be printed;—issues, likewise, a Proclamation whereby the blame is shifted from his shoulders, and laid upon ours. His Majesty also saw good, in respect of the Reverend Roger Sycophant Manwaring,—brought to his knees in the House of Commons and sentenced to heavy penalties,—his Majesty sees good to forbear the same; sees good on the contrary to confer on Dr. Sycophant the rich living of Stanford Rivers in Essex, with dispensation to hold that of St. Giles's, the while:—there can Dr. Roger preach his Court doctrines, in town or country, much at his ease. His Book,¹ I think, is burnt according to sentence; and Proclamation is issued, to talk no more about it; which stops on the threshold a host of learned Anti-Roger Books and Pamphlets just coming out; and, as we in Whitehall hope, finishes off this Reverend Dr. Sycophant affair in a judicious manner. Court Chaplains, minor Canons, any able

[1628]

ROCHELLE, ETC.

POPULAR DISCONTENT ON THE PROROGATION OF
THIRD PARLIAMENT—BUCKINGHAM—FELTON—

CHAPTER VI

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world! If I were his Majesty, I would try to reconcile myself to this spirit;—try to become Captain of it, as the likeliest way. His Majesty, a man of clear insight, but none of the deepest, determines on attempting to subdue it. The Destinies of England ordered that this English King should have no sympathy with the heart-tendency of England, therefore no understanding of it; that he should nickname it Puritanism, mutiny, 'violent spirits,'—and try whether he could subdue it.

Gospel Preachers who will preach that men, if they do not lend us money on royal summons, will be damned—ought not they to have encouragement? Bishop Neile, Bishop Laud, the Right Reverend Fathers, are of that opinion. On which ground, too, Canon Montague, he who for five years has lived in hot water on our account, has gagged old geese and ganders in such masterly style, and been censured and badgered,—Canon Montague, we decide, shall have a Souls'-Overseership; he, if any, is fit to oversee souls:—if souls cannot get to heaven following Canon Montague, what chance have they otherwise? So it is decided. The See of Chichester falling vacant in these weeks, we settle, by *congé d'élire* and *nolo episcopari* and the other forms, that Canon Montague shall have it. These things a realm of England has to witness, while the yellow corn is rustling in the harvest sun of this year 1628: honourable gentlemen, following their reapers, flying their hawks in their several counties, have to hear of these things:—and answer them with an expressive though inarticulate 'huh!' variously accented.

It is Buckingham that has done it,—Neile and Laud, his spiritual bottle-holders; servants of the Scarlet Woman, thrice scandalous flunkies of the Man of Sin. Shall England be trodden down, then, into temporal and eternal ruin? Not our 'trade' only, but our salvation, the Gospel of the living God given up for a Devil's Gospel of Rubrics, of Mammon, of Flunkysm; England and all its children forsaking the Laws of God, and staggering down and ever down towards their, in that case, very inevitable goal, the Devil! Mr. Kirton hopes we are Englishmen; hopes we have hearts and hands, and sharp steel withal, to have a word or two with our enemies first, a stroke or two with them. Alas, how our fathers felt in those things, is all unknown to this more unfortunate enchanted generation; quack-ridden, hag-ridden, hell-ridden, till it has forgotten God altogether, and remembers only the cant of God; and now lies choking in a grey abyss of Inanities and vain Vocables, as in the exhausted

bell of an air-pump,—and will either awaken soon, or perish for evermore. We are still more unfortunate !

Lieutenant Felton, walking in those old hot days on the shady side of old London streets, is grown as grim as Rhadamanthus ; thinking of this state of affairs, thinking what, in these circumstances, a just man, fearing God and hating the Devil, ought to do. A short, swart figure, of military taciturnity, of Rhadamanthine energy and gravity ; on him more than on most this universal nightmare crushing down all English souls, sits heavy. O that the gods would tell this heavy-laden soul what he, for his part, ought to do in it ! The gods, or else the devils, perhaps will. Passing along Tower Hill, one of these August days, Lieutenant Felton sees a sheath-knife on a stall there, value thirteen pence,¹ of short, broad blade, sharp trowel-point, and very fair temper and dimensions,—made of an old sword, I think,—the glitter of it flashes into his eye, and into the eye of his soul, as a Heaven's response ; a gleam of monition in his great darkness. He pays down the thirteen pence, sticks the sheath-knife in his pocket, and walks away.

Meantime, we hear from Rochelle that matters there are coming to extremity. King Louis, Cardinal Richelieu, with big Bassompierre and huge-whiskered hosts, have beleaguered it, begirdled it, are staking up with piles and booms the very harbour ; they write to us for help, these poor Protestant Rochellers, ' with their tears and their blood.' Yes, in us there is help ! grimly mutters Felton, grimly mutters England. Our eight warships sent to batter them, which every man deserted except one gunner, who was shot,—in these there was a very singular ' help' ! And the great Duke's general-ship in Rhé,—his expenditure, discomfiture, 2000 left in the brine-bogs,—was not that a help for you ?—My Lord of

¹ The price is variously given : some say tenpence, others say sixteenpence, others a shilling.

Denbigh¹ went again this summer, his big sails they saw from the walls, looking wistfully—but nothing more. He could not get in,—him, too, they found a broken reed. Their tears and their blood—poor Rochellese! O England, England! And the Duke is going again, brave men once more are to be led by him. The Duke will try a second time whether he can play on the war fiddle—good Heavens! the patience of gods and men had need to be great!

Buckingham actually is going, busy, he, at Portsmouth, and the king is with him in these August days, getting ready a right gallant sea armament, putting forth the whole strength of England. If he can relieve Rochelle, it will be an immense relief to himself withal. He must do it, he must try to do it. The weight of a Nation's scorn and silent rage is not light upon a proud heart. Buckingham, in the centre of a gathering sea armament, with impatient French Soubises, hasty Sovereign Majesties, difficulties, delays, and every conceivable species of refractory official person, is one of the busiest men in all the world. On the Saturday morning, August 23rd, my Lady Denbigh at Newnham Paddox in Warwickshire, the sister of the great Duke, has a letter from her brother.

‘Whereunto all the while she was writing her answer, she bedewed the paper with her tears, and after a most bitter passion [of weeping], whercof she could yield no reason but that her dearest brother was to be gone,—she fell down in a swoon. Her letter ended thus: “*I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment, but I hope the great God of Heaven will bless you.*”’²

Precisely about which time, I discover a swart, thick set figure riding into Portsmouth, taciturn, of Rhadamanthine gravity. Lo! it is Lieutenant Felton, he that bought the sheath knife on Tower Hill, for thirteen pence. Going to Rochelle, perhaps? He was near drowned last time in the

¹ Buckingham's brother in law

² *Reliquæ Wottonianæ* (Lond 1685), p. 235

salt quagmire there. He rides into Portsmouth, and is lost in the general whirl of men.

Whether Buckingham has had his breakfast, or is only going to have it, whether he is entering into this dark passage or coming out of that dark passage, and how, in short, the matter was, my erudite friend is ignorant. Several different witnesses report each individual circumstance in a different way; and I reconcile myself without difficulty to be ignorant. The house is whirling with officials, menials, military gentlemen, naval gentlemen, with every conceivable business, including that of breakfasting and bartering. The Rhadamantyne Felton is elbowing about among the others. M. De Soubise has been arguing, talking loud with the Duke this morning, some thought in anger, but it was only the French excited manner: the Duke is now barbered, is breakfasted or about to breakfast, at any rate is come down stairs, and is stepping along, speaking into the ear of Sir Somebody, a military gentleman unknown to me, who with low *congé*, takes his leave; the next moment there is a shriek from some strong voice. The Duke it is:—the Duke ineffectually grasping at his sword, staggers back, two serving-men, hastily rushing up, he staggers into their arms; he tugs at a knife sticking in his left breast, tugs it out, and a torrent of life-blood with it; and groaning only, 'The villain hath killed me!' sinks down into swift death;—from the pinnacle of England swiftly down into the bottomless deep forever. His poor Duchess running out in morning deshabille, looks over the stair balustrade,—what a sight! They lay him on a table; they leave him there:—he is dead, he is the pinnacle of England no more.

Felton did not hide himself: Felton, hearing them say it was the Frenchmen, said calmly: 'It was I: '2 a methodic

¹ Sir Thomas Fryer, one of Buckingham's favourite Colonels: a 'short man,'
² Felton withdrew to the kitchen after the dastardly deed; and some say that hearing the people cry out 'A Frenchman! A Frenchman!' and mistaking this cry for 'Felton! Felton!' he *then* surrendered himself.

again. The townsmen saw it from the walls fade over the horizon; then opened their gates to the king's mercy, who did prove merciful. A ghastly population worn to shadows, the third soul only surviving, the rest dead of famine, desperate labour and sorrow:—so ends Protestant Rochelle; it is to be called Borgo Maria, in honour of the Queen Mother, our Queen's Mother, too. Ah, Guy Faux did not then perambulate the New Cut, a mere guy, as now: he was a ravening devil then, drunk with the blood of brave men! I hate him as the friend of Darkness, the cowardly slave of the Past, struggling to believe incredibilities, to cram, handcuff, and mutilate his own God-given soul,—a most beggarly trade;—but it is with no perfect hatred; it is with a kind of sorrow rather, mainly with a kind of ennuï. Men's one request of him is that he would cease to bore them; good Heavens, let him cease to bore us: on his own side of the pavement how free shall he be! he shall most freely live while there is a gasp of breath in him—were it for three centuries yet, as M. Joutroy¹ counts.

Felton in his prison was visited by numerous friends; sternly reasoned with by friends and by foes. Solemn Puritans convinced him that he had done wrong; that his soul was too dark and grim; that the gleams of that sheath-knife, illuminating his inner chaos, was a light of Satan. Bishop Laud sternly demands his accomplices, his prompters. 'I had, and needed to have, none. In my own heart I thought to do God service. I now find it was a temptation of the Devil. My life is forfeited to the Law justly, to Man's Law and God's Law. As to accomplices, I have none—none!' 'If we put you to the rack, you will name them,' said Bishop Laud. 'Alas,' answered he, 'in the extremity of pain, I may name any one—I may name your lordship, for that matter!' 'Laud is for venturing on the rack, nevertheless; it must have been

¹ Théodore Simon Joutroy (1796-1842), philosopher, and author of many works,—*Mélanges Philosophiques, Cours de Droit naturel, Cours d'Esthétique*, etc. Translator of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Reid.

‘the Parliament that set this man on.’ The rack, answer the Judges, is not permitted by the Laws of England.¹ Felton cannot be racked as Guy Faux was.

On the 27th November, Felton is brought from the Tower to Westminster Gatehouse, takes his trial at the King’s Bench; *guilty* by his own confession: Doom, Death at Tyburn. He laid his right hand on the bar, saying: ‘My Lords, I have one other request. Will your Lordships add to my sentence that this hand, which did an act abhorrent to God’s Law, be smitten off from me before I ascend the gibbet? It will be a satisfaction to my mind!’ The Law of England, again consulted, says that there is now in it no such doom.² Felton dies at Tyburn on the 29th a grimly pious death in the sight of all men. His dead body is carried down to Portsmouth; hangs high there. I hear it creak in the wind through the old ages. An old almost forgotten tragedy. Clytemnestra’s was not grimmer: and the Earth now covers it, as she does so many.

King Charles, in this excited condition of the English mind, sees good to put off the re-assembling of Parliament a little. Not while the news of Rochelle is fresh, not till Buckingham’s death have become a familiar fact, and Felton have swung for some weeks, and we have got on our course again, let Parliament re-assemble. I have one glance more to give into this Parliament. We saw it weeping; we shall now see it dry-eyed.

¹ The judges unanimously declared that the use of the torture had been at all times unwarrantable by the laws of England.—*Fict. Hist. of England*, iii. 138.

² ‘Mr Justice Jones answered that the law and no more should be his, hanging and no maiming.’ Forster, *Life of Eliot*, ii. 373.

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES'S THIRD PARLIAMENT—SECOND SESSION

[Feb.-March, 1628-9]

STORMY CLOSE;—SPEAKER FINCH HELD DOWN IN THE CHAIR

CHARLES, it is very visible, had done his best to conciliate this Parliament; was conscious of a great effort for that purpose. 'Too 'conscious' of it, indeed: it was *his* best that he had done. There lay a rent between them, which he or they had little notion of; rent daily widening into an impass-able chasm. The fact is: They were England, wanting to be governed and led; he was King and Governor, not of them but of a theoretic England, lying in cloudland, in the brain of his Majesty and some particular men. By many messages, the king, bridling his quick, impetuous, impatient humour, had tried to soothe this Parliament, and get his Subsidies, his Tonmages and Poundages, handsomely out of them: handsomely is better than unhandsomely. The royal cholier spurts up through the conciliatory messages, like the chafing of a curbed steed; the paw of velvet, stroking you so gently, had an impatient set of talons in it! This the Commons felt; and, better than his Majesty, discerned the meanings, tendencies and probable issues of it:—with sadly presaging soul. We saw the whole House in tears towards the end of last Session. Let us now see the whole House dry-eyed, their eyes not weeping now, but blazing;—which indeed is the next consequence of such tears.

The Tonmage and Poundage, that sheet-anchor of royal Finance, has taken a sad course. The King thought and thinks it his without grant of Parliament: the Commons have again and again demonstrated, voted, not in the least to his Majesty's conviction, that it is *not* his; that it is theirs,

and shall be his when they give it him. Tedious debates, raking up of precedents, splitting of Constitutional hairs. Do the Commons mean to say we can or shall do without our revenue of Tonnage and Poundage? His Majesty prorogued Parliament last Session, the Tonnage and Poundage Bill not passed, only advancing with an intolerable slowness towards passing,—and decided to levy the Tonnage and Poundage, without a Bill, as usual.

Constitutional men and merchants refuse to pay; their goods are seized, they are haled up to the Council; have *ore tenus* to stand. Richard Chambers had a cargo of grograms coming in from Bristol. ‘Tonnage and Poundage for ‘them?’ ‘No,’ answers Chambers, vehemently ‘No.’—And before the Council says vehemently that England is growing intolerable for a mercantile man, that in Turkey itself merchants are not screwed as they are here.¹ Rash words; for which the said Richard had to stand examinations, to pay fines, to lie in prison;—the first of a lifelong course of tribulations, of Tonnage and Poundage martyrdom, to the said Richard. Merchant Rolle’s goods, too, have been seized; Rolle, is an Hon. Member;²—and when he pleaded to the Customhouse men, saying, ‘Am not I an Hon. ‘Member?’ they answered, ‘If you were the Parliament itself, ‘we must do it.’ Besides, the Petition of Right has been wrong engrossed in the Record Office, has been wrong printed. It is engrossed, it is printed, not as we ordered and anticipated, with his Majesty’s second clear conclusion and complete answer, but with his first hesitating, incomplete, and altogether dubitable one. The Printer says he had 1500 copies printed with the proper second answer, but was ordered to cancel these. Only three of them got into circulation; it is the Petition with its first answer that now circulates; an altogether lame and impotent Petition. Wherefore are these things?

¹ Rushworth, i. 639. State Trials, vi. 373.

² John Rolle, Member for Kellington.

The Parliament meets, as we can imagine, in no sunny humour. His Majesty expects to have his Tonnage and Poundage made into a Bill; the Commons have first of all to inquire strictly how Tonnage and Poundage have come to be levied, and Hon. Members to be coerced for it, without any Bill. Likewise, what the history of Roger Manwaring, Rector of St. Giles's has been, since we sentenced him last Session? The history of Sibthorp, Vicar of Brackley. The history of Canon Montague, whom we by solemn judgment covered under a bushel, and who now sees himself Bishop Montague, and set on a hill. Religion does not seem to be in too good a way. The Church presided over by Neile and Laud fails to give universal satisfaction: are there not causes of some dissatisfaction in the State of England? Space enough for controversy between a King of those humours and a Parliament of these? The debating, searchings for precedents, stretchings of old forms in the new necessities,—the summonings, the royal messages, the questionings and canvassings, the speakings and silences; the mood of mind within doors and without;—let the reader conceive them even in a vague manner! 'Pass me my Tonnage and Poundage Bill,' reiterates his Majesty, 'Pass it, and then, there will be no babbling about it! Chambers and Rolle will pay their Customs when the Bill is passed, and say nothing—'Pass it, I say!' The Commons consider that—they have an admirable reticence in them, these Commons—they consider that—that it will be better to consider the state of Religion first; that the state of God's Church among us is of more pressing moment than are his Majesty's Tonnage and Poundage. We will take the two together; but have our Grand Committee of Religion sitting as the first and main business. '*A Jove privipium*,' quote they: begin with Heaven, if you want to have anything blessed on Earth. 'Grant me patience!' cries his Majesty, turning and chafing. 'Ye Commons, pass me my Tonnage and Poundage!' Patience, your Majesty, O patience, curb them not too tight,

these Commons of England; they should be ridden with a strong yet gentle bridle-hand. 'Methinks I see a cloud': so do I, your Grace!

It was on the 11th of January, 1629, by our reckoning, while this Grand Committee is sitting, that Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, driven by zeal for God's House, made his first speech in Parliament, declaring on the authority of Dr. Beard how 'flat Popery had been preached by Dr. 'Alablaster at Paul's Cross.'—A first appearance in regard to the temper of that Parliament no less than to the person of the speaker.¹

Flat Popery, Doctor Beard said. Manwaring, whom you sentenced, is gone to Stanford Rivers. Montague, whom three Parliaments solemnly decreed to cover under a bushel, that he might not pervert men, is Bishop of Chichester by Neile's procurement, he is set on a hill. 'If these be the steps to Church preferment, what are we to expect?'² The Honourable Member sits down with glowing face and eyes:

¹ *Letters and Speeches*, i. 65

² *So ended Cromwell's first Speech according to Parliamentary History* (on the authority of Crewe); but in a report of the speech by Nicholas these words do not occur, whence some historians conclude that Cromwell did not speak them on this occasion. Omissions are common in reporting, interpolations or additions are comparatively rare; and the reader may judge for himself whether it is not quite as likely that Nicholas, who reported the first part of the Speech very fully, failed to catch the conclusion as that Crewe added to the Speech words that were not spoken! What motive could he have had for making such an addition? 'If these be the steps,' etc., appears to have been a common enough expression, made use of by more than one honourable member on more than one occasion. Carlyle makes a further interesting reference to the subject in another part of this MS., where he writes: "'If these be the steps to promotion [sic] what are we to expect?" flew on the whirlwind of Tradition like that other speech written down one not when first or where first by the phantasm Nennius: "*Eu Saxones saxes!*"—Winged words have verily a singular power to pierce themselves through dense and rare, through the dark be- centuries, and arrive clear, fresh and still on winged feet.—For *Eu Saxones*, etc., see *Six Old English Chronicles*

happy that, under never such obstructions, he has got a bit of his mind spoken, a fraction of his message done in this House, whither England has sent him to speak for her. Veteran Sir Robert Phillips does not compliment the young Member 'on his speech,' bless the mark! but he follows up the young Member's meaning;—*does* yea to it, which is better than *saying* yea. Mr. Crewe has taken down the young Member's words;—in the *Commons Journals* of that day, 11th February 1628-9, is this entry: '*Ordered*, That Dr. Beard of Huntingdon be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify 'against the Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered 'to Mr. Cromwell.'

These words of the young Member for Huntingdon, 'Flat 'Popery,' and 'what are we to expect?' shall stand as the epitome to us of that Grand Committee; its doings and debates in those weeks thereby rendered dimly conceivable to us. Bishop Neile and Bishop Laud are named as the grand fomenters of that anti-English, anti-Gospel tendency in the Church of this country; solemnly named and complained of by the Commons of England; let them think of that! Not lightly or factiously, but solemnly, as an act of real sacredness. Select readers, patient of old verily buried in dead torpid phraseology, who may read this Resolution¹ will find, after repeated perusals, a strange tremor of a nobly pulsing heart still traceable in it: profound reverence to God's Anointed, but still profounder reverence to God; and simple-hearted, wise and genuine old fathers, standing solemn, sorrowful, as with eyes wet and yet stern, between these two contradictions. For the hour in this world's history has arrived. You, will you serve Christ or Antichrist? meaning withal: You, will you serve Truth or Falsity in the cast-clothes of Truth? Do you know in your hearts, with joy and awe, that the Present also is alive; or do you know only that the Past *was* alive and that you are dead clock-work set in motion by the Past? Heavens, what shadows and con-

¹ Against Jesuitism and Arminianism.

fusions, from foreign parts, foreign centuries and places, do eclipse and bewilder the poor soul of man ! *Weh dir, dass Du ein Enkel bist* ! Woe to thee, that thou art the grandson of so many grandfathers that were—not wise ! Dead rubbish is piled over thee to the zenith

A happy issue to this Parliament becomes as good as impossible The Right Revd Father in Christ, Dr Neale, the Right Revd Father, Dr Laud, the king's spiritual counsellors and right hand men, are named as prime disturbers of this Church and Kingdom , the Tonnage and Poundage Bill is not passed , only bottomless questions, about the king's right to sue and seize for it without a Bill, are stirred,—filling the nation with confusion ' Pass me my Bill ' if I need a Bill, ' pass it ! ' cries the king, with flaming eyes, studying to be mild ' Deign to understand, O anointed Majesty, that your Majesty does verily need a Bill ! ' urge the Commons in a low tone, low but deep Matters grow worse and worse Dawes and Carmarthen, leviers of the Customs, have been questioned , they have the king's warrant, the king vindicates them Richard Chambers feels that he is worse screwed than in Turkey Rolle, the Hon Member, has been served with a *subpœna* Doctor Beard is coming up from Huntingdon to testify of flat Popery , Burgess, the Bailiff, has run, it is supposed, for Ipswich, and the Serjeant is after him he has been heard to say, I have been among a company of Parliamentary hell hounds and Puritans , thank God, I am out !—There has been terrible examining of Popish Colleges in Clerkenwell, of reprinting the Petition of Right, of seizing Hon Mr Rolle's goods, of serving Mr Rolle with a *subpœna* from the Attorney General to Burgess the Bailiff, no man could think himself safe

But, in fine, as we say, the Customs officers, cross-question them as we may, reply only That they seized these goods for such duties as were due in the time of King James , that his Majesty sent for them on Sunday last, and bade them make

no other answer. Learned Selden, therefore, with a shrill voice (it was on Thursday 19th February, next week after Mr. Cromwell's 'hat Popery') cried: 'If there be any near the King that misrepresent our actions, let the curse light on them, not on us! and believe it, it is high time to vindicate ourselves in this case, else it is vain for us to sit here.' The learned Selden is getting shrill. The House, fiery Sir John Eliot for its spokesman, [declares] that it ought to be so; that Mr. Rolle ought to have privilege in this case.² Put that question. Speaker Finch says, 'he dare not put that question, he is otherwise commanded by the king.'³ Learned Mr. Selden is thereupon heard yet shriller: 'Dare you not, Mr. Speaker; dare you not put this question when we command you? What is a Speaker that *dare* not put our questions? We may sit still and look at one another; business is at an end. Other Speakers in other cases may say, 'they have the king's command! Sir, we sit here by command of the king under the Great Seal of England; and you, by his Majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both Houses, are appointed to be our Speaker. Do your office!'⁴ The Speaker dare not: other Hon. Members obdurately bid, with higher and higher vehemence; he weeps, he dare not, resolutely will not. What is to be done? The House adjourns 'in some heat' till the day after tomorrow, that we may consider and see. Till Wednesday, the day after tomorrow; and on Wednesday the king, finding the House and all things still in some heat, thinks it will be better if they adjourn till Monday next, and try whether they can cool a little. Monday, 2nd of March is the winding up of an epoch in the Parliamentary History of England; and a scene which the readers of these pages shall

² *Commons Journals*, i. 932.

¹ Rushworth, i. 658.

⁸ Rushworth, i. 660.

⁴ Forster (*Life of Eliot*, ii. 438*n*) says, 'Even Rushworth, misled by the passionate speeches spoken in this debate' of 19th February, 'has transferred to it also a portion of the proceedings which belong to the 2nd of March. It was not until the latter day that the speeches of Eliot and Selden, there misplaced, were delivered.'

contemplate for a moment With faithful industry, refusing to be seized with locked-jaw, we fish out the details from Rushworth and Law indictments—slumberous lakes of Dry-asdust—and present them dimly visible to men

Monday, 2nd March 1628 9—The public emotion has not in the least calmed itself, the Parliament is hot as ever, smoking towards flame The whisper goes round his Majesty has decided to dissolve this Parliament straightway, such is his Majesty's resolution This Monday we are to be adjourned again, then straightway dissolved The Royal Proclamation is already drawn¹ Our Speaker will never put that question of Mr Rolle's privilege,—put any question more Speakers of Parliament shall not 'dare' to put questions! Tonnage and Poundage will be levied without Bill, Neile and Laud will go on with Arminian rubrics, Treasurer Weston screwing men and merchants worse than the Turks do are the Laws of God and Man about to be violated with impunity in this England? Ye men and Hon Members that stand in the gap, it rests now with you! Of you now, as they do of us all, in a more than usually emphatic way, the past generations of England and the future alike ask 'Will you trembling steal from your post? Will you not 'trembling, stand by it?' 'We will stand by it,' answers Eliot, answer hot Denzil Holles, hot William Strode from the west, Walter Long and others Monday morning comes let us enter this far distant House of Commons, dim-visible, authentic across the extinct centuries, and see.

Speaker Finch, though he is on the wrong side, is a man one could pity this Monday morning, alas! whom could one not pity? They have arrived at the rending point, in this living social frame of England, fibre is to be torn from fibre—not without pain Speaker Finch's face, I think, is distressed with many cares Hot Denzil Holles is seated on his

¹ Rushworth, i. 661

right hand, and Walter Long¹ on his left, this morning there they have taken place, there, above his Majesty's official servants, who sit on the lower stage in front. For what end? Denzil's face, too, is loaded with a certain gloom. What face is not so loaded? Mr. Hampden's lips are shut, his clear eyes wide open. Mr. Oliver Cromwell looks mere anxiety and gloom, as if some Last Day were arrived.

First business, Order of the Day, is that we put that question concerning Mr. Rolle. 'That question, that question, put that question?' Mr. Speaker answers on the contrary that he has a message from his Majesty to adjourn this house till the 10th instant. 'That question, put that question?' cries the body of the House, in sorrow, in anger, in a whirl of manifold emotions. Speaker cannot, Speaker dare not;—'Put it, the question, put it!' Eliot is offering to speak; offering, and again offering:—Speaker, grieved to say he must withdraw then, rises to his feet for that purpose: 'What ho, Mr. Speaker!' Denzil Holles, Walter Long, the resolute Hon. gentlemen, are upon him, each by a shoulder: 'By the Eternal God, you shall not go, Mr. Speaker! you shall sit there till the House give you leave!' 'Shame!' cries Hayman; 'you are a tool for tyranny! Hold him down!' Such a scene was never seen in any House of Commons. They hold the Speaker down:—the House all piping like the whirlwind. Hear Eliot now.

Eliot says: 'We have prepared a short declaration of our intentions which I hope will agree with the honour of the House and the justice of the King'; and with that he threw down a paper into the floor of the said House; saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I desire it may be read!' Speaker starts up again; is fairly out of his chair: 'What ho!' Valentine and Holles drag him in again. Hold him down! 'I desire that paper may be read.' 'No,' cry some; 'Oh,' cry all; 'read, read, very many. House much troubled. Mr. Coryton strikes' Mr. Winterton; good Heavens! Official persons

¹ Or Benjamin Valentine, say some.

² Rushworth, i. 667.

and such like want to go out Sir Miles Hobart, 'of his own hand,' locks the door, puts the key in his pocket. Read! Read! House much troubled Stode says openly 'Shall we be scattered like sheep, and a scorn put upon us in print?' 'Sir, I move that this paper be read stand up, you that would have it read'—Many stand up—does not Mr Hampden, does not Mr Oliver Cromwell?—Still the paper lies unread Mr Selden 'Must the Clerk read that paper' Clerk does not read, how can a clerk, his Speaker being speechless? 'Keep the door shut, hold him down!' Since the paper cannot be read, Eliot will take the liberty to speak the substance thereof It is That Neile and Laud are disturbers of the church of England, that many of his Majesty's Privy Council are going on wrong courses, that Treasurer Weston walks in the Duke's footsteps, let us accuse Treasurer Weston, let the Commons of England declare as capital enemies to the King and Kingdom all that will persuade the King to take Tonnage and Poundage without grant of Parliament, and that, if any merchants shall willingly pay these duties without consent of Parliament, they shall be declared accessories to the rest—That will have an effect, whatever become of it 'no man was ever blasted in this House, but a curse fell on him'—Speaker shudders in his chair, he is chained there like Prometheus¹—Yes! if he levy Tonnage and Poundage without a Bill, it may be the worse for him Walter Long says 'If any man shall give away my liberty and inheritance (I speak of the merchants) I note him for a capital enemy of the Kingdom' So the House pipes like the whirlwind, articulate, inarticulate, and Holles constraining the Speaker to sit, is redacting something, putting it in pen and ink.

Hark! a knocking at the door! 'Who knocks?' 'His Majesty desires the Serjeant to attend him' 'Silence' 'His Majesty desires the Serjeant, Edward Grimston, the Serjeant' 'Alas, the door is locked, and the key gone I can't get out!'

¹ Rushworth, i. 669.

The messenger returns to Whitehall with that strange tidings. 'Be quick, Holles!' Holles is quick; Holles is ready: but hark! Here is another knock. Usher of the Lords' House and Black Rod, James Maxwell, by his Majesty's command. 'House locked, key lost, can't get in':—Holles, standing by the Speaker, since the Speaker is speechless, will himself, in this very exceptional case, crave leave to put the following three Resolutions, of which the House will signify its sense, say Ay, say No:—the Ayes have it: there is nothing else but Ayes. Three Resolutions which the most fastidious modern reader shall not get off without reading. No! all men, to the latest posterity, who hope to be governed by realities, in place of accredited false formulas; by true living Gospels, instead of dead cobwebs and 'four surplices at All-hallowtide,' shall read these three Resolutions, and with thankfulness say Ay!

1. 'Whosoever shall bring in innovation in religion, or by favour seek to extend or introduce Popery or Arminianism, or other opinion disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth.'—Ay! four hundred ayes.—Twenty-seven million ayes!

2. 'Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking or levying of the Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage, not being granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the Government, and capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth.'—Ay, ayes, as above!

3. 'If any merchant or other person whatsoever shall voluntarily yield or pay the said Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberty of England, and an enemy to the same.'

Ay! Twenty-seven million ayes, or three hundred million, from Europe, America, and the Colonies!

And now, having passed these Resolutions, vanish! Miles Hobart produces his key, Speaker is released, House of Commons disperses. King's Guard coming down with sledge hammers, finds the door wide open, House of Commons gone, vanished into infinite night—On March 2nd their Journal has no entry but that they were adjourned to the 10th March, the tenth has no entry at all, but stars. There was no House of Commons, then, on the 10th. The King speaks his Dissolution that day to the Lords,—no Commons there,—and calls the Commons ‘vipers.’ It is the last Parliament for eleven years.

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGIOUS ARISTOCRACY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

How the Country Gentlemen had Puritan Chaplains, Tutors, instructing their households in the way of heavenly Truth, how noble dames and high lords listened to the voice of Gospel Doctrine, and had real ‘Spiritual advisers’ as a lamp to their path, and all England got impregnated with the wisdom preached abroad in Judea long ago,—these facts, now fallen into oblivion with us, might give rise to reflexions. Pitched fights in Theology, lasting sometimes for a couple of days, were common in noble houses. James, Primate of Ireland, Lecturer for the present, in Covent Garden, is a main hand at such operations. He strikes your Jesuit on the hollow of the body like a real artist, knocks the wind out of him one good time for all, the Jesuit, with a gasp, says ‘I am well punished for my presumption in arguing with such a man.’ Beautiful souls, oftenest of the female sex, look on with more than curiosity, reward the victor with glances that mean mitres. Ought not he to have a mitre, and crosier, or shepherd's crook, who can save his flock from the wolves who can lead souls safe, and land them in heaven? Several

high females of the Buckingham kindred were troubled with tendencies to Popery; some of them were healed by pitched fights, others would not be saved, but healed evermore, and fairly canted at last into the lap of the Man of Sin. And many a gracious Lady Rich, and gracious Lady Poor de la Poor, —beautiful Appearances that graced the current of this world's history for a season,—gracious high dames not a few;—who would not try to save such souls, if it lay in him! Rather Laud, for the Championship of England, had a three days' wrestle with Fisher, the Jesuit; and beat him into jelly, I would hope. Nay, the controversy, once world-celebrated, is in print; but no man henceforth to the end of the world can read it. Open it;—the print is clear, but there lurks in it mere torpidity. Guy Raux has ceased to be a Devil, has become a guy; rolls softly through the New Cut over the powdered ashes of Dragon's teeth and old dust of extinct Lions; begs merely for a few halfpence to buy beer.—

Puritan Chaplains and souls' Instructors have now changed themselves into Newspaper Leading Articles, dilettante Art and Artists, into George-Sand-Balzac Novels, and I know not what: the soul, as I apprehend, in this modern England, has learnt the way of dispensing with instruction, or taking that as it pleases to come; as Welsh Ponies do their corn,—when they can get it. 'Intellect once divorced from rank,' says my dark friend, 'signifies that rank is preparing for annihilation; that much is verging towards chaos.'—The last genuine relation between the two that has been seen in England, was this now forgotten one, of an earnest religious aristocracy to earnest Puritan Chaplains in the seventeenth Century. In the next, stern Samuel, with a stroke like Thor's, had to smite Patronage on the crown. Intellect stalks solitary, like an Angel of Destruction, through the world;—Rank, a beautiful idiot, rolls placidly towards its doom.

CHAPTER IX

NICHOLAS FERRAR—THE NUNNERY OF
LITTLE GIDDING¹

ONE night, about the time when King James was progressing southward to take possession of his crown, stirring all England into incontrollable confluences, and giving a dissolving view to the young grey eyes at Hinchinbrook, a certain other infantine character, in the upper room of a merchant's house in the City of London, was busied praying at great length, and with the intensest devotion. Nicholas Ferrar was the name of this young person; a creature religious by nature and habit; and carried away on this occasion into altogether extraordinary heights. He prayed the whole night, it would seem, with ever increasing fervour, felt himself lifted up, as some of the Catholic Saints have been known to do; had a foretaste of heaven; had a presentiment, such as a young heart in its preternatural expansion was capable of, that he ought to devote himself, soul and body and endeavour, to the special service of the Highest, in this vale of temptations and tears. This night, in Nicholas Ferrar's history, has, amid the general dark oblivion all round it, become clear to me.

Much afterwards is dark and dim; the merchant and his fortunes went the common course; in the path of Nicholas, too, there had occurred the inevitable chances and changes. His father had died, his mother still lived; he himself, grown now to be a man, unable to execute his childlike presentiment as yet; had been at Cambridge; had travelled, for instruction withal; had got as far as Rome, looked with wonder on the face of Antichrist himself, the Holy Father so-called;—whether Antichrist or not, Nicholas could not

¹ There is a brief account of the Nunnery of Little Gidding in Carlyle's *Cromwell*, i. 73 4.

say; but in any case the sight was certainly wonderful enough. Convents and ancient Papal practices had passed before the eyes of Nicholas; awakening deep questions in his heart. The way to get to an eternal Heaven? Yes, that is the question. By what road shalt thou travel, O my soul? Surely the steepest road or the sternest, through Gethsemane fields, eremite Thebads, through flaming death-portals and the abysses of creation,—any road in such case were easy! To Nicholas this world was all a dramatic shadow, infinitely important as symbolising heavenly higher worlds, not important otherwise. The money lucre, traffic and poor profit-and-loss of this world grew yearly more insignificant to Nicholas; and the question: Which way leads to the interior Sea of Light through these phenomena? growing ever more intense, childlike presentiments re-awaken on you in the pressure of serious manly affairs.

Nicholas returns to England, tries employment under the Virginia Company, becomes Member of Parliament (1624), soon retires from public life, sad, silent, unsevere of aspect, revolving in him many thoughts. His mother living, a pious clear old lady; he has a brother pious, a sister or sisters pious; the question with them all is: Which way, O ye kind Heavens, which way?

The traffic of the elder Ferrars, all winded up, yields reasonable sufficiency of money; traffic protracted to never such lengths, can do no more. Not truffle henceforth; henceforth our childlike presentiment how to be realised? Alas, how? For the world, with its rolling wains and loud tumult, here in London City, is importunate and soul-distracting. In the Eastern mosses of Huntingdonshire, comes offering for sale, the decent Manorhouse of Gidding Parva; Little Gidding Manor, with due fields and competent rentals:—Church, Manorhouse, and solitary lands of Little Gidding all our own;—why not? The Ferrars, club. Little Gidding establishment, baggage, man and maid, and

have this
bag and
him or

them,—some twenty souls in all, waving the world and its traffic a long adieu¹

And so there establishes itself, amid the prose realities of that time, one of the strangest poetico devotional facts, such as only the earlier heroic times, under quite other circumstances, were used to, figuring now upon us almost as a dream. For Nicholas has been ordained Deacon, he is not head of the house only, but Pontiff of it, and the house is wholly as a Convent or Priory, there for devotion alone. Night and day in the little parish Church or Manor Chapel, the ritual goes on without sleep or slumber at all hours of the dark or daylight, you can say to yourself some portion of the Prayer Book is getting itself executed, the men and women divided into relays (like ship-watches), relieve one another by turns, and the praying and chanting slumbers not nor sleeps. Is not that strange enough in a country where all Abbeys are voted down, and Hinchinbrook Convent has become the dwellingplace of the Golden Knight? Cursory readers have heard of it in Isaac Walton and others, not without uncertainty, astonishment. But there is no doubt of it. Cursory readers, if they please to take a country excursion with a friend of ours, extant in those times, named ‘Mr G,’—shall see it with eyes,—with G’s eyes, almost as good as their own. Painful Thomas Hearne has been so good as print the narrative of Mr G,—stick it into strange neighbourhood, as is his wont, from which it is still extricable and extractable.

Who ‘Mr G’ was?² The gods and painful Thomas Hearne are as good as silent. A Gray’s Inn Lawyer, says Thomas Hearne, . . . a vanished name and man. A clear man nevertheless, of solid legal knowledge, business habits,

¹ Ferrar’s mother had bought Little Gidding some time before this, and Nicholas joined her there in 1625, as later accounts show.

² Hearne calls him Mr Lenton. The Narrative is in the form of a Letter from Lenton to Sir Thomas Hedley. See *Thomæ Can. Vindiciæ Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis* (1730), ii. 702 94.

the one he answered: 'That a neighbour Minister, of another Parish, came on Sunday mornings and preached in their Chapel, and sometimes they went to his Parish. To the other: 'That their calling was to serve God; which he took to be the best. I replied that for men in health, and of active bodies and parts, it were a tempting of God to quit our callings, and wholly to betake ourselves to Fasting, Prayer and a contemplative Life, which by some is thought to be no better than a specious kind of idleness. . . . He rejoined: 'That they had found diverse perplexities, distractions and almost utter ruine in their callings. But if others knew what comfort and content God had ministered unto them since their sequestration, and with what incredible improvement of their liveliness, it might encourage others to the like course. I said that such an imitation [or innovation] might be of dangerous consequence, and that if any, in good case before, should fall into Poverty, few afterwards would follow the example.

'For their Nightwatchings, and their rising at four o'clock in the morning,—which I thought was too much for one of four score years, and for children; to the one he said: 'It was not much, since they always went to bed at seven of the clock in the evening. For the other, he confessed there were every night two, *alternatim*, continued all night in their devotions, that went not to bed until the rest arose. For the Crosses, he made me the usual answer:—'That they were not ashamed of that Badge of Christian profession, which the first Propugners of the faith bore in their banners, and which we in our Church Discipline retain to this day. For their Chapel, that it was now near Chapel-time (for eleven is the hour in the forenoon) and that I might, if I pleased accompany them thither, and so satisfy myself best of what I had heard concerning that. . . . In the meantime I told them I perceived all was not true I had heard of the place; for I could see no such Inscription on the frontispiece of the House, containing a kind of Invitation of such as were willing to learn of them or would teach them better. . . . He baring me from further compliments said, 'The ground of that Report hung over my head, we sitting by the chimney. On the chimney piece was a MS. Tablature; which, after I had read, I craved leave to beg a copy thereof. . . . which he forthwith took down, and commanded to be presently transcribed and given me. . . . The words of the protestation are as followeth:

“F. H. S.

He that by reproofe of our errors and remembrance of that which is more perfect, seeks to make us better, is wellcome as an Angel of God, AND He that by a cheerful participation and approbation of that which is good, confirms us in the same, is Wellcome as a Xian Friend.

'I came thither after ten, and found a fair house, fairly seated, to which I passed through a fine grove and sweet walks, latticed and gardened on both sides. A man-servant brought me into a fair spacious parlour, whither, soon after, came the old gentleman's second Sonne (Nicholas), a bachelor of a plain presence, but of able speech and parts who, after I had, as well as in such case I could, deprecated any ill conceit of me, for so undutiful and bold a visit, entertained me very civilly, and with humility yet said that I was the first that had ever come to them in that kind.

After deprecations and some compliments, he said I should see his Mother, if I pleased. I, shewing my desire, he went up into a chamber, and presently returned with these, namely, his Mother, a tall straight, clear-complexioned grave matron of eighty years of age, his elder Brother married (but whether a widower I asked not), a short black complexioned man, his Apparell and Haire so fashioned as made him shew Priestlike, and his Sister married to one Mr Cooles, by whom she hath fourteen or fifteen children, all which are in the house, which I saw not yet, and of these, and of two or three Maidservants, the family consists. I saluted the Mother and Daughter, not like Nuns, but as we used to salute other Women. And after we were all set circular wise, and my deprecations renewed, to the other three, I desired that, to their favour of entertaining of me they would add the giving of me a free liberty to speak ingenuously, what I conceived of anything I should see or have heard of, without any distaste to them. Which being granted, I first told them what I had heard of the Nuns of Gidding, of the watching and praying all night, of their Canonical Houres, of their Crosses on the outside and inside of their Chapell, of an Altar there richly decked with Plate, Tapestry and Tapers, of their adorations and genuculations at their entering therein, which, I objected, might savour of superstition and Popery. Here the younger Sonne, the mouth for them all, cut me off, and to this last answered, First, with a protestation, that he did as verily believe the Pope to be Antichrist as any article of his Faith. Wherewith I was satisfied and silenced touching that point. For the Nunnery, he said That the name of Nuns was odious, but the truth from whence that untrue report might arise was, that two of his Nieces had lived, one thirty, the other thirty two years virgins, and so resolved to continue (as he hoped they would) the better to give themselves to fasting and prayer, but had made no Vowes. For their Canonical Houres, he said they usually prayed six times a day, twice a day publicly in the Chapell, and four times privately in their house . . . I said if they spent so much time in praying, they would leave little for preaching or for their weekly callings. For the one I vouched the Text, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the Law," etc. For the other, "Six days," etc. To

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‘I came thither after ten, and found a fair house, fairly seated, to which I passed through a fine grove and sweet walks, latticed and gardened on both sides . . . A man servant brought me into a fair spacious parlour, whither, soon after, came the old gentleman’s second Sonne (Nicholas), a bachelor of a plain presence, but of able speech and parts who, after I had, as well as in such case I could, deprecated any ill conceit of me, for so undutiful and bold a visit, entertained me very civilly, and with humility yet said that I was the first that had ever come to them in that kind . . . After deprecations and some compliments, he said I should see his Mother, if I pleased I, shewing my desire, he went up into a chamber, and presently returned with these, namely, his Mother, a tall straight, clear-complexioned grave matron of eighty years of age, his elder Brother married (but whether a widower I asked not), a short black complexioned man, his Apparell and Haire so fashioned as made him shew Priestlike, and his Sister married to one Mr Cooles, by whom she hath fourteen or fifteen children, all which are in the house, which I saw not yet, and of these, and of two or three Maidservants, the family consists. I saluted the Mother and Daughter, not like Nuns, but as we used to salute other Women And after we were all set circular wise, and my deprecations renewed, to the other three, I desired that, to their favour of entertaining of me they would add the giving of me a free liberty to speake ingenuously, what I conceived of anything I should see or have heard of, without any distaste to them Which being granted, I first told them what I had heard of the Nuns of Gidding, of the watching and praying all night, of their Canonical Houres, of their Crosses on the outside and inside of their Chapell, of an Altar there richly decked with Plate, Tapestry and Tapers, of their adorations and gemculations at their entering therein, which, I objected, might savour of superstition and Popery. Here the younger Sonne, the mouth for them all, cut me off, and to this last answered, First, with a protestation, that he did as verily believe the Pope to be Antichrist as any article of his Faith Wherewith I was satisfied and silenced touching that point. For the Nunnery, he said That the name of Nuns was odious, but the truth from whence that untrue report might arise was, that two of his Nieces had lived, one thirty, the other thirty-two years virgins, and so resolved to continue (as he hoped they would) the better to give themselves to fasting and prayer; but had made no Vowes. For their Canonical Houres, he said they usually prayed six times a day, twice a day publicly in the Chapell, and four times privately in their house . . . I said if they spent so much time in praying, they would leave little for preaching or for their weekly callings. For the one I vouched the Text, “He that turneth away his ear from hearing the Law,” etc. For the other, “Six days,” etc. To

But

He that any ways goes about to divert or disturb us, in that which is and ought to be amongst Xians, though it be not usuall in the world, is a Burthen while he stays, and shall beare his judgement, whosoever he be

He that faults us, in absence, for that which in presence he made shew to approve of, shall by a double guilt, of Flattery and Slander, violate the bonds of Friendship and Christianity

Mary Ferrar, Widowe,
Mother of this Family,
aged about Four score yeares,
that bids adieu to all Fears and Hopes of this world,
and only desires to serve God "

But we passed from this towards the Chapell, being about forty paces from the house Yet staid a little (as with a parenthesis) by a glass of sack, sugarcake and a fine napkin, brought by a mannerly maid . . . At the entering [of the Chapell] he [N Ferrar] made a low abeysance, few paces further, a lower, coming to the Half pace, which was at the East end, where the Table stood, he bowed to the ground, if not prostrated himself, then went up into a fair large reading-place (a preaching place being, of the same proportion, right over against it) The Mother with all her Traine (which were her Daughter and Daughter's Daughters, had a faire Island Seat. He placed me above, upon the Half-pace, with two faire longe window cushions of green velvet before me. . . The Daughter's four Sonnes knelt all the while at the edge of the Half pace all in black gownes, and they went to church in round Monmouth-caps (as my man said, for I looked not back),—the rest all in black, save one of the Daughter's Daughters, who was in a Fryer's grey gowne We being thus placed, the Deacon ^(for so I now call him) with a very loud and distinct voice began w^{ring} ther^{with the Let} read divers prayers and collects, in the book of Commo^{Here} Athanasius his creed, and concluded with the "Peace of G^{to this} ended, the Mother and all her company attended my com^{believe} her sonne Deacon told her I would stay a while to view ^{few with I} So with all their civil salutations to ^{the Ch}

decorations, etc, with questions and answers thereof, fasting and prt of the Chape
It being now twelve o'clock we ended ^{bures, he said} called for my horses, hoping that hereupon he w^{ly in the Chape} stay dinner,—not that I cared for meat . . . if they spent ^{ould have invited} gained more time to have seen and observed ^{but that I migh} whether the virgins and younger sort wou^{He that turneth} other, "Six days," ^{ore of their fashi} have mingled with

¹ Nicholas had received Deacon

divers other things that a Dinner-time would have best ministered matter for. But instead of making me stay, he helped me in calling for my Horses,—accompanying me even to my stirrup. And so, I, not returning to the House, as we friends met, so we parted. . . . They are extraordinarily well reported of by their poor neighbours: that they are very liberal to the poor, at great cost in preparing physic and surgery for the sick and sore, whom they also visit often; and that some sixty or eighty poore people they task with catechistickall questions, which when they come and make answer to, they are rewarded with Money and their Dinner. . . . I find them full of humanity and liberality, and others speak as much of their charity, which I also verily believe, and therefore am far from censuring them, of whom I think much better than of myself. . . .

Mr. G. thought, we see, they might perhaps invite him to stay to dinner; but they did not;—he rides forth at the gate again, bowed out by Nicholas Ferrar; and becomes, in soul as in body, to all persons henceforth, a vanished man.

Nicholas Ferrar spent much of his odd time in binding Church Books, in illuminating MSS., in writing Polyglot Bibles, making Commentaries, etc.:—a somewhat melancholy way of living, one would think. Alas, to penetrate into that Heaven's-splendour, and live there by any method, is not easy: and many have to stop by the way, involved in briers and intricacies, and say to themselves: 'Is not *this* it? I can go no further; this shall be it.' The prayer-relays work steady, and for nine or ten years henceforth, at any hour from noon to midnight, and midnight round to noon again, you can say to yourself: 'There rises a chaunt or prayer from Gidding Parva now. That, after its kind, is a perpetual platoon-firing of devotional musketry with the Tower stamp of Lambeth stamp,—calculated, you would say, to effect a match at last, and take heaven by storm? O Nicholas, my what sombre gentleman!—I respect all earnest souls, and am wihal to see under what imaginations, hearsays, night-bewilderments, pressures of the Time-element piled high as the zenith, the soul of man has to live, and comfort it can.

CHAPTER X

DR. LEIGHTON

[1630]

AMONG the men of that generation Dr Leighton may in one point pass for a superlative so far as I know he is of all the then extant British subjects the ugliest,—if there be truth in brush or graver, if Granger and Print collectors have not entirely deceived us. A monstrous pyramidal head evidently full of confused harsh logic, toil, sorrow and much other confusion, wrinkly brows arched up partly in wonder partly in private triumph over many things, most extensive cheeks, fat, yet flaccid, puckered, corrugated, flowing down like a flood of corrugation, wherein the mouth is a mere corrugated eddy, frowned over by an amorphous bulwark of nose,—the whole, you would say, *supported* by the neck dress, by the doublet collar, and frankly resting on it, surmounted by deluges of tangled tattery hair such is the alarming physiognomy of Dr Leighton, medical gentleman travelling southward from the city of Aberdeen¹(?) with Wife and Family in wagons, sea craft, or such conveyance as the time afforded, with intent to settle in his Profession here in London. Doubt it not, this Doctor had thoughts in him, purposes very serious, cares of eating and of other sorts. Poor Doctor, how he toilsomely plodded about, seeking lodgings here, squatting himself into some attainable cranny, and assiduously hoping against hope, set himself to obtain practice by patience, valour, strong all forgotten energy. Good Heavens, it is all a history unrecorded, a history ever re enacted to these days, a painful valiant history such as oblivion swallows yearly by the million, and nothing more.

¹ Or more likely from Edinburgh, in the University of wh ch town he had received his education. He is said to have sprung from an ancient family possessing a 'seat near Montrose.'—*Dictionary of National Biography*

said. How many already swallowed, as Dr. Leighton, like snow-flakes on the sea. O, Oblivion, thou art deep and greedy; but Life, thou too art ever young and unsubduable! No man can expect to be rewarded by rounds of applause for every manifold thing he does. Certainly not. And if he cannot content himself with either the gods for spectators, or no spectators, he will never play well I think. Empty benches are perhaps the best, and an audience frankly cat-calling, not the worst. Cat-calling, I say, for their rounds of applause when such do come have often proved the ugliest thing they had to give to a man. O Doctor, heal thou a little sickness; abolish a little misery in this God's Earth, and call thyself blessed in that thou canst do aught Godlike, —which alone is truly blessed and manlike! Thou art not come hither asking this poor blockhead of a world to do thee favours, pay thee due wages; thou art come, with or even without wages, to do the poor blockhead of a world favours. Thou wilt say to it, keep thy favours, hapless blockhead, give them to this quack, and the other, these legions of quacks in high places and in low. I have work in me, help in me for a poor bewildered blockhead such as thou art now grown, —and it is not with thee that I will chaffer about wages. Go *thy way*, I have *my way* to go! Enough: this Doctor finds what is a real satisfaction, that he has never yet died of hunger, that he has healed or tried to heal a little sickness, burnt up a little sin and misery from man; and so, laying both ends of his lot together, that he ought to go on in a moderately hopeful frame of mind.

Courage, Dr. Leighton, and arch thy brows in private triumph over several things. A Greater than thou in far lower abasement than thine said once, Fear not the world. Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world, —I, the Nazareth Peasant, with a knit wool sack for my apparel, owner only, under the wide sky, of my own soul and body and this, I have overcome it. And do we not justly worship such a one, with love ineffable draw near to him, and in

such poor dialect as we can, say, Thou art Godlike, thou art God! All brave men have to overcome the world; are born kings of the world, and never rest till they overcome it.

Dr. Leighton's old brown Book¹ is still found on the shelves of Museum libraries, but will never more be read by any mortal. Living mortal glancing into it here and there, falls chilled as with the damp of funeral aisles; says mournfully, It is dead—dead; and till the last day, if even then, will never live again. Most melancholy, dim, with mouldered margins, worm-eaten, its pages, letter-press, all so dim soot-brown. Alas, and the meaning of it not a whit more living, all soiled soot-brown, illegible as the letter-press. And we forget that it was ever otherwise; it was once new, clean-margined, bright white paper, bright black ink,—Book and Book's purport wholly new, comfortable to behold. Leighton's Book was eagerly purchased over counters, eagerly read in parlours, the very odour of the paper still new, new the odour of the doctrines and discoursing, wholly a new invigorating thing, redolent of comfort, instruction, hope to the mind of man! For in two centuries paper waxes old, and much that stands on paper. O ancient Pamphlets, soot-brown, mournfully mouldering Golgotha of human thoughts and efforts! Yet the thoughts did once live, and work, like the Thinkers of them. And only thoughts that go down to the centre continue long working, of which sort there are naturally few. Dr. Leighton's Babylonian Beast, etc., struggling to point out the difference between Fact and Semblance, in a superficial way, were not of this number.

¹ 'An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against the Prelacie'; etc. The book had been printed at Utrecht, in 1628, and copies sent to England while Charles's Third Parliament was still sitting. Leighton had gone to Holland to be pastor of a church,—the English College of Physicians having objected to his practising medicine further in London,—his qualification being only a Leyden M.D. Degree. He was ordained (March, 1629), and inducted into the charge of an English Church in Utrecht; returned to London in the autumn of that year, having, it would seem, received a call to some church in the city, and was seized in February following, cast into Newgate, tried in June in the Star-chamber, and sentenced as stated, *infra*, p. 246.

Enough, if the men of that century or year read Leighton, rejoiced in the redolence of new paper and what other novelty there might be; men of other centuries or years must look out for themselves.

Swiftly however a new scene opens on me. Scene of the Star-chamber Court,—one of the lion's-dens in that menagerie of Westminster Hall, whither by the stern keepers of the place so many men, Daniels and others, have been cast. They say it arose in Elizabeth's time; . . . small matter with whom it originated, my wish is once to see it vanish and cease. Neither have I learned in what room it sat,—one hopes the room is long since burnt, and no ashes of it remaining recognisable. What I do see is a suitable human apartment, a room of good dimensions, of solid carpentry, with raised bench, with indistinct ushers, maces, apparitors, indistinct to the eye, and judges of grave aspect also very indistinct for most part,—if it be not one little man in lawn sleeves, in three-cornered hat, with wrinkly, short face, with a look of what one might call arrogant sorrow of a sort, reflexion of a sort, and assiduity and ingenuity which in this world has had many crosses, but doubts not to triumph yet as it deserves to do. It is he they call William Laud [soon to be] Archbishop of Canterbury; sometimes named in a vein of pleasant wit his Little Grace,¹ not on account of his little *stature* alone. His Little Grace has arched brows, horseshoe mouth, but

¹ Laud's small bodily stature seems to have been the source of many a jest in those days. To Archie Armstrong, the king's Fool, who like many others bore little *laud* to the Devil! Archie's last joke at Court was made too at Laud's expense and bore bitter fruit. When Laud's attempt to press the new Service-book and Canons into use in the Kirk had resulted in an almost universal signing of the Covenant, and the unwelcome news of this had just arrived at Court (in 1638), Armstrong meeting Laud on his way to the Council called out to him, 'Whae's fool noo?' Laud was 'little' enough to take the matter so much to heart that he had the poor Fool brought before the Council and sentenced to have his coat pulled over his ears and to be at once dismissed from the king's service.

brows arched for another than Leighton's reason. On the whole, what a contrast, that small, short, wrinkly face on the bench, and this huge pyramidal one on the floor. The debate I do not give; why should I if I could? . . . This only transpired that Leighton in his Book called the Prelates by hard names, 'affirming that they did corrupt the 'king,' that he dared to call her sacred Majesty and royal Consort, as being of the Popish religion, 'a daughter of 'Heth,' and to pray for her conversion; that in fact he was a Scottish man without the caution characteristic of that country, a man resigned to God and not to the enemies of God, intemperate of speech, and also very unfortunate. . . . The judges were of one voice, each endeavouring to outbid the other, regretting only that he was not tried for treason, that they might have taught him what a gallows was. As it is, he shall learn what pillory, prison and the branding-iron are. Only first, as he is an ordained clergyman, and we would not for worlds do a shadow of dishonour to the Church, let him be taken across to Lambeth to the High Commission Court, and there be degraded. The Bishop of London, or the Commission acting with him, will not be loath to degrade him! Dr. Laud, with his eyes, if you look at him there on the bench, answers emphatically, No. Once well degraded at Lambeth, let him be locked up in the Fleet Prison, let him on the 10th of next November be brought into Palace Yard, whipped, set in our pillory there, have one ear cut off, one nostril slit, one cheek stamped with hot-iron letters, S.S., 'Sower of sedition': that will do for one day.—Ye Judges that sit in place of God, does this man deserve such slitting, such branding and butchery? Is this actually the ugliest scoundrel you can find in England, in this month of November 1630, that you mangle him in this manner?—On a day following, says the Court, let him be carted to the pillory at Cheapside, and there after a second flogging, have his second ear cut off, his second nostril slit, his second cheek burned S.S.: that will do for a second day. Then,—why then, fine him

10,000, and pack him up in the Fleet Prison for life. Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors, who sit there by appointment in the place of God above, punishing the ugliest of His enemies here below,—have you properly riddled [sifted] the general scoundrelism of England, and made out that this man is actually the chief sample? You do actually slit his flesh here with cold iron and hot; there is no uncertainty as to that. Rhadamantus? But Rhadamantus is always sure. Good Heavens, if this man were *not* the chief scoundrel? And what do you mean by answering to God? This man means a thing by it, and I mean a thing by it, a very fact: precisely such a fact as you mean by answering to Charles Rex this afternoon in Whitehall. Will the royal eyes look beneficently on you, will they look daggers and dismissals? One or the other, I suppose. Good God, and what will the divine eyes do with you?

Poor Leighton, the day before the execution of his sentence, sat meditative in the Fleet prison, revolving many things in his troubled soul. Many friends call to comfort him; texts of Scripture are rife. In the dusk of the evening there called two friends of an indistinct colour, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Anderson, both unknown to me, both Scotch I should judge, and of pious cautious mind. In the dusk of the evening Livingston put off his cloak, hat and breeches, all of a grey colour. Anderson put off his doublet; all put off and miscellaneously put on, and become of an indistinct, irreognisable grey hue; and all three as friends of Dr. Leighton, walked out into the foggy element, leaving the prison cell empty, and sailors to whistle for Dr. Leighton. Hereupon there is issued a 'Hue and cry': he hath a yellowish beard, a high brow, and is between forty and fifty.¹

Is there any reader now alive or likely ever to live, that does not wish poor Dr. Alexander Leighton may get off? O Sandy Leighton, my poor Sandy, wert thou up among the hills of Braemar again, within smell of the peat-reek, among

¹ Rushworth, ii. 57.

the free rocks and forests, the pouring floods and linns,—thou mightst skulk and double there among thy own kith and kin,—for here meseems there is small mercy going. Ah me, one has friends there, perhaps a poor old Scotch mother still there that will weep,—Doctor, I shall fall into tears if I go on. The Doctor had only got into Bedfordshire, when he was overtaken: had to suffer his bloody sentence, part first on Friday, November 16th, and then part second, that day week,—as Dr. Laud, the zealous little individual, has jotted down in his Diary, with surgical minuteness, being indeed a kind of *spiritual surgeon*. A St. John Long of the English Nation, who will burn the sins of it out by actual cautery and make it worthy of God's favour.¹

CHAPTER XI

ATTORNEY GENERAL NOY

[1631-4]

SHIPMONEY WRIT

IN the year 1631² Noy was made Attorney General. A 'morose man' says Clarendon, one of those surly Law-pedants, acute spirits of human intelligence cased in the hide of rhinoceros; kind of men extinct now. Used to get a pie from his mother at Christmas, ate the contents of the pie, but kept the crust and lid, the 'coffin of the pie,' as they then called it: this coffin of the pie used to serve for long months afterwards as a general waste-box for the papers of the learned Mr. Noy, Letters, law-briefs, wash-bills, a waste miscellany of learned and unlearned scriptatory matter found refuge here,—

¹ After this barbarity Leighton was taken back to the Fleet prison and kept a prisoner there till released by the Long Parliament in 1640. In 1642 he was made keeper of Lambeth House, which was then converted into a State prison. He survived until 1649. His second son, Robert, became the celebrated Archbishop Leighton. It is now said that the entry in Laud's Diary, above referred to, is a forgery.

² Wood, *Athenæ*, ii. 581.

happy that there was any refuge. So say the old Pamphlets, grinning in their broad manner. Think of this, what a Law Chamber does this learned coffin of a pie presuppose ! When the weather grew hot it is presumable the pastry, even to a Noy's olfactory nerves, became unsupportable. When the weather grew hot the pie coffin would descend to the dogs,—to be rejected even of the dogs ; and the learned gentleman's papers would fly *refugeless*, like Sibylline leaves. William Noy : *I moyl in Law*.¹ Human nature at this date has little conception of such an existence. By what alchemy was a soul of man ever fascinated to the study of English law ? It is inconceivable. This man has long ago no need of money, no benefit from money ; look at the coffin of his Christmas pie used as Drawing-room chiffonier.

In 1628 Noy was a patriot Member of Parliament, as Wentworth, too, was. But Wentworth is gained to the Court ; now they decide also on gaining Noy. The King sent for him, says Weldon ;² said he meant him for Attorney. ' Attorney ? Humph ! ' said Noy ; and went his way again without so much as thanking the king. Nevertheless it was as seed sown, this word of his Majesty's. That Rhinoceros Noy could be fitted with Court housings, served with gilt oats, be curried into Courtly glossiness of skin and have the honour to draw his Majesty on public occasions,—the thought was new ; the thought gradually became seductive, became charming. In 1631 Noy is Attorney General. All his stupendous Law learning turns now to the king's side, he digs and pumps up from the abysmal reservoirs of Law such precedents as were never dreamed of before, pumps and pumps till his Law ditch-water submerges this Nation as Noah's Flood did the world.³

Of Attorney Noy's new taxes, benevolences, monopolies and oppressions of the subject, it were long to speak ; he was the hatefullest of all men to us ; not only unjust but decreeing injustice by a law. We mention two only : the first his

¹ An anagram on Noy's name.
² Weldon, cited in Wood, ii. 583.

³ Cited in Wood, ii. 582.

monopoly of Soap. The King by Attorney Noy's advice¹ decides to become the great Soap-boiler of his people,—leases out the monopoly of making monopoly Soap to certain parties for a consideration. Potashes and oleaginous substances exist for you in vain ; you shall not make soap but in the king's way and by the king's permission. The Attorney will try you at Law ; fine you in 500*l.*, in 1000*l.*, in 1500*l.* apiece.² Eloquent, to endless lengths, in their dim way, are the old Pamphlets on this crying grievance of Soap : eloquent, doubtless, too, were the living housewives and inhabitants of England. For Soap is not only dear, it is bad, not lavatory but excoriating, and leaving the foulness, burns the skin. Who can live without soap ? And good soap,—you cannot get it for money ; it is hardly to be had. Your Majesty, must the human subject testify its loyalty by going in foul linen ! Are grease-spots a sign of being well affected ? I have heard of no monopoly more grievous to the universal human mind ; the old Pamphlets in their dim eloquence are almost heart-affecting. Pepper, too, is put under monopoly ; pepper, tobacco, etc. ; what is there that is not put under monopoly ? We speak only of Attorney Noy's second grand feat, his grandest and most famous, that of Ship-money.

In secret the Attorney being consulted studies long, pumps up from the Stygian well of old forgotten law, this right or practice that the old kings had of commanding ships from the Maritime Towns ; draws out a writ to that effect : the greatest feat of Attorney Noy and the last. Before the writ got published, the Attorney was lying down deep under Roe and Doe in his grave, safe with Empson and Dudley, with extinct extortioners, no more to decree injustice by a law. The vintners drank carouses ;³ and a published account of the Dissection of Attorney Noy testifies, that ' his heart was made of

¹ ' Was it by Noy's advice,' Carlyle has inserted in the MS. here.—I have not found a distinct answer to the question ; but as Noy was Attorney-general he must at least have approved of the scheme, if he did not actually originate it.

² Rushworth, ii. 253.

³ Wood, ii. 564.

'old parchment proclamations, his brain was gone entirely to dust, and in his belly was found a barrel of bad soap.' And the Attorney leaves all [or nearly all] to his son Edward, '*veliqua omnia*, etc., and the rest of my lands, goods, etc., I leave to my son Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about, *ne de eo melius speravi*, as I have always expected of him.' Which indeed proved true; for within two years, the Attorney's son, busy as his father had anticipated, in running through his fortune, was himself run through in a duel: and the Attorney's big Babylon that he had builded, vanished all like a parchment castle, and was not. The winners drank and the commonalty caroused: but had they known what was coming! The Attorney's last posthumous feat excelled all that he had done while living. Here are some memorial verses which a patient reader may peruse with what admiration he can:

'*Noy's* blood is gone,
'The *Banks* appear;
Heath is shorn down,
And *Finch* sings there.'¹

Is it not beautiful? It means that Noy died on the 9th of August, 1634; that Banks succeeded as Attorney General; that Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Heath, was removed with disgrace from the Common Pleas,² and in his room appeared on 16th October Sir John Finch, the Speaker whom the Commons held down in his chair, and was Queen's Attorney, but was not understood to know anything of Law;³ gowned men inquired eagerly of one another, What can the meaning of this latter thing be? Not long. The riddle was propounded on the 16th, and in four days, on the 20th October, 1634,⁴ it was solved—by promulgation of the Ship-money Writ. The City of London petitioned against it; but the City had to submit.

¹ Wood, ii. 584.

² Rushworth, ii. 253.

³ Rushworth, ii. 259.

CHAPTER XII

A SCOTCH CORONATION

[1633]

' So many things are hidden in that dead abyss of Past Time; only here and there a glimpse of actuality recoverable from the devouring night. And of these few the meaning and meanings are so hard to seize! For so it stands in this dark Life of ours. The figure of the actuality you may see; but the spirit of it? How it arose, as all does arise, from the unfathomable Deep, old as the morning of Days, and tends onwards to this present day and still onwards to the ultimatum, so unknown, yet so indubitable, sure as very death, when the Last of the Days shall have become dark, and Human History have ended, and there shall be no other Day? 'This to the eye of Supreme Intelligence is clear; to God's eye, but to no man's and no angel's? And yet, did it not in very truth lie intelligible, had there *been* an Intelligence sufficient in the work of every man! Unconsciously the poorest mortal, in all acts and trivialities by which he consciously means so little, has a meaning deep as the primeval Death-kingdoms; and decipherable only by the All-knowing God. For the poorest mortal was present in embryo at the Creation, and will in essence be present at the Consummation. Of the unconscious meaning we can spell the pitifullest fraction: but in these past times even the conscious meaning, what the actors thought, what of their miraculous life the actors of personages had shaped into some articulation that they called thought, and gave utterance to in some futility of speech,—this, even this, has mostly perished. How can history be known? It is all a prophetic Sibylline Book; palimpsest, inextricable; over which hangs darkness and a kind of sacred horror.¹ We must catch a

¹ 'Not so.' T. C.'s note on the MS. here.

glimpse where we can; we must read some fraction of the meaning of it as we can.

On Saturday 15th June, 1633, by a singular chain of accidents, I obtain some view of the ancient city of Edinburgh; and discern a few things there in a quite visual manner, several of which it would gratify me to understand completely. But sure enough the June sun shines on that old Edinburgh, clear as it does on the new and newest; and men are alive and things verily extant there,—and even a state of excitation is discoverable among them. Curious to see. Westward on its sheer blue rock towers up the Castle of Edinburgh, and slopes down eastward to the Palace of Holyrood; old Edinburgh Town, a sloping high-street and many steep side lanes, covers like some wrought tissue of stone and mortar, like some strong rhinoceros skin of stone and mortar, with many a gnarled embossment, church steeple, chimney-head, Tolbooth, and other ornament or indispensability, back and ribs of that same eastward slope,—after all not so unlike some crowned couchant animal, of which the Castle were crown, and the life-breath those far-spread smoke-clouds and vapour-clouds rising up there for the last thousand years or so. At the distance of two hundred years or more this thing I see. Rhinoceros Edinburgh lies in the mud: southward a marshy lake or South Loch, now about to be drained; northward a marshy lake or North Loch, which will not be drained for the next one hundred and thirty years.

Faring westward from Dalkeith comes a cavalcade somewhat notable: a many-footed tramp of stately horses, a waving grove of plumes, scarfs, cloaks, embroideries; it is the choicest cavalcade that could be got up in these Northern parts; and in it ride Church and State, Charles Rex namely and William Laud, Archbishop, who in ordinary papers signs himself 'Wil. Cant.'¹ Other figures I could particularise, but

¹ Laud, now Bishop of London, became (on the death of Abbot) Archbishop of Canterbury, 6th August 1633, immediately after his arrival home from this visit to Scotland. Although he was not nominally Archbishop of Canterbury at

of what avail were it? James, Marquis of Hamilton, home from the German Wars, is there, and the Earls of Northumberland, Arundel, Pembroke, Southampton, and Holland, and many other persons of quality.¹ They have lodged all night in the House or Palace of Dalkeith, which, within the memory of old men, James, Earl of Morton, built,—prior to losing that strong cunning head of his for privy to Darnley's murder, for accumulated enemies, accumulated hatreds and other causes. His Majesty on Progress travels with a large retinue, harbingers, heralds, etc., and in one word no fewer than two-and-forty scourers and bottle-washers. Two-and-forty human souls spend their days in scouring dishes for his Majesty to eat from; what must the other higher items be! Proclamations have been published to keep down the markets on his passage, lest, like the locust swarm, he might create famine of horses' meat and men's meat. I could tell thee where he lodged each night, how the Lord of Newcastle, at Welbeck, laid out on one dinner for him the matter of 1000*l.*, equal to, perhaps, 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* now. How he was wetted at York, and the Archbishop 'Wil. Cant.,' Primate of England, was witty.² How already in Huntingdonshire, he had called at Little Gidding, and collationed there with Mrs. Mary Ferrar and her noteworthy Protestant Monks and Nuns.³ All this I could tell thee, and more; but it would be dull, dreary; and indeed a crime in me to do it. Solely, at utmost Berwick-upon-Tweed I noted the elegant Recorder, Mr. Thomas Widdrington, in a style sublime and beautiful haranguing him; how the ancient decayed Town, lying like a decayed warhound in time of peace, disconsolate between its hills, grew young to see the face of Majesty; and this year,

the time of this Scottish visit, he had long performed practically all the duties of Primate.—'Wil. Cant.' is of course an abbreviation of *Wilhelmus Cantuariensis*.

¹ Kennet, iii. 69.

² 'May 24th. The King was to enter into York in State. The day was extreme windy and rainy, that he could not all day long. I called it "York Friday."'—*Lauf's Diary*.

³ See *ante*, p. 234; and Carlyle's *Cromwell*, i. 73.

1633, would be for all ages a miraculous Plato's year : whereupon Mr. Thomas kneels at Majesty's bidding, and after due slap of sword is bid 'rise Sir Thomas Widdington, 'Knight? A knight really worshipful enough, of learned middle-aged face, in decent Vandyk beard, white collar and black gown; for he is of Gray's Inn, and Recorder here. One of those famed Border Widdingtons,—poetasterly, like enough, of the Chevy-Chase Widdington who fought upon his stumps. Understand next that close on Berwick, at the place they call the Bound-round, or limit of the Kingdoms, the Scotch chivalry waited in gala-dress, carrying their valours on their back. And then understand further,— But no, thou unhappy reader, I will not strain thy patience till it crack. Widdington speeches, ceremonial uphobbery and blaring of trumpets, and indeed all large bulks in the inside of which is small or no reality, have in these latter days grown wearisome even to blockheads, and have to me ceased to be wearisome, and become something more. Notice with no meaning in it, bulk with no substance in it : is there, in truth, if one will consider it, a more sinful, I might call it insolent, blasphemous phenomenon easily discoverable at present? True, therefore, to the antecessaries of this same Royal Progress,—sufficient that thou seest the Progress itself, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. —Avalching along by the South-western roots of Arthur's Seat, through the green June country towards Edinburgh, tower-crowned, blue-cloaked,—whether, as extreme, compressed agitation is religious there, may not we as well run and announce that at least the thing is coming?

At the West Port of Edinburgh there is no entrance except the narrow one which I shall not for the purpose of exactness describe. It is a large blacked gate we find in the street, and which I may, during the first night, have taken for the way, when from a narrow alley, and in a short distance, I am brought to the large

with his Bailies, with his Councillors, in full complement, names entirely unwritten, if not in the universal Doom book, figures that were and are not,—waiting what will betide. O Mr Archibald, brother shadow of the seed of Adam, whom I never saw before, and hope never to see again, what an hour is this! The King is coming, thou hast a speech to make, multiplex ceremonies to do, and see well done, today Thou sittest there, thy shadow Bailies, Councillors, all round thee, that blue Castle rock and battlements frowning over thee, and shortly thou shalt make a speech and genuflexions, thou hapless, happy civic functionary, here at the West Port, all Edinburgh looking on, and Scotland, and three kingdoms,—and thou waitest for the shadow of the Kings Majesty! The Heavens send thee well through it, say I, for the moment is great Mr Archibald sits with thick drawn breath, and all mortals draw their breath thick I mark however, that the middle street is sanded smooth, the sides railed in with wooden fences, with due Town guards and Lochaber axes, to debar the profane vulgar O, ye vulgar, whom I see as with eyes, yet know no face of! bone of my bone, you and your fathers, who are my fathers, all unknown to me from the beginning of days! A fair good morning, nevertheless! Sturdy Scotch figures in breeches, beautiful Scotch figures in petticoats,—honest men and bonny lasses,—there ye are. And those heads are full of thought, and those hearts, of joy and sorrow,—and it has all finished, where is it? All gone silent, an inarticulate hum as of the big Ocean moan of old Eternity A fair good morrow to you,—with thoughts for which there are no words!

Thirteen score of volunteer guards royal, the handsomest youths in Edinburgh, wait somewhere, I think, in the Grass market, all in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, beautiful in pyet plumage of these I reck not specially Alas, all plumage is soon shed, swept bare,—all plumage is stript, I say,—cloth plumage, flesh plumage,—the very bones and dust are stript to nothing,—and all souls are

bare,—Queen of England and Janet Geddes, maid-servant, all one. O Janet, thou in thy long-eared mutch (which the Germans still call *Mütze* and we mob-cap), in thy humble linsey-wolsey woman's dress, what doest thou today? Busy, belike, with broth-pot and dinner-stuff, like a hardworking servant, hoping only to catch some glimpse of Majesty hastily, from a front window? At this day, among the 753 portraits that there are of Charles Rex, I could wish there had been one of Jenny Geddes! Dimly I have seen her, poor woman, in deep closes [Janet], in high garterets; scouring, sweeping, as a poor servant-wench; reading her old Bible by a candle-end when all the house lay quiet; closing the day of drudgery with prayer to the Highest God. Authentic prayer, my friend, which is not so common a thing. Her grandfather, I doubt not, heard Knox preach; and to Jenny also a great Gospel has come. Gospel,—what Gospel ever equalled it? That in poor and poorest Jenny, too, under her coarse mutch, under her dusty coarse gown, there dwells an Eternity; strangely imprisoned so, a gleam of God Himself? Believe it, Jenny; believe it as thou canst; for it is true, and was, and forever will be; and in comparison there is no truth worth believing at all! Hard-working Jenny has exchanged glances with various handsome lads of the neighbourhood, but yet made no wedding. She seems to me, quiet as she is, of quick, deep temper: perhaps infirm of temper. Other scandals, reported by the crew of dragons, I have read, and then found reason to consider lies. Scrub away, poor Jenny; this day thou mayest see the King as he passes,—and shalt not fail another day, to do the King an errand, send the King a message of its sort, unlikely as that looks at present.¹

Strolling along these holiday streets of Edinburgh, a number of questions suggest themselves. Some answerable, too many of them unanswerable. For, see, not only at the West Port, where Mr. Archibald Clark with his Bailie retinue sits,

¹ See the chapter on 'Jenny Geddes,' *infra*, p. 299.

thick-breathing ; but here, at the West Bow, an inner closed gate, at the head of that tortuous street, stand orators, nay, I think stand Allegories, judging by their personations ;—and then again, as we emerge into the High-street, what are these in sky-blue cloaks and plumes, various as the rainbow, as sky messengers newly alighted to congratulate the king's Majesty ? The old Tolbooth and all St. Giles's Cathedral never looked so brave. In the bowels of the High Cross fountain there circulates, impatiently demanding egress, a lake of Claret. Judge if this decoration is a popular one ! And a little farther on, at the public Weigh-house,—what the Scotch call Tron, not yet a Church, but a public Weigh-house,—see, the blunt edifice, by plaster, planks, draperies and upholstery, is changed to an Olympus, on which hover—the Nine Muses of Antiquity, and much else ! These too, are to congratulate the King's Majesty ; in verses as melodious as possible, apprise him that he is King by 108 descents, counting from the First Fergus, and prophesy that 108 or more shall descend from him in like manner. Of a new set of Allegories at the Nether Bow or lowest gate, of all that is going forward in the interior of Holyrood, and chapels with tapestry, bed-hangings, and furnishings, etc., and the cooking and furbishing that goes and has gone on there, my patience fails me to speak. For, on the whole, what is it but a scenic phantasm, rather helplessly adumbrative of somewhat, not of much ? Adumbrative, as indeed all ceremony is, of men's worship for heroes or even for the cloaks of heroes ; but, alas, in how helpless a manner ! For in truth, O reader, the cloak of a hero cannot by any industry of man be worshipped at all ; and at intervals the dreadfulest contradictions ensue from attempting and pretending to worship it. Good Heavens ! it is like a veritable bolt of Heaven striking through a resinous torch and pasteboard thunder-apparatus at Drury Lane : the lamentablest accident ; which, nevertheless always at intervals occurs. For when a Noah's Deluge by Law of Nature is due, there is no remedy in May-games, in careless dalliances, in marrying and giving in

marriage: either thou wilt with faith and true labour build an Ark, or the floods due by Law of Nature will wash thee out of the way. For which reason, when thou seest cloth-worship going on, quit it, I advise thee: it is not safe, it is far from safe.

An historical secret that will interest,—this pagantry has all been got up by Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, a gentleman of much genius who lives 'vacant for the Muses,' as he calls it, out at Hawthornden. By him and by fit upholsters has all this pagantry been got up.

This then, is what Mr. Drummond could contrive to make of it, this miscellany of skyblue Muses, on their Tiron Olympus, begirt with Scotch Lochaber axes, authentic Mr. Clark and the astonishing etceteras that we see? Drummond

Jamesone, a portrait painter, had come up from Aberdeen to superintend the scenic part of this Coronation pageant. Drummond, in consultation with Jamesone, wrote the Speeches in ornate prose and the Poems in still more ornate poetry. These may now be read in Drummond's Works, under the title of 'The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, into his ancient and royal City of Edinburgh.'—These are:

In Prose,

'A Speech intended to be spoken at the West Gate,' beginning, 'If nature could suffer rocks to move and abandon their natural places, this town,' etc.—offering 'hecatombs of happy desires,' etc.

And *in Verse*:—'Speech of Caledonia, representing the kingdom: 'followed by a 'Horoscopical Pageant by the Planets,'—opened by Endymion 'apparelled like a shepherd, in long coat of crimson velvet . . . had a wreath of flowers on his head, his hair was curled and long, and in his hand he bare a sheep-hook; on his legs were buskins of gilt leather.' After his address come Speeches from Saturn, Jove, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon: which last, after praising 'the fair Queen and her Golden Maid,' prophesies to the King:—

'Beneath thee reign Discord (fell mischief's forge,
The bane of people, state and kingdom's scourge),
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die):
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garments shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordained the Fates.'

These delivered, Endymion perorates with a flourish: concluding thus: 'All shall observe and serve this blessed King.'

meditating in his elegant melodious mind the God's fact as it stands between this Scottish Nation and its Charles Rex, found nothing so adumbrative of it as even this, this puffy monstrosity, rich in silk velvet and such like, but in all else most poor Not beautiful, not true, significant of little, comparable to the huge puff breeches of the time, and within them no limbs, at which the human mind two centuries removed stands stupent,—not condemnatory, no And Mr Drummond was a genius? I expect his singing will differ a little from that of the old Iliad Homerides,—merging direct with fiery veracity towards the fact, melting into music by the very truth and fire of it Alas, yes, from the Greek Homerides, from the Norse Skalds, from the English or Scotch ballad singer, from all men that ever at any time sang truly The true singer hurries direct—towards the fact, intent on that alone, melts into music by the very fire of his veracity Drummond's genius one would say is that of an accomplished Upholsterer rather¹ Different from Homers—as a pair of the costliest slashed puff breeches, stuffed broader than a bushel with nothing in them, may differ from a pair of Grecian Hippolytus' limbs with nothing superfluous on them But good Mr Drummond is a type of his age His monstrous unveracious puff breeches ovation is the emblem of so much other unveracity Mr Drummond, had I been there, I had bowed almost silently to this King's Majesty, and thought within myself, O King's Majesty, I know not, the Scottish Nation knows not, what thou art,—half phantasm, half reality, God only knows The Scottish Nation bends its head respectfully in the meanwhile, will cheerfully find thee victual and lodging of its best for the time being What a pity there were *any* pageant and ceremony not full of meaning! They are all false, and they cannot all, like the Lord Major's coach, be safely trusted to the children to see

¹ In later years, especially after reading Professor Masson's 'Drummond of Hawthornden,' Carlyle formed a higher estimate of Drummond's genius than he has expressed here.

that they are false. Pity that there should be any *grivance*: a gesture that means nothing is an ungenerosity which man should avoid. Thy very horse scorns it. The neigh of the horse is sincere, and his kick is sincere.

Pageants are of small moment to us: nevertheless we must look on this occasion how it stands with Mr. Archibald Clark at the West Port. The heart of the man beating thick with painful expectancy, his breathing fluttered into a series of sighs. Edinburgh waits, with Mr. Clark at its head, in painful expectancy of the King's Majesty. Hark, see far overhead: the old Castle has heard his Majesty's trumpet, and answers from her metal throats, in thunder, in rolling smoke-clouds barred with long spears of fire. Fifty shots of their great ordinance: 'fore Heaven a very handsome salute. And there, aye there, Mr. Archibald: loud knock at this thy West Port door, for the hour is come!—Pageants are a thing valueless as dreams: records of Pageants are like the dream of a dream. Nevertheless, as this old Edinburgh Gate opens, hung back by old Edinburgh befeaters, the Lord Provost kneeling, presents his oration, and the keys of the City in a silver bason, having first shaken into it a purse of a thousand gold coins; which Marquis Hamilton as Master of the Horse and Grand Chamberlain of Scotland, receives; and the King's Majesty listens, and Earth is attentive, and Heaven; the June sun looks down on it, and two centuries have fled since then; while all this goes on, I say, and the plumed cavalcade fares slowly through the Grassmarket, West Bow and along its upholstery orbit, looked on by a hundred thousand eyes, the light of which is gone two centuries ago,—I could like to institute a few general reflexions. A few passing glimpses even, were not without interest to us. For this Pageant, spite of all the velvet mantling, fustian oratory and other Drummond furbishment, has a reality in it, though a small one. There verily are certain two-legged animals without feathers under it. Strip it bare as thou wilt, these do result. These;

and whatsoever in themselves and in their mutual relation these may mean and be. Reader, it is withal a most abstruse, and if well seen into, a most astonishing reality; compared with which this Hawthornden upholstery and Nine sky-blue Muses, etc., are very paltry. Nay, did nine real old Muses, with a real Apollo, light here on the Tron Weigh-house, and Drummond fly home shrieking, even that were not more wonderful. These unfeathered bipeds, could I rightly say whence these came, whither they are bound, and whence they got this gear they have within them and upon them,—these laces, Genoa velvets, still more, these thoughts, beliefs, imaginations, expectations,—I were a Thrice Greatest and Mercurius to thee.

Observe, for example, him they call King's Majesty, Charles Rex, by one hundred and eight descents, who sits stately on his brown barb, footcloth of black embroidered velvet, bits golden, stirrups silver, crupper and headstall glittering with gems of Ind,—is not that a proper man? What thinkest thou of him? Of the white taffeta cloak, of flat-brimmed Spanish hat and white plume, I say nothing: except that all is suitable to each; that it is a king's Majesty very handsomely done. The long deep-browed visage, shaded with love-locks, terminating in delicate moustaches and peaked beard, is not without elegance and an air of pride or royal superciliousness, shaded you would say with sorrow. There is in it a solemnity partly conscious that it ought not to be solemn—that it is not solid or really solemn, rests not on solidity or energy, depth, or inward faculty of any kind; but solely on the white taffeta cloak with etceteras. Wholly the great man except the soul of him,—like the *Tragedy of Hamlet*, the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire. To me it has a certain fatality of aspect. This man has not achieved greatness; he has been born great,—in gesture, decoration, place and bearing. His elegant thin hazel eyes seem very rapid and very deep, and turn up occasionally as if Heaven would make all good

nevertheless. Pretension and ability seem far out of proportion. He is descended from some one he calls Fergus the First by 108 generations, and at some later point of the genealogy, from Elizabeth Muir of Rowallan, in Renfrewshire, whom some assert to have been an improper female. Falsely, I hope,—but indeed, what matters it? We have all some 108 descents, or more, counting from Adam, or even from Japheth, downwards, and at some step it is odds but some improper females and not very many proper males have intervened. From Elizabeth Muir, at all events, the Steward of Scotland, begotten by poor Robert Bruce, second of that name, did issue, and became king and took his Trade's name for surname, and had descendants and adventures, and so we have now royal Stewarts, who reign over both nations, by divine right, by diabolic wrong, or probably by a mixture of these two. Mixture somewhat difficult to disentangle.

Of Marquis Hamilton riding at the King's right hand, who has just received the bason, keys and gold coins, I ask thee, Whether he too has not something of fatal in the face of him? A man favoured by his Majesty, the old playmate and constant familiar of his Majesty, who has slept in his Majesty's bedroom, and yet has had misventures, and is like to have. Where, O Marquis, for example, are the 6000 men thou leddest to the relief of Protestant Germany and Gustavus, Lion of the North? Six thousand went, a fiery miscellany of British valour and adventure. wasted, yellow with disease, not many units return! Even death in Battle was refused them. They had to die inactive, mostly of famine and heartbreak, and Gustavus or Protestantism never saw the mark of their swords. Hoping to purchase a little glory, thou hast paid the money, thou hast *not* got the ware! Jacobus¹ Cunctator, I consider thee a very questionable

¹ James, third Marquis of Hamilton. He was created Duke of Hamilton in 1643. His last exploit was the leading of a Scottish army of 20,000 into England; he was defeated by Cromwell at Preston, taken at Uxtoeter; and, after escape and recapture, was condemned and executed in 1648.

general. Better to stay in green Clydesdale by the Falls of Corra, in that palace of thine. But the old Lady Mother is fond of glory, is fond of Protestantism; and on the whole a young Marquis is still a young king, and neither kings nor Marquises have yet reached the stage of Donthingism, *Rois Fainéans*, which is the penultimate stage. This young Marquis, if you saw him on foot or at Court, has the strangest, slouching, crouching, luridly bashful attitude and ways; something really sinister, and painful even, as Mr. Hyde assures me: alas, a deepfelt disproportion between place and power to fill it, between what you expect of yourself, and what you will ever perform; this is painful enough! this untempered by heroic humility, heroic self-suppression, self-killing, far too hard a process for the most, this is sinister enough! I pity this poor Marquis, a man of keen anxious feelings, keen attachments even, not unkindly, not unconscientious, were they not so dashed by egoist terrors which he cannot well help: there are thousands of worse men. See what a viperous glow in those otherwise frightened eyes of his, as of the viper and poor innocent frog. I do not like such eyes. The Cunctator's brows are already waxing heavy, in a few years more of such conspicuous misventures, futile seekings of glory, by paying his cash and not getting the ware, the corners of his mouth will palpably descend, and one shall find him a man of horse-shoe mouth and frog-viper eyes, a conspicuously sinister man. For the present in much sunshiny weather, close to the King's Majesty, cheered by the Scottish bason and gold, and genial sunshine, he rides in moderate comfort, hoping better things.

One glance, too, at him on whom all eyes are glancing, Thomas Howard, Lord Marshal, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, first nobleman of England, who rides in state here richly caparisoned, the cynosure of many eyes. A luminous, distinguished man, to us still recognisable though faintly. Processioning, at home and abroad, on embassies, solemn missions in foreign parts, the first nobleman in England:—

to us all this has grown most dim, small and as it were extinct. By how feeble, neglected a ray, does Thomas Earl of Arundel still glimmer visible to thee, O reader of the Nineteenth Century and me? Neglected in his garden in the Strand he certain mutilated blocks of foreign-hewn stone: These, Thomas Earl of Arundel found lying for sale at Rome, on his foreign missions or travels; these, the price seeming reasonable, he purchased and brought home; some unknown Greek man (1500? years ago) had got them hewn, sculptured with dates of old-world deeds and epochs, in which state they long stood read by curious dark Greek eyes, then lay tumbled, devastated by the Turks, no black or grey eye heeding them, —except the salesman who persuaded Thomas Earl of Arundel to purchase them. Thomas purchased them, laid them in his garden in the Strand. They lie there neglected while Thomas rides the streets of Edinburgh with king Charles. But now in this present year [1843], these Parian hewn stones, — what of them escaped being set in grates by masons, rescued by the illustrious Selden, — stand in the door-way (?) of a College at Oxford, and are a Parian Chronicle, and fly abroad printed in Books, and are the Arundel Marbles, known to all mortals, — shedding some faint veritable ray into the otherwise Cimmerian night of early Time.¹ Such virtue was in English Thomas Howard's guineas well given — in the stroke of that Greek's Parian chisel judiciously laid on. Thanks to Thomas Howard, whom we name, that he purchased these marbles; but thanks also to that invisible but indubitable Greek who quarried and sculptured them, whom we cannot name. By this faint ray shed into the far night of Time, shall Thomas Howard be long memorable; when all else of him is forgotten. O money - capitalists, Earls, Dukes, persons of capital and

¹ The marbles of which the 'Parian Chronicle' is the most interesting item, were presented to the University of Oxford in 1677, by Henry Howard, grandson of the above Thomas Howard. The marbles are now, nearly all, deposited in the basement of the Ashmolean museum.

honour, striving to purchase a little glory, my advice were that you went to the right shop for it, that you did some actual thing, or fraction of a thing. Glory is purchasable if you want it; but the tailor, upholsterer, coachbuilder, etc., have it not to sell. Palaces, valets, and caparisons, the whole honour and splendour of this Thomas are clean gone; the mountains of venison and beef, the oceans of Burgundy and *vino secco*, sherries, sack, he poured through his thousand throats, to the admiration of contemporary flunkies, where is all that? By the few guineas he gave for the Arundel Marbles does Thomas Howard, like a farthing rushlight in a galaxy all tenebrific, assert some feeble honourable visibility. Glory? my right honourable friends, it is not by sumptuous expenditure and sumptuously consuming, that man, had he the throat of Bel's dragon,¹ can rise to the immortal gods. No! nor even by dressing Parliamentary cases, rising to the head of Ministries, and victoriously guiding the spigot of taxation, what we call the helm of Government. My right honourable friends, might the heavenly wisdoms illuminate you; for failing them, I think the Tartarean Fatalisms, are not far, which never fail to prove didactic though a little too late!—

Meanwhile I ask thee, good reader, hast thou seen many prettier youths than this young Earl of Montrose?² Mugdock, beyond the Forth Meadows, is unluckily a hungry house; but here it has sent forth a proper man. Cardinal de Retz, a judge in such matters, finds a resemblance here to the heroes of Plutarch. So do I too, as realities of the human kindred all resemble one another. If King of Scotland mean strongest or largest soul of Scotland, why were not this man King? Alas! such thought be far from us; from him how altogether far is it! For the Past exists too, some four or five year-

¹ See the story of 'Bel and the Dragon' in the *Apocrypha*.

² James Graham, the 'great Marquis,' born 1612. He deserted the Covenanters at the close of the Second Bishops' War, espoused the royal cause, and, after a glorious but ill-fated career, died on the gallows, May, 1652.

thousands deep;—not to be abolished, thank Heaven ! And in all times and places, the Present cannot get existed except by adopting all that is true of that, and honestly growing out of that. Shambling Charles Stuart is king, and firm-footed, fire-souled James Graham aspires but to be an accepted, implement of his. Accepted, how thrice happy were he. Alas, the poor youth's estate, squandered in France, too, and foreign travels, etc., lies mainly on his back, I doubt : and he has wild wishes within him, a wild deep soul, insatiable as fire and noble too and fierce and bright as that. I like that lion-lip of the young Earl, that massive aquiline face, that broad brow, and the eyes, in which I discern smoke enough. He rides sumptuously but unnoticed, King's Majesty would take no notice of him, wherein some say Marquis Hamilton, speaking of broken fortune, ambitious, vehement temper, did him no good. Pass on, my Lord Marquis ; possibly we shall meet again.

Dr. William Laud, now Bishop of London, Privy Councillor to his Majesty, Member of the High Commission Court and Star Chamber, etc., rides too in that procession, gazes somewhat over the high edifices and street phenomena, trying to remember them again, after an absence of sixteen years. Yes, my Lord Bishop, those old stone houses are there, but in your Lordship's self many things have changed : your hair which was then black is now getting grizzled, and you are a man of sixty ; the church, too, has changed, and the world. English Solomon who never loved you, is gone to his glory, old age and strong Greek wine having done their part. He grew at last so stiff, that when they set him on horseback, he would stick unaltered through a whole stag-hunt, merely demanding liquor, from time to time ; and come in with the hat sunk a little into the hollow of his neck, but otherwise unaltered in position, ¹swearing Scotch oaths, and not in the

¹ James was not always so fortunate as that in his riding. It is on record that, as 'he was riding on horseback abroad' (after dinner on the day in which he had dissolved his Third Parliament, 6th January, 1621-2), 'his horse

worst humour. A right religious Sovereign he, and true father of the Church, whose loss would have been irreparable,—had we not here, by Heaven's blessing, got a new and better! What king James but meditated king Charles will do.

Alas, all changes, all grows, decays, and dies. We were then a poor subaltern of an underfoot chaplain, busy packing, in a subterranean way, Scotch General Assemblies, under the cold shade; and we have been since then a pretty way. Dean of Huntingdon, Bishop of St. Davids, Dean of Chapel Royal, etc., and are now third Bishop of the realm, within sight almost of being first,—for poor old Abbot cannot hold out long. And the church—what a reformation; which then we durst hardly dream of! Altars, in most places, built into the East wall, surrounded with a decent rail; the priest in dispensing the elements going through his genuflexions in many places with propriety. Chinese Mandarins, heathen Bonzes, Talapoins,¹ shall they surpass us in fitness of gesture? And they but Idolaters! By Heaven's blessing, we shall surpass them.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TIME OF PURITANISM

Is it not worth our while to look back for a moment at the last great expansion of England? We will look at Puritanism and the time of Oliver Cromwell. A time of darkness, straits; when the soul of England pent within old

stumbled and cast his Majesty into the New River, where the ice brake; he fell in, so that nothing but his boots were seen. Sir Richard Yong was next, who alighted, went into the water, and lifted him out. There came much water out of his mouth and bodie. His Majesty rode back to Theobalds, went into a warme bed, and, as we heare, is well, which God continue!'
Harleian MS., 389.

¹ Bonzes and Talapoins are Buddhist Priests and Monks.

limits, could no longer live, felt that it must be delivered or die,—and with endless tribulation and confusion, did verily deliver itself, and get new freer limits to live in! What is in the Future we know not; but know well it will be of blood-relation to the Past. Wouldst thou know the coming grandchild, look in the portrait of his grandfather. The clothes will be different, how different: but the features, never doubt it, will have a resemblance.

Laudor has written 'Imaginary Conversations'; but the *real* conversations were an entirely different matter. Much more is required for men's understanding one another than their speaking the same vocables of language. The Edinburgh man brought suddenly into a London circle feels himself, in spite of Newspapers, so much of an alien. The topics of his new neighbours are not his topics, they think too, in quite a different style about them: What the neighbours say to him, what he says to the neighbours, is alike in good measure unintelligible, conversation frustrate, speech that cannot be heard.

Fancy a figure from one of our extant soïves, suddenly carried back 200 years into the dark past, and set down face to face in a social evening party of Cromwell's time. Pause a little over this. No doubt at all our ancestors *had* evening parties; there in apartments swept, heated, lighted, cheery with the hum of human voices they do meet together; certain as if we saw it, there they are. Of stature, figure, structure bodily and spiritual, altogether like our own; nothing but the outer tailor's work dissimilar. Their faces in all lineaments are as ours: behold the English noses in their shapes and unshapes,—the due proportion of them tipped with carbuncular red: the surly square English faces, alas, sorrowfully truculent perhaps, sorrowfully thoughtful, loving, valiant, sorrowfully striving to be glad. For the basis of their life is earnestness; too apt, in such a world as this, to have itself made into sorrow, silent, mournful indignation and provocation, noble or ignoble spleen,—what you would call a radically sulky

kind of people. In whom nevertheless lies laughter and floods of honest joy; the best and only good laughter,—as rainbows and all bright pictures shine best on a ground of black. Faces altogether such as ours; and figures, the broad-shouldered Herculean, the taper-limbed Apollo figure, and other varieties, not to speak of bow-legged, squat, with pot-bellies. Neither in spite of time can their curls, wimples and fantastic dresses and head-dresses hide from me that here are true daughters of Saxondom, bright as the May month, beautiful as the summer dawn. Behold them. The face a beautiful, improved, transfigured, female version of the male face, a thing really worth beholding. Truculent sorrow, where is it now? Become a noble dignity, sunny grace made lovelier by a shade. These are the daughters of England, the mothers of England. Beautiful enough for that matter. Complexion as of milk with a tinge of roses; shapes as of the wood-goddess with her nymphs;—and in those blue eyes, as quiet as they look, have I not seen festive radiances, lambent kindlings; brighter far than the glance of diamonds. It was the flash of their minds that had life, that was soul, and had come from Heaven. Properly the brightest of all weather gleams in this lower life. Alas! they go out so soon in dead darkness, and all that vision is away, away!

Such figures in their silks, in their cloth habiliments, bright-dyed enough, are veritably there, alive, and lights burning round them, and the modern figure entering with the truest wish to commune, what a stranger is he! Talk goes of my Lord Marshal and his Parian Chronicle that lies mouldering in Arundel House, by the Strand of 'Thames, and how the masons have broken part of it, and sacrilegiously set fire-grates with Marmora Arundeliana. Of Lambeth and his Grace, by some called his Little Grace, so overwhelmed with Star chamber and High Commission business,—Bastwick's cars to be cropt in Palaceyard; obscure sectaries getting loud everywhere; of King's right to Tonnage and Poundage without Parliament or not without; of Altars railed and

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fronting the East, or Communion Tables which are not Altars nor railed, and stand either East or West as it chances. Ah me, and of Grace, Predesination, Goodworks, Faith, and of the Five Arminian Points condemned at Dort. A dim hum of these things reaches our ears; but they are become un-momentous, undelighful,—unintelligible, like the jargon of choughs and rooks!—We shall never get into that old soiree; neither let us lament that we cannot. And if in these circles one spoke a word of Parliamentary Reform Schedules, Sir Robert Peel and the prosperity of Trade? German Literature, Almack's Toleration, Railway miracle, or the Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world? Time was, but the time that was is not any more; has no more the right to be.

CHAPTER XIV

BASTWICK, BURTON, AND PRYNNE

[1637]

On the 30th of June, 1637, I see a crowd in old Palace Yard: Old London streaming thitherward through King Street, by boats at Lambeth ferry, through all streets and ferries, with various expressions of face, with thoughts—who can know their thoughts? Dim through the long vista of years, and all foreign, though domestic, nay, paternal, has the whole grown to me: men and women many thousands, in hoods, in long lappeted cap and gown, in steeple hat and Dutch-looking breeches,—of indistinct costume,—close packed together—stand gazing there; but the features I see are English, a sea of English faces,—a miscellaneous sea of English souls with such most indistinct miscellany of thoughts as the scene brings. My Fathers and my Mothers! For behold, the three prisoners come out, guarded by due tip-staves, by long-skirted persons in authority; mount aloft to

kind of people. In whom nevertheless lies laughter and floods of honest joy; the best and only good laughter,—a rainbows and all bright pictures shine best on a ground of black. Faces altogether such as ours; and figures, the broad shouldered Herculean, the taper-limbed Apollo figure, and other varieties, not to speak of bow-legged, squat, with pot bellies. Neither in spite of time can their curls, wimples and fantastic dresses and head-dresses hide from me that here are true daughters of Saxondom, bright as the May month beautiful as the summer dawn. Behold them. The face a beautiful, improved, transfigured, female version of the male face, a thing really worth beholding. Truculent sorrow, where is it now? Become a noble dignity, sunny grace made lovelier by a shade. These are the daughters of England, the mothers of England. Beautiful enough for that matter. Complexion as of milk with a tinge of roses; shapes as of the wood-goddess with her nymphs;—and in those blue eyes, as quiet as they look, have I not seen festive radiance, lambent kindlings; brighter far than the glance of diamonds. It was the flash of their minds that had life, that was soul, and had come from Heaven. Properly the brightest of all weather gleams in this lower life. Alas! they go out so soon in dead darkness, and all that vision is away, away!

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fronting the East, or Communion Tables which are not Altars me, and of Grace, Predestination, Goodworks, Faith, and of the Five Arminian Points condemned at Dort. A dim hum of these things reaches our ears; but they are become unmomentous, undelightful,—unintelligible, like the jargon of choughs and rooks!—We shall never get into that old soirée; neither let us lament that we cannot. And if in these circles one spoke a word of Parliamentary Reform Schedules, Sir Robert Peel and the prosperity of Trade? German Literature, Almack's Toleration, Railway miracle, or the Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world? Time was, but the time that was is not any more; has no more the right to be.

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their scaffold, into the general eye of day, of that day,—and of many days, onward even to this day and farther. Indistinct murmur, thrill of manifold fellow-feeling runs through that crowd. They were seditious men, these three, or they were not seditious but speakers for the rights of Englishmen? They shall lose their ears this day, be heavily fined and take farewell of liberty in jail till death: so much is certain. They are of a sort not usually seen on Pillories; Reverend Henry Burton, of Friday Street Chapel; William Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, and John Bastwick, M.D. Burton was a Graduate of Oxford, had at one time been Tutor to the King, a man held in great estimation, and chargeable with no fault but a certain anti-Laudism which could not then, and cannot now, either in the matter or even in the manner of it, be regarded by the public as a crime very heinous, but as the reverse of one. W. Prynne whom we are accustomed to picture to ourselves as a dingy unwashed, contentious, writing-sansculotte, was far other in reality: a gentleman by birth and breeding and behaviour, a Graduate of Oxford; laborious conscientious Student of Law, a man of much learning which to his own generation was very far from looking crabbed and obsolete as it does to ours. John Bastwick, too, is a gentleman and scholar; has studied at Cambridge, learned medicine at Padua, and practised it at Colchester. These three persons disreputable to nobody, warmly esteemed and even venerated of many, appeared on this 30th June, 1637, on what might be called a new stage, and exhibited a very strange spectacle to England. They were conducted from prison to their scaffolds in Palace Yard; fixed in their pillories for two hours, as if they had been pickpockets: at the end of two hours the executioners with attendant surgeons, with braziers, branding irons, and due apparatus, stepped forth and shorn their ears off them, staunching their blood with the actual cautery of red-hot iron hissing in their flesh,—the people looking on, not with noise, with a silence which we find had grown

'pale.' All people might naturally ask themselves, Whither-ward is all this; what will it end in? Bastwick's wife caught his ears in her lap, and kissed him without tears. Brave dame Bastwick, worthy to be a Mother of men! In Burton's case, who had preached all the time of the pillory-penance, they cut an artery, and the blood came leaping; his face grew pale, as all faces did; 'I am not hurt,' he cried. Pryne's ears, which had been sliced before but sewed on again, were now grubbed out beyond surgeon's help; the executioners rather saved than cut him; Pryne said with emphasis: 'Cut me, tear me, burn me; I fear the fire of Hell, but none of you.' Burton when they carried him into a house in King Street, the execution being done, and laid him on a bed, was heard to say, the June temperature too being very high, 'This is too hot to last.' Words which circulated through the London multitude and through all England, with something of a prophetic application.—O, my brothers, my poor maltreated Bastwicks, Burtons, and Prynes, never so rude of speech, so obsolete of dialect and logic, it is you withal whom I will honour. If no triple-hatted, shovelled or other chimera do now oppress us, if the attempt to do it would raise England, Europe and America as one man and explode such mad chimera into limbo,—whom have we to thank!

This was the last and greatest of the High Commission and Star-Chamber performances in the way of sitting and branding. We may give it as the culminating point and apex of a large unrememberable mass of pilloryings, finings, and ignominious severities inflicted on Englishmen for scrupling

1 But thus too the poor Scotch woman, John Brown the carrier's wife, at that

cottage door in Clydesdale, bound up her shot husband's brains, and sitting down in silence, laid it on her lap, bidding her orphans not weep, but wait this blessed morning the farther will of God. And when the Claverhouse trooper asked tauntingly, "What think ye of your husband now?" she answered, "I thought always mickle of my husband, and I think more of him now than ever!"—May it please your Grace, this seems to me better than altars in the East.

From another Paper in this MS., headed 'Pryne and Bastwick.'

to become inane China-men, and worship God in the Laud manner by bowings and beckings towards the East, etc. 'Is 'the living God a buzzard idol,' asks Milton,¹ as with eyes flashing empyrean fire: Darest thou worship Him with grimaces, and Drury Lane gesticulations? I dare not, and must not, and will not! You shall! said little Laud, with his shrew voice elevated, and his red face still redder; and so the matter went on, and had grown 'too hot to last.'

CHAPTER XV

LAUD'S LIFE BY HEYLIN²

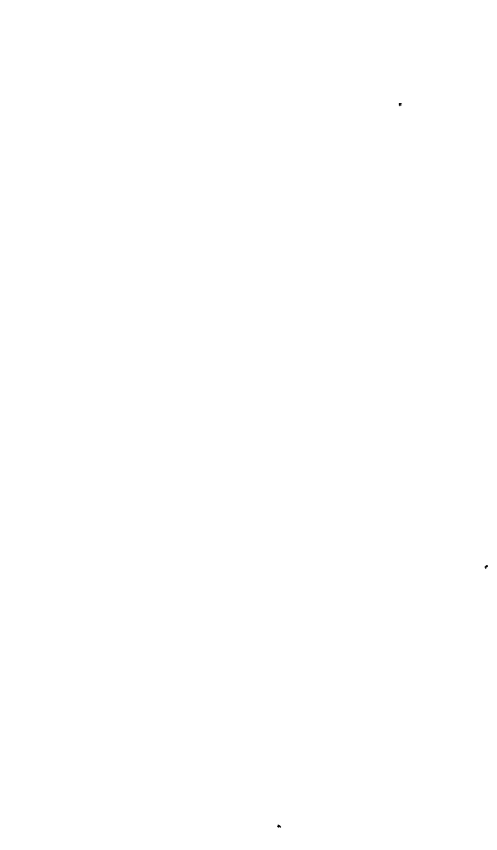
LAUD's Life has been described by Peter Heylin, D.D.; the man known usually in Presbyterian Polemics by the name of 'Lying Peter.' He is an alert, logical, metaphorical, most swift, ingenious man; alive every inch of him, Episcopal to the very finger-ends. This present writer has read the old dim folio, every word of it, with faithful industry, with truest wish to understand. A hope did dawn on him that he of all Adam's posterity would be the last that undertook such a trouble: some one of Adam's sons was fated to be the last; why not he? It had been too sad a task otherwise. For if the truth must be told, this unfortunate last reader found that properly he did not 'understand' it in the least, that though the thing lay plain, patent as the turnpike highway, no man would ever more understand it. For the mournful truth is, that the human brain in this stage of its progress, refuses any longer to concern itself with Peter Heylin. The result was, no increase of knowledge at all. Read him not, O reader of this nineteenth century, let no pedant persuade you to read him. Spectres and air-phantoms

¹ ' . . . Who thought no better of the living God than of a buzzard idol.' *Eikonoklastes*.

² *Cyprianus Anglicus; or the History of the Life and Death of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, by Peter Heylin* (London, 1668).

Archbishop Laud.





of altars in the East, half-paces, communion-rails, shovels, hammers, and munnies and genuflections; I for one, O Peter, have forever lost the talent of taking any interest in them, this way or that. As good to say it free out. My sight strains itself looking at them; discerns them to be verily phantoms, air-woven, brain-woven; disowned by Nature, noxious to health and life,—drear as an aged cobweb full of dust and dead flies. Peter, my friend, it is enough to sit two centuries as an incubus upon the human soul; thou wouldst not continue it into the third century? Thou art requested in terms of civility to disappear. Incubuses have one duty to do: withdraw. Were Peter's Book well burnt and not a copy of it left, this therefore were the balance of accounts: human knowledge where it was, and two weeks of time and misery saved to many men. On these terms, this last reader will not grudge having read.

In these present years, much to the wonder of the world, considerable phantasms of theoretic logic as to Church and State and their relation and subordination and coordination, figure, once again, like ghosts resuscitated from a past century, through the heads of certain English living men. Into such conflict of phantasms thou and I, O reader, have not the faintest purpose to enter. By Heaven's blessing we belong not to the seventeenth century; we are alive here, and have the honour of belonging to the nineteenth! What concerns us is to discern clearly across mires, coils, rocks, tithes and liturgies what is a Church and what is no Church at all. The Church is the messenger from the world of Eternity to men who live in this world of Time. What credible message she delivers in this visible Time-world as to our possessions, relations, prospects, in the unseen world which lies beyond Time; this for the while is the religion of men. How the *true* Church will relate itself to the practical State, this is ever the interesting question, the question of questions. How the *seeming* Church will do it, is, if she be no true one, a most unimportant question. Church and State are *They*

and Practice. Church is our Theorem of the invisible Eternity, wherein all that we name world in our earthly dialects, all from royal mantles to tinkers' aprons, seems but as an emblematic shadow. Emblematic, I say; for thou wilt discern that the real Church of men does always transfigure itself in their temporal business. Of many a man that signs the Church credo *without* either smile or sigh, what were the *real* Thirty-nine Articles, could we, or even could he himself, poor stupid insincere man, contrive to get them out of him? One huge Note of Interrogation: Is there any unseen world? What is it? Some say there is? That were his Thirty-nine Articles—the homily from which we may likewise see dimly drawn, and, if not preached, daily cited. Man's soul is his stomach; thou son of man, have an eye to victual; in victual, from pudding up to praise, how rich is this earth! A Note of Interrogation: Others I have known whose Thirty-nine Articles were one huge zero.—It must be owned King Charles's Kingship, and Archbishop Laud's Archbishopship were extremely on a par.

Church: look, 1800 years ago, in the stable at Bethlehem, an infant laid in a manger! Look, and behold it; thou wilt thereby learn innumerable things. The admiration of all nobleness, divine worship of Godlike nobleness, how universal is it in the history of men.—But mankind, that singular entity mankind, is like the fertilest, fluidest, most wondrous element in which the strangest things crystallise themselves, spread out in the most astonishing growths. Bethlehem cradle was one thing in the year One, but all years since that,—1800 of them now, have been contributing new growth to it;—and see there it stands: the Church! Touching the earth with one small point, rising out therefrom, ever higher, ever broader, high as the heaven itself, broad till it overshadows the whole visible heaven and earth, and no star can be seen, except through it. Whatever the root and seedgrain were, thou dost not call all that enormous growth above ground nothing? Surely not; it is a very wondrous thing, nay, a great in-

destructive and venerable thing. Were its root gone to nothing, sure enough *it* were still there. Alas, if its root do give way, and it lose hold of the firm earth, what, great as it is, can by any possibility become of it, except even this, that it sway itself slowly or fast, nod ever farther from the perpendicular, and sweeping the eternal heavens clear of its old brown foliage, come to the ground with much confused crashing and lie there a chaos of fragments, a mass of splinters, boughs and wreckage, out of which the poor inhabitants must make what they can ! Do not forget your root, therefore, my brothers ! I have comparatively a most small value for your biggest magic-tree when the root of it is gone.

Certainly among the characters I have fallen in with in

history this William Laud has not been the least perplexing. Prynuses, Pizarros that fight, kill and truculently cut their way to promotion in that manner, one can understand ; mighty hunters who live to kill foxes, we have likewise seen ; commissioned Cooks, Columbuses who cannot rest till they have discovered continents ; Spanish Soldier Poets writing Araucana Epics on leather ; Tycho and Keplers searching out, in weary night watches, in bitter isolation and hardship and neglect of all men, the courses of the stars : but what this man means by cutting off men's ears, branding their cheeks S.S., and chaining them to posts under ground, and keeping the whole world in hot water, for the sake of getting his altars set in the East wall ? Good Heavens, suppose the altar were set in the West wall, or in any or no wall, so that the living hearts of men would be turned towards the God of the altar ! Their ears might then stick on their heads, one would say, and all go well and peaceably. But no ; the Puritans, it appears, are turned but *too* intently towards the God of the altar ; and that is no excuse for them with William Laud,—may, as probably begetting an impatience with East-wall altars, and other Episcopal Upholstery, it is

part of their offence. They are too religious; and a Christian soul's Arch-overseer has the strangest care laid upon him,—that of making his people *less* religious! The trouble this soul's Overseer has taken in promulgating the Book of Sports¹ and such like, with penalties and admonitions, is considerable in that direction. If the Divine Powers favour, the Earthly ones have done their part; and this people on the Sabbath day shall not indulge themselves in praying, but come out to sport and drink ale. And the man reads the same Bible still printed in this country, and is Archiepiscopus, Primate of all England. Stranger Primate of all England I have never in my life fallen in with. And it is a clean-brushed, cultivated man, well-read in the Fathers and Church history; a rational, at least much-reasoning, extremely logical man. He will prove it for thee by never-ending logic, and the most riveting arguments, if thou hast patience to listen. What he means, what he can possibly mean?

There have been many *Præsules* of England, Arch-overseers of Canterbury, and some of them through Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, *Lives of Saints*, and such windows as I could discover or attain to, I have looked at with attention, affliction, admiration, generally with amazement: but this *Præsul* of England amazes me more than all, afflicts me more than all. Eadmer's Life of Anselm in the rough Norman days, one can still survey with interest; his old Anselm one can still discern to be a living man, a kind of hero, and reverently salute him as a sublime though simple old Father, through the dim eight centuries that intervene; but this new *Præsul*, distant but two centuries, did he ever breathe, and step about on black leather? Already poor William Laud is too inconceivable. Not among the heroes of this world . . . is he to be ranked. Human scepticism will not go the length of disbelieving that he lived; and yet alas, in what way; how could a human figure,

¹ King James's 'Book of Sports' (see *ante*, p. 135) was reissued by Charles and Laud in 1633.

with warm red blood in him consent to live in that manner? It is, and continues, very difficult to say! Future ages, if they do not, as is likelier, totally forget 'W. Cant.' will range him under the category of Incredibilities. Not again in the dead strata which lie under men's feet, will such a fossil be dug up. The wonderful wonder of wonders, were it not even this, A zealous Chief Priest, at once persecutor and martyr, who has no discoverable religion of his own?

Or why not leave Laud very much on his own basis? Let the dead bury their dead. Laud is little to me. Yet as the struggling bramble which you find suspended by many a prickly hook to the noble oak tree, to the fruitful fig, so high and protrusive is the bramble you are obliged to notice it.—The present is like boundless steam or gas; boundless, filling the Earth and the Solar System: wait a little, it will from gaseousness become liquid, become dried and solid, sink into the quiet thickness of a film. Large epochs lie in one rock-stratum of that deep mass that lies piled up from the centre of Beginning. Under feet of the living lies as soil and as rocky substratum, the ashes of the dead. Organic remains, it is all organic residues, and was once alive and loud as you are. It lies now so quiet, growing mere corn for you, supporting your partridges, game-laws, and much else!—

How then shall we name this singular W. Cant.? Name him Arch *Presul* of the so-called 'Nag's-head Church.' A Church evidently of the temporary kind, which could exist only in certain centuries, and in all other centuries will be sought for in vain.—In the times of Anselm and the Vatican, it was a life-and-death question, Shall Europe become wholly a Church, its Kings mere administrative deacons therein, the universal Sovereign of it sitting aloft at Rome, crowned in his three hats, a kind of human God? Or shall the Heathen

? Articles of impeachment against Laud for having attempted to subvert religion and the fundamental laws of the realm, were unanimously voted by the House of Commons in Feb., 1640-1. He was soon afterwards sent to the Tower, and beheaded on Tower Hill, 10th January, 1644-5.

secular element of it, withal, not be suppressed, since it too was made of God? Psalms and Litanies being everywhere chaunted to the utmost perfection, there will remain yet innumerable things to do,—cotton to be spun in Lancashire, for instance, grain to grow in the Lothians, and much else! *Everywhere cities are to be built, swamps to be drained, and wastes to be irrigated, savage tribes and places to be drilled and tilled, whole continents to become green, fruitful with life and traffic.* The Heathen element, as you call it, ought withal to assert itself, and will Jesus of Nazareth and the life he led and the death he died, through which as a miraculous window the visions of martyrdom, heroism, divine depths of sorrow, of noble labour, and the unspeakable silent expanses of Eternity disclose themselves he, the divinest of men, shall be the alone divine? The vision of Eternity, such vision hid from the outer eye, yet real and the only reality to the eye of the soul, shall it assert itself in man's life, and even alone assert itself? The vision of Eternity shall be all, and the vision of Time, except in reference to that, shall be nothing My enlightened friends of this present supreme age, what shall I say to you? That essentially it is even so That he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a hold of Time. Time is so constructed, that is the *fact* of the construction of this world, and no class of mortals who have not, through Nazareth or elsewhere, come to get heartily acquainted with such fact, perpetually familiar with it in all the *outs and ins* of their existence, have ever found this universe habitable long I say they had to quit it soon and march,—as I conjecture, into chaos and that land of which Bedlam is the Mount Zion. The world turned out not to be made of mere eatables and drinkables, of Newspaper puff, gilt carriages, flunkies, no, but of something other than these! . . .

Early in the Seventeenth century, Dr. William Laud, this small man of great activity, had formed the wish, which, as dignities accumulated on him and occasion offered, became the purpose, to introduce a Reformation into England (Reformation is what Peter Heylin names it)—into England and her affairs. England has never since I first heard of it, been without need of a reformation; every man too is called to introduce his bit of reformation into his corner of this earth while he sojourns in it: that is properly the meaning of his appearance here. Let him by all means introduce his reformation; nay he will do it, and cannot help doing it; ugly clay will grow to square-moulded hard-burnt bricks, to perpendicular, rain-tight houses, in his hands; untanned skins of cattle to mud-proof elegant boots; brutal putrescent Popes to rugged Lutheran Evangelisms;—according to the trade and opportunities of the man, let him by all means give us what reformation is in him. It is his contribution to the general funded capital of this God's Earth, and shall be welcome to us.

This small William Laud with the great activity, is now ever since the year 1633 Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, favourite chief counsellor of his Majesty Charles the First of the name, and feels himself in a situation to undertake reforms. In a position, and surely not without a call; for he is chief Spiritual Overseer of England, responsible more than another for the eternal welfare of the souls of England. Let him ascertain well what reformation he can make, and in Heaven's name proceed to make it. The Reformation introduced by this small Archbishop Laud brought along with it such a series of remarkable transactions and catastrophes, conspicuous to England and to all

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Laud as by office and duty bound, turns naturally his first attention to the spiritual state of England,—the spiritual is clearly enough the parent of the practical in every phasis of it, the spiritual given, all is given. Well, wherein is the soul of England sick? What is wrong in the spiritual state of England? Much every way. Much,—the origin and condition of which would lead us into boundless developments.—The Spiritual is wrong, the Temporal is wrong; much has gone wrong; but shall if it please Heaven be rectified.

The candid human intellect if it study intensely for five years under constant danger of locked-jaw, will still in this nineteenth century detect a busy inquisitive original faculty in William Laud, but a faculty imprisoned deep as the world's centre in such element of world-wide obsolete delusions as renders it, when never so well detected, of no use to us except for scientific purposes. A fly, once so busy, imbedded in amber, which by much manipulating becomes translucent. The fly once so busy is now quite quiet, dead totally; the amber is—one knows not what.

A busy logical faculty, operating entirely on chimerical element of obsolete delusions, a vehement shrill-voiced character, confident in its own rectitude as the narrowest character may the soonest be. A man not without affections, though bred as a College Monk, with little room to develop them; of shrill tremulous partly feminine nature, capable of spasms, of most hysterical obstinacy, as female natures are. Prone to attach itself, if not from love, at least from the need of help, a most attaching creeper-plant, something of the bramble species in it. The bramble will prick you to the bone, while the oak to your handling is sleek; the bramble by its very

prickers and climbing will train itself aloft and be found at the tops of the highest trees : you shall judge thereby if it was not a strong shrub that bramble ! Dr. William Laud has pricked a man or two that handled him, and he has clung withal to this and the other rising forest tree, to Bishop Williams and King James, to the Duke of Buckingham, to King Charles ; and his black berries such as they are now cluster the forest, like the noblest fruit that is to be found there. A conspicuous bramble, judged by some to be a shrub of proud strength. O Charles Rex ! the royal Cedar that has not the art and health to eject brambles from it, but carries brambles up along with it, as if pricklers were strength and black berries a noble fruit—such royal Cedar is in no good way: The first proof of a king or a man is the question, What men does he esteem ; the man I choose will be the counterpart and complement of my own self ; what I loved in myself as a possession, and doubly loved as a wish and ideal which I longed to possess, but could not : the embodiment of this will be my loved one. Kings and Cedars that carry up brambles along with them are themselves bramblish.

In this way thinks Dr. William Laud (Wil. Cant., as he is

now better called¹) may England be reformed. All England ranked up into drill order ; bowing towards the East, becking, gesticulating, with W. Cant. for fugleman : in this way the drill exercise were perfect, and we were a happy people. Infatuated W. Cant. Wilt thou make the English into a nation of Chinese Mandarins, adequate merely to bow towards the East, and pay First Fruits ? The respectable English Nation, always alive hitherto, shall now wither itself into dead dry lath and wire, a nation of lath clothes-screens, and go jerking, sprawling and gesticulating as thou fuglest ! There will then be the wonderfulest uniformity ; at the turning of thy rotatory calabash, they shall all go like the keys and stops in one vast barrel organ ; and a thing that can be called music rise to Heaven. Thou infatuated mortal, dost thou think

¹ See ante, p. 253 n.

lands, as could not at that time have been anticipated by him. For in truth, if we consider it now with these modern eyes of ours, it claims to rank among the most singular reformatations ever introduced into human affairs by any son of Adam, whereby singular results could not fail to follow from it.

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prickers and climbing persons called of the Church of England the tops of the highest surplices, linen cloaks, or in no Surplice was not a strong shirt P. P. Clerk of this Parish has in too picked a man or two; either neglected to iron the Surplice and withal to this and the priests are not select in their tailoring as Williams and King, or obedient to the rubric. How are the King Charles; and 'tis desecrated: the bread cut with a knife cluster the forest, that, knife which perhaps in the next instant there. A conspicuous or spread butter. Good Heavens! of preachers. And the Chancel of Churches is a place in not tedious neglect: have I not seen dogs, stray dogs, in bracon time rambling in the sacred precinct as if God blamably were not particularly there any more than He is way: What are we to think?

VI] For the truth must be confessed, there is a generation of coven, affecting to strive after personal communion with God, who undervalue all those things, nay, despise them. Puritans; the tailoring of priests,—to whom the highest lustre of it, even the crown itself if on an addle-head, is little other than a miserable piece of gilt tin!—O Dr. Laud, it is impossible for posterity anchored never so steadfastly to that ranklorical fact of thine, and fishing never so desperately for gestic meaning in thee, to comprehend a Dr. William of the dixteenth century even from afar. Thou art and remainest a fatuati to us, my thrice reverend friend, a personage chimerical, nationceivable, and as it were impossible. No posterity never the Estant, will ever again comprehend thy soul's travail in Nationworld,—nor perhaps in any other. Thou wert a fact, dry lat most fatal tragic fact, and now thou art become an jerking, al cobweb, and our lazy imaginations pronounce thee will then?—Charity will perhaps demand that one be brief thy rotatory.

in one vast men's blessing Dr. Laud will reform this. All rise to Heaven, monical cloaks, commonly called priests' cloaks, themselves before Allhallowtide next, on pain

'of Puritanical censure.'¹ All ye that labor and laden come unto me and I will—order you to buy cloaks.

There will then be the wonderfullest uniformity! From the East to the West the united English people, ducking, becking,² going through their devotional drill exercise, under their respective drill-serjeants, one great General at Lambeth in the centre of them, a sight which cannot but be gratifying to Heaven.

In fact Dr. Laud's ideas of religion are peculiar. Whatsoever people ranks itself in line and goes through the specified parade-movements, has a religion; whatsoever people does not, has none.

. . . The reader of our time will perhaps gain a glimpse into W. Laud if he take this discernible fact along with him. That Laud meant by worshipping, not the turning of one man's heart towards God, or the turning of many or of all men's hearts so, but first and foremost a turning of faces towards the altar at the East, done simultaneously by many men, with a certain decorous symmetry, of the military sort. This, thought his Grace, will be the method, if method there is, of getting all hearts turned towards God, that they turn first in a symmetrical drill-serjeant way towards God's altar built into the Eastern wall. Sharp serjeantry and drilling must civilise these awkward squadrons into symmetry, simultaneity. 'Worship is a social act.' 'When two or three are gathered together.' In all which is there not something of truth: simultaneous worship is desirable,—if it can be had. Lay the dim embers together, they will glow into white fire. And yet, may it please your Grace, I have known worship transacted well by solitary men too. Nay, the best worship ever heard of: Elijah the Tishbite's for example,

¹ 1634; addressed by Sir M. Brent, Laud's man, to M. 75. T. C.'s Note.

² Partisan writers of the

when the ravens fed him ; and His who was carried of the Spirit to be tempted forty days in the wilderness,—far from all human episcopal help and drill, alone with God and His own sore struggling nigh sinking soul. Consider it, your Grace, to have the heart of a man, by what means soever, so kindled from Heaven that its earthly dross be consumed, is the meaning of all worship. The heart of one man so kindled is more venerable to me than all the St. Peter's High Masses, than all the most perfect devotional drill serjeantry of Lam-beth or elsewhere. Your Grace forgets. If the heart have not some kindling in it, the great want will be fire to kindle it. The embers being not dim, but black, dead, what steads it on what grate you gather them ? They are dead, black ; all grates, all bellows and bellows-blowers are vain, and the proffer of them in such circumstances a sorrowful mockery to me. In fine will your Grace please to inform me where Jonah, when sunk in the whale's belly, found his prayer-book ?

Dr. Laud was in Scotland in 1617, and again in 1633 ; but in Scotland he could find no religion. Their religion, he says, I could see none they had ! Their churches are little better than barns or dove-cotes ; in their worship no fixed order, all left to option. What religion had they ? If they had a religion where or what was it ?—Really, your Grace, it might be hard to say. But could not you perhaps give them one, the unfortunates ? The Dr. has his own thoughts that way : time will try.

How much has grown indifferent to us in all that, valueless as the dust of worn-out clothes. The laystall is the place for it, let no man reprint it again, present it to be read again, let it lie in the laystall to be mingled gradually as freshening manure upon the general soil of human things. There are dead shell-fish which have pearls in them ; yes—and there are others which have no pearls, but mere hydro-carburetted gases to fatten the soil as manure. Indifferent,—unspeakably in-

different to me, is the controversy with Fisher the Jesuit, masterly as it was. What have I to do with Fisher the Jesuit? He is indifferent to me, as the temple of Upsala; his arguments as the seventy horses' heads stuck up there, gone all to nothingness now. O Fisher the Jesuit, once for all I do not believe thee; not a jot of fact has turned out for me in all that hypothesis of thine: it is not true, Fisher; begone, and let me have done with it and thee. Can I dwell forever in the old spectral night with its vampires and foolish hobgoblins, because there are shovel hats there? With a sacred joy I hail the eastern morning—anthem once again of God's eternal daylight, and request and even command all Fishers with their trumperies to get behind me.—Something eternal in Puritanism, nothing but temporary in Laud. One grows yet in part; the other has gone wholly to the laystall, nothing but an inheritance in Puseyism to pick up again, and plant it again.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COLCHESTER PROPHETS

[1638-41]

WHAT Hampden, Cromwell, and other educated men may be I know not; but what a cloud of bodiful meditation, as death, is spread over England in these dark days, teach us to know. The melancholic English in such a turbid twilight of things, intensely gazing as the one sure transcript of God's purposes and comes to very strange conclusions. For it is a character of endless seriousness, carrying gravity and by these Reformation contro- up the lowest lees of it, made it very serious

Colchester Town in Essex County, on its
the kind embrace of the river
of that city, I have for some time

had my eye upon a weaver, nay, upon two weavers. Richard Farnham, that is the chief one; let us in these days, while the Scotch Assembly is sitting, cast a glance into Colchester; and look, for by miracle we can still do so, we with our modern eyes, into the dingy shop and ancient earthen existence of Richard Farnham. Methinks his establishment is somewhat dingy, redolent of suds, weaver's batter and Gallipoli oil,—for Richard, I conceive, works Colchester serges, hanks and sports, which with their reels and reel-bobbins are scattered confusedly around. And Richard with sallow, unshaven face, unkempt hair or greasy nightcap, plies the shuttle with a multitudinous, monotonous jangle adding thread to thread. O Richard, Richard, and it is thou in very deed, no dream of any Fabulists or Novelists' brain; but a production of the Universe's brain, a very fact, there jangling its daily yards of serge cloth in a certain lane of Colchester in the year 1638?

Many persons I find are in the habit of visiting Richard, to ask most serious questions of him, for his fame as a knower of Scriptures has spread out of his lane into the main streets, nay, into adjoining parishes. The wrestlings of Richard have been deep as those of a Luther or an Augustine; down to the depths of being has this poor soul been forced to dive and bring up tidings. This and the other worn soul, ready to perish, has he comforted, given guidance to,—for he knows the pathways, and the impassables; he has been there, he. To many has Richard Farnham been a comfort, but to none so much as to a brother weaver, John Bull, whom he often consorts with, whom in these days he has raised from darkness into the most surprising light of wisdom or delirium,—or of both in one; or quasi-light, one part of Heaven, nine parts of Bedlam. Richard Farnham and John Bull, the two individuals weaving serge two centuries ago in the Town of Colchester, will deserve a monument's notice from us.

Many persons visit Richard; question him as men do an oracle; but he answers not alike to all. Is your questioning a mere profane curiosity, Richard swiftly by a counter ques-

tion or two detects you, takes up his shuttle again, and dumb, with a shake of the head, recommences his weaving. On the other hand, do your answers please, and seem to indicate to Richard that you have an awakened soul capable to apprehend divine truth, the shuttle pauses, there come hints, come utterances, frequent words exciting meditation enough, compelling you to new visits and ever new. Of his ideas about the Holy Ghost, perseverance and the sin against the Holy Ghost, I say little. 'Have you not read Revelations 11th and 12th? Few read with understanding. Woe to the land that is sunk in idolatries, in falsities, in whoredoms with the Scarlet woman. Darkness rests over it. Destruction draws nigh to it. And yet, observe, are there not Two Witnesses spoken of? Have you not read Hosea? How the grim Hebrew soul darkened down almost to despair and death by the wickedness of a world following falsities and blasphemous fatuities of speech and act, certain of the wrath of the Most High, blazes by fits into supernal glare of brilliancy, sees shapes, prefigurements, admonitory messengers, pillars of fire? The darker your gloom of earnestness, the more supernal your illumination,—through the portals of Death shall issue Angels whose face is as the Sun. Few read with understanding.' We oftener cannot read at all in these wretched dilettante days. Richard has read, in Richard's soul there are sorrows like that of Hosea, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, as deep as any man's, no terriblest glare in their rapt phantasy but awakens due glare and shadow in the phantasy of Richard,—a soul of man is like the souls of all other men, and everywhere in Nature deep calls unto deep. The wickedness of England, the billet moneyers, the martial laws, injustices in high places, the backslidings, unbeliefs, perversities, the rejected Gospel, the vain mummery of Altars in the East and four surplices at Allhallowtide, have sunk down on Richard, made him dark as a very Hebrew, kindling here and there with supernal glare of brightness intolerable to the Colchester eye.—O reader, thou with the utmost stretch and

dead-lift endeavour of all thy artistic faculties (bless the mark!), and imaginative faculties, and all the half-dead dilettante faculties thou hast, wilt never know what a splendour of highest Heaven mixed with the gloom of lowest Bedlam is in the soul of that poor weaver. But let us not be profane, let the divine temple of a human soul, even a poor Colchester weaver's, be still a kind of temple. Richard has no mind to write Epics, which is apt to be a low trade compared with acting them; he has no artistic faculty but that of making serges. He sits there, asking of men, whether they do not know the Two Witnesses, the Two Olive Branches, etc., whether these death-deeps of the Hebrew soul call not with something of a divine voice to all English souls. — He that lives in this dead generation when Reform means more victual to eat with less work to do, and all soul of man is, as near perhaps as can be, sunk into a stomach of man; he that lives in this generation, and is not only with it but of it, will never know, nor in the remotest manner conceive, what passed in England in that living and heroic one. What brotherhood have we with inspired Hebrews? To catch the attitude of them for artistic purposes in Drury Lane and elsewhere. Like some brutish Roman populace holding up their thumbs when the gladiator died, and saying, 'How well he does it!' A miserable rabble; doomed either to new veracity of conduct or to swift destruction. Do we not sit round the blaze of old Heroisms, as apes do round a fire in the wood; chattering, 'Aha, it is warm and good!'—and have not the gift or possibility, any ape of them, to add a new stick to the fire, but sit till it has all gone out, and the very ashes are cold, and they chatter to themselves, 'Hoo-hoo, how warm it was!'

But as for this poor Richard Farnham, I find that for long years the mystery has been deepening in him; which on repeated visits, if you are found worthy, Richard cautiously discloses, to the astonishment of all hearers. The Two Witnesses, it would clearly appear, are these two Colchester

weavers, Richard Farnham and John Bull! Even they. These are the two Anointed ones,—purified in great suffering, they are also called Olive trees, and Candlesticks, in figurative language. Bull and Richard Farnham, these are the two. They prophesy on earth very wondrous things, out of their mouth proceeds fire, for a certain length of time they can turn the waters into blood, can smite the earth with what plagues they will, and have power, for one thing, to shut the heavens that it run not for 1260 days. What will become of the agriculture in Essex? Savest thou, O Richard! The obscure public listens with upturned eyes.

Yes, continues Richard, and it is withal a fearful pre-eminency, not to be courted by the natural man. For when they have finished their testimony in the world, this Bull and Farnham, the Beast that ascends out of the Bottomless Pit is to kill them outright, and they are to lie dead in Jerusalem for three days and a half and the nations will not suffer their dead bodies to be buried. If there is truth in Scripture, says Richard, these things I think must be so. But they are 'things of a high nature'. For after three days and a half, the spirit of life is to return to Bull and Farnham, and, to the amazement of all their enemies, they are to stand on their feet there in Jerusalem again, and Farnham is to be king on David's throne and Bull priest in Aaron's seat, and they are to reign forever.—In my experience of prophecy I have heard nothing stranger. And persons of good gifts, very knowing in the Scriptures, give credit to Richard,—for there looks out of his sallow visage and glaring eyes a beheld which you cannot disbelieve. Neither is he mad, he sits there composedly weaving serge at sevenpence a day, and patiently, not in haste to encounter these glories and terrors till the time come. O Richard, Richard,—in an ambient element of Baxtonian fog and Egyptian mud, stupidity unconquerable by the gods does poor human walk abroad in this world!

A questionable incident however here enters in

history; an incident at which the profane world cannot fail to gawl; by which it is like the catastrophe will be precipitated. Richard, a prophetic bachelor hitherto, is not made of brass; no, and all fires, it is said, are of kin to one another. One of Richard's chief disciples, the knowinigest in the Scriptures of them all, is of the female sex,—her husband at sea; one Iaddenton, gone far enough, 'to the Indies,' or I know not where. Richard, driven by strange impulses prophetic and other, is whirled in the strangest chaos, clutches with avidity at this fact, that he ought to 'marry a wife of whore-doms,' as the prophet Hosea did? Very probable. He marries Mrs. Iaddenton, her husband far off in the Indies; this is the wife wanted: she, a religious professor, knowing in the Scriptures, of good life and gifts, is contented to be that same peculiar kind of wife for Richard, whom I think she probably loves and indeed worships. Greater scandal has not happened in my time. But it lies in nature. Who could refuse a celestial for a husband, even though he were a weaver of serge? As we are now approaching the Doctors' Commons and the Abyss of everlasting Night, and hear in the distance Bedlam and the grinding of the Treadmill, we may as well quit Richard for the present? One little prophetic rushlight shedding a faint ray over many things. An England reading its Bible as Richard Farnham did, how can such an England be obedient to the fugal motions of a

IV. Land?

Farnham and Bull have ceased to weave in Colchester, we know not by what stages, whether voluntarily sallying forth to prophesy, or compulsorily haled forth by Sheriff's officers to go to judgment; but their shuttles have ceased to vibrate, the multitudinous jangle of their serge-looms is heard no more. Compulsory Sheriff's officers, I believe, have haled them both to prison. Haddenton has returned from sea, has claimed his wife: there are charges of Bigamy, charges of Blasphemy; in brief, Farnham is in New Bridewell Prison.

¹ See Hosea i. 2.

Bull in Old Bridewell in the City of London 'Colchester Jack' (Haddenton), claimed legally to have his wife again, legally had her restored to him after solemn trial. She is not to be hanged for Bigamy, being to appearance a good, deluded woman. She is reprieved, given back to Haddenton, —and there ensued passages between them in the New Bridewell Prison which a refined history had rather not report. For she was a wife of aberrations, appointed so to be. Nor, in brief, can the law ultimately avail to restore to Jack of Colchester his wife of aberrations, these three, Richard Iarnham, the Prophet Hosea, and her own female will, all conspiring to the contrary. So Jack having set sail again for the Indies, she is Richard's once more, for it was written in Hosea, she should 'abide for him many days,'—as in the New Bridewell Prison, under the thralldom of Haddenton and the Sheriff's officers, she has now done. A scandal to religion, much to be deplored! But as I said the Prophets themselves are in prison, their prophecies and biganmes having given offence, and safe under lock and key, let them get to Jerusalem as they can.

And now in these sad winter days, they have fallen sick, as many do of a grievous sickness which is killing many, and the humane officials permit them to go out occasionally, and at the house of Mr Custin, Rosemary Lane, I have often seen them interpreting the Scriptures to one another. With Custin and Mrs Custin and other believers, especially a Mrs Ticknall, a carpenter's wife in Wapping, a creditable woman skilled in spiritual things—O reader, thou canst not laugh at this thing, thou art ready to weep at it,—under such nightmare obstructions struggles the agonised soul of man, climbing the slippery precipices, stumbling at every step, if haply he may reach the sacred mountain tops, and bathe in the everlasting dawn—Custin dies, the women weeping over him, bidding him keep the faith. In this dim house in Rosemary Lane January 8th, 1641 2, lies another ready to die, he two others, the Prophets themselves. Iarnham's hour

is first; Bull, from an adjoining truckle-bed, calls on him to hold fast, to trample the Devil and his terrors under foot, and ford steadily the devouring death-stream with his eye on the other shore. Farnham is dead, in ten days more Bull also dies and is buried, steadfast to the last. And now there remains but Mrs. Custin, Mrs. Ticknall from Wapping, and the wife of aberrations, with a future as obscure as three good women ever had.

For they consider that the Two Prophets do indeed, as the three days in the belly of the earth; but that according to other Scriptures they are not dead but living, and gone on a far voyage, far beyond Haddenton of Colchester,—gone in vessels of bulrushes to convert the Ten Tribes, wherever they may be. Beyond the gates of Ethiopia and the chambers of the morning! They are to come back from the rising of the sun, these Two Prophets, and then, mark it ye proud ones of this world, they shall tread on Princes as mortar, as the potter treads clay having perfect command of it. What then will become of King Charles, Mr. Hyde, and Sir John Culpepper? And Archbishop Pashur? Pashur girt-with-trembling, and his surplice, will have a poor outlook! If there be truth in Scripture, say these three women, this is true. Did an intelligent Christian ever hear the like? I grieve to add that these are understanding women, women of fine parts for knowledge in the Scripture, of seemingly devout ways, even the wife of aberrations has the air of a pious person who has obeyed prophecies merely. But words and arguments are vain; vain even that you offer to dig into the graves of these Prophets and show their very bodies still there, not gone to the gates of Ethiopia in vessels of bulrushes; but there: Of course they will seem to be there, the women answer; to your carnal unbelieving eyes they will be there;

¹ Pashur, *z. z.* Laud. 'Then said Jeremiah unto him, the Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor-missabib.' Jeremiah xx. 3. Magor-missabib = Girt-with-trembling; literally 'Rear-round-about.'

‘it is the penalty of your unbelief. This wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign,—to them no sign will be given; to such as them how can or could any sign be given: leave us alone here, ye profane!’ Adieu, my ancient sisters; adieu then, since it must be so: I part from you with thoughts for which the English and other modern languages have at present no word. May ye reach the sacred mountain-tops whither we too and all that tend any whither are painfully tending and climbing.—O Heavens, ye much endeavouring, much enduring, ye shall reach them to bathe a sick soiled existence, and wash it clean from all its darkness!

CHAPTER XVIII

LOOM OF TIME

(OCCUPATION OF THE ENGLISH GENTRY)

How do the English gentry employ themselves in this age? They ride abroad with hawks and hounds, speculate on the flying of their hawks, on their hounds; pay visits with high ceremony; at the very least they can fight cocks. They read a good deal, especially in divinity, Sidney’s *Arcadia*, and high-stilting Romances, if not Shakspeare’s glowing *Histories*, yet Spenser’s frosty *Allegory*, with Davila’s *Civil Wars* [of France],¹ Holinshed and the great historical compositions, not to speak of Acts of Parliament, Spelman, etc., up to Ployden and Fortescue *De Laudibus* [*Legum Angliæ*]. Not once to mention what is the staple article of all serious men, immensities of Sermons, Bishops’ Charges, Chilling-

¹ Henri Catherin Davila, son of Antoine Davila, a member of an extensive Spanish family. Antoine came into France in 1572, and was befriended by Henri III. and Catherine de Medicis. In acknowledgment of their kindness he called his second son Henri Catherin Davila. Henri Catherin was born near Padua in 1576. His great work, *The Civil Wars of France*, was first published at Venice, 1630, in 15 volumes 4°. It was translated from Italian into French, and published at Paris in 1642; and an English translation of a large part of it appeared at London in 1647. *Biographie Universelle*.

worth's *Religion of Protestants, a safe Way to Salvation*. Especially Divinity: faithful Dutch Divinity of Vorstius, Anti-Vorstius, the Synod of Dort, Five Points, and one knows not what or whose; for it was matter of eternal moment in those days. King James was heard to thank God that the Prince could manage a dispute in Theology with the learnedest clerk of them, so thoroughly grounded was he. Cockfighting, gambling, duelling, loving and hating;—the daily household epochs, three hungers and three satistings daily: that, at all times, is a resource for human nature. Alas, at bottom, what would become of human nature without that? Our mean wants and the necessity of satistying them: they are as ballast for the soul of man,—the soul of man without these would soar and sail away very soon into the inane. Acorns fall, oak trees are felled; men bake fresh bricks, hew ashlar stone; and huts and manor-houses, bright in their first colours, dot the green face of the world. The Tron Kirk of Edinburgh is getting built since his Majesty was there, is shooting out its white steeple higher and higher into the sky this very year.¹

It is the enormous Tissue of Existence never yet broken, whereof we, too, are threads; which is working itself then as now, with low-voiced, jarring tumult, wide as our dwelling-place, the Universe, through that unimaginable and yet indubitable, miraculous, enormous Loom of Time. The Loom of Time,—it is no flourish of speech, strange to say, it is a fact very imperfectly so spoken. Wide also as the Universe is this Loom, higher than the Stars, deeper than the Abysses. O, cultivated reader, hast thou ever contemplated in thy soul the thing called Time, and yet sayest thou the age of Miracles has ceased?²

¹ The building of the Tron Kirk was begun about 1637, but, for want of money, proceeded so slowly that the kirk was not ready for occupation till 1647, and was not completed till 1663.—See R. H. Stevenson's *Chronicles of Edinburgh*, p. 293.

² Cf. *Savior Resartius*, Book iii. cap. viii.

CHAPTER XIX

PATIENCE AND HOPE

[1637]

THE Shipmoney has been solemnly argued, and Hampden's cause is lost.¹ By monopolies, forced loans, fiscal extortions, we are punished in our purse; by scourgings, slit noses, cutting off of ears, in our persons and consciences: what is an Englishman coming to? Would we fly to New England for shelter in the wildernesses beyond the ocean, even this is not permitted us: Saybrook is building itself in Connecticut; but the Lords Saye and Brook shall not be permitted to go thither. Eight ships lie embargoed in the Thames; the Puritan Emigrants forbidden to depart; ye shall remain here, ye Puritan insubordinates; we want your ears on our pillories here.—And the dull people endures it all; this people sunk under *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus* in dreary enchantment seems incapable to help itself, seems ready to endure all things. Do not God's Gospel ministers lie dark in dungeons; Mr.² — with a collar round his neck? God's Gospel silenced and blasphemously trodden down at altars in the East, hateful chimeras in their copes and tippets are becking and gesticulating as if the living God were a mimetic mummary and conventionality and man were an Imitation and Hearsay and had no soul in him but an ape's. And the people resist not; since they held down the Speaker, nothing emphatic has been done by them. Fiery Elliot lies dead and cold, Strode reads his Bible, rugged Pym his Bible and briefs, etc., etc. We shall grow all, I think, into a Nation of mimes and Chinese automata; living quietly with a witness,—standing quietly as the wooden Chinese tumblers

¹ See *Letters and Speeches*, i. 92.² Name omitted in the MS. See *ant.*, p. 264.

with lead in the bottom of them do, and all beck and bow when the little red-faced Grace of Lambeth pulls the check string. No, Mr. Oliver; speak not so. This people's patience is among its noblest qualities, in respect for the constable's baton it is easy to be deficient, not easy to exceed. Patience, patience, till you can no more. Time with its births and deaths is rolling on. Help in this universe comes often one knows not whence; this universe, to the just man, is in all fibres of it, fervacious of help. The just man's cause is the universe's own cause; what the universe always through all its entanglements and superficial perplexities means, has meant, and will mean: ever amid all the thousandfold eddies and back currents which bewilder eye and soul, this is the grand interior tide-stream and world-deep tendency which must and will succeed.—Look up to the highest as thou dost and study to be of good cheer. 'I to the Hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid.'

To the Hills indeed;—and look what is this that is befalling in the remote North Country in these days? History will hasten thither.

CHAPTER XX

'JENNY GEDDES'

[1637]

Puritanism throughout the English lands lies crushed down, driven into silence, and, it is thought, into annihilation. Parishes of respectability have their altars at the East, their Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, and hope they have embraced Dr. Laud's Reformation, and terminated Dr. Luther's. So far as officiality can go, the disobedient spirit of Puritanism is abolished.

Nevertheless there are things that cannot be annihilated, let respectable officiality do its best and worst. Whatsoever

holds of the Eternal in man, addressing itself to the eternal sense of justice, conscience, implanted in us by the Maker, it is born anew with every new man into this world, and can never be suppressed. The more you press and compress attempting to suppress it, the more fiercely will it recoil against you one day, with heavy compound interest for all it has suffered. Especially if it have suffered quietly;—dread these quiet sufferers, there is a strength in them beyond what they themselves know! Dr. Laud, with his rubrics, formulas, and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, is playing a heavier game than he wots of.

For example it is now some half century that the Scottish people have had to suffer the saddest obstructions: their beloved National Church, founded we may well say in the travail of their souls, and the true emblem to them of God's presence in this Earth, has for half a century been obstructed, and at times threatened with suffocation under the nightmare of foreign Prelacy. The naked vigour of Knox and his heroism, which prefers the humblest real coat to wearing one of cobwebs, shall now be covered up and decorated with rubrics, formalities, and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, what the spirit of Knox feels to be unveracities, and will once for all have no trade with, betide what may. For long a baleful death-shadow has hung over the Scotch Church; true Assemblies prohibited, exploded canonicals permitted,—Episcopacy, in its rochets, tippets, and rotten rags of an extinct Popery, abhorred by Heaven and Earth, actually walking abroad in the country. O Dr. Laud, it is cruel, if thou knew it; but thou wilt never know! These men, in such poor rude way as they can, protest against deliriums and delusions; they say, Our life is true and not a lie, an eternal fact, no shadow or tradition, but a God's fact:—dare we pretend to believe manifest incredibility, to serve the living God with things sacrificed to dumb wooden Idols? We dare not, we dare not; and, as God is our witness, we will not! Doctor, there is not a holier feeling in the soul of

man than this same, nor a more benign one for the world: properly it is the light of the world, found here and there in a human heart; it is the sacred element which keeps this world from becoming all one horrid charnel-house. Doctor, you had better let these feelings alone. Observe too, how quiet the people is; this half century it has generally held its peace, leaving it for most part, as Hampden says, to the Almighty. The Scottish Church is under a fatal cloud. King James's Prelates, like winged roched harpies, hovering to devour it; they have not devoured it, God's Gospel is still preached among us; and the faithful man can save his soul alive; let us trust in God for this cause of His. To God we may complain in prayer; against supreme royalty and sovereign powers that be, what man can rebel? No quieter people, more reverent towards the Highest King in heaven, or towards its lower kings on earth, exists anywhere.

Dr. Land has been in Scotland twice over; he drove with unheard-of peril to himself and coach to various districts of the country, inaccessible except to zeal, looked with his own eyes on the nakedness of the land and its religion. Religion? he says, I could find no religion. Their Churches were little handsomer than barns; their worship no worship, mere unmethodic confusion, according to the notions of particular men. Any particular man rose up, prayed, without book, whatever lay in him. Drill exercise, done in a more slovenly way, I will thank any man to show me in this world. When a Right Reverend Father in God gives the word to a Nation, 'Shoulder arms,' and the Nation does not do it, but one person stands at 'attention,' another stands 'at ease,' another 'draws ramrod,' and some even 'present,' threatening to fire,—what kind of manoeuvring is that! I put the question, Is that people and its devotional Drill exercise in a good way? What fatal dim owls of Minerva do perch themselves with authority in a Nation's Holiest of Holies, from time to time, and scratch and hoot there, 'Too-whit Too-who, No worship Hoo, till—till people's patience with them is exhausted!

Dr Laud in 1617 as king James's Chaplain, and still more when he went with Charles to his Coronation in 1633, failed not of one thing, to regulate the Chapel royal according to the true model. Heathen Scots without any religion, if they stepped down to Holyrood might have the satisfaction to see religion. Here you observe due Altars in the East, the Four Surplices just lifted out of lavender foldings, an honour to the laundress, men bowing at the name of Jesus, bowing at many things, response, re response, and Collect of the day, men answering like clock work to the fugal motion, so that when you say, 'Ground arms,' they make one simultaneous rattle of it, and the manœuvre is perfect. Ye unhappy Scots without religion, does it not charm you at all? The unhappy Scots look on with vinegar aspect and closed lips, on their grim countenances no sign of charming is yet legible.

And yet good example is contagious and persuades the hardest hearts. Dr Laud thinks clearly this fifty years' expectancy should become fruition,—and real Scotch Bishops, which are as yet little better than Ghosts, should take shape and substance. King Charles, sensible, by instinct and conviction, of this truth, 'No Bishop no King,' is easily persuadable. The real Liturgy shall be introduced into all churches, the Prayer book printed, and not without due, gradual, oft-repeated admonition impressed into all parts of Scotland on a given day. What good is it to trample down Puritanism in England, if a whole Scotch Nation is allowed to practise it?

Nay, it would appear King Charles is about endeavouring to recover the Church lands, at least taking steps that way. In the disastrous times of Knox, a hungry nobility, with the promptitude of cormorants, swallowed the Church property, as it were in one day, and poor Knox when he demanded it back to make Schools with it, build Churches with it, teach and spiritually edify and enlighten the people with it, found that it had become a devout imagination. To his sorrow, to the sorrow of many men since that. It will require a new

pious thousand years to accumulate the like for spiritual uses, and as yet in these two centuries the process has not begun. It was a step of extreme delicacy this demanding back the Church-lands, or seeming even afar off to demand them back. Possession for two generations is something in this mutable world; all men when you touch them in the purse are likely to be sensitive. These old National Church properties, had they been demanded back for a Church which was never so National, rooted in the hearts of the whole Nation, would not have come softly back; now that the better part of a century had fixed them in their new places, with their new holders, sacred determination of the whole people, could that spoil which was not National at all, which was disliked and fast growing detested by the nation, and in broad Scotland and our royal self? King Charles is thought to be looking this way; and surely this is not the way to facilitate the getting in of his Service-book.

Galvanic Dryasdust, generally very offensive, becomes as it were intolerable when he gets to treat of any matter that has a soul. Being himself galvanic merely, he cannot believe that there will be, is, or ever was, in man or his affairs any soul,—any vital element whatever, except the galvanic irritability, Grediness of Gain. This, according to Dryasdust, is sufficient in common cases; in uncommon cases, or such like; and considers the phenomenon explained in that way. Cost what it may, he will not, and cannot, admit of such like; of delirium, calling it enthusiasm, the passions, Protestant Reformations and such like, he superadds some *quantum suffi* of delirium, explaining the passions, admit of Earth and the whole created Universe in behalf of God's any soul. When a Luther rises Godlike to defy the powers of Earth, once more, the purblind Dryasdust sees in it some shopkeeper grudge of a grey monk against a black one.

Quantum sufficit, a sufficiency, enough for the purpose.

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pious thousand years to accumulate the like for spiritual uses, and as yet in these two centuries the process has not begun.

It was a step of extreme delicacy this demanding back the Church-lands, or seeming even afar off to demand them back. Possession for two generations is something in this mutable world; all men when you touch them in the purse are likely to be sensitive. These old National Church properties, had they been demanded back for a Church which was never so National, rooted in the hearts of the whole Nation, would not have come softly back; now that the better part of a century had fixed them in their new places, with their new holders, not without a violent series of wrenchings, backed by the sacred determination of the whole people, could that spoil have been regained. But to demand them back for a Church which was not National at all, which was disliked and fast growing detested by the nation, and in broad Scotland and no hearty partisan, that one can see, but Dr. Laud and our royal self? King Charles is thought to be looking this way; and surely this is not the way to facilitate the getting in of his Service-book.

Galvanic Dryasdust, generally very offensive, becomes as it were intolerable when he gets to treat of any matter that has a soul. Being himself galvanic merely, he cannot believe that there will be, is, or ever was, in man or his affairs any soul,—any vital element whatever, except the galvanic irritability, Greediness of Gain. This, according to Dryasdust, is sufficient in common cases; in uncommon cases, Protestant Reformations and such like, he superadds some *quantum suff* of delirium, calling it enthusiasm, the passions, or such like; and considers the phenomenon explained in that way. Cost what it may, he will not, and cannot, admit any soul. When a Luther rises Godlike to defy the powers of Earth and the whole created Universe in behalf of God's truth once more, the purblind Dryasdust sees in it some shopkeeper grudge of a grey monk against a black one.

Quantum sufficit, a sufficiency, enough for the purpose.

When Protestant Reformations take place, it is chess moves of Diplomacy, it is hungry barons greedy of Church spoil—look at Germany, look at Scotland, in the pages of Dryasdust. Nations when they flame up with fire once more as if from the centre of the world, are to Dryasdust nothing but heaps of flagrant madness, meaning at bottom, so far as there is any meaning left, to fill their pockets or stomachs. In all which, O reader, if thou reflect on it, is there not something infinitely fatal not to say nefarious, and if it were not pitiable, detestable? Blasphemy is the name it ought to go by. You can't sue Dryasdust in any court of law, yet who is there that has injured you as he? Elymas, the base sorcerer, who perverted men's hearts and minds from God's Gospel, God's splendour struck him blind—was it not a merited punishment? Dryasdust was punishable in those days. But indeed the Apes by the Dead Sea, they still chatter without any soul, having disbelieved in souls,—that is a punishment which in no time can be abrogated. Thank God for it, and mark it, and shudder at it. My readers and I will not believe that German Reformations, Scottish Reformations, Scottish Presbyterianisms, French Revolutions, ever did or can proceed from the hungry avidities or despicable penny wisdoms of Jack and Will, Dick and Tom. Such slaves are there present in all Heroisms, as ashes in all fires, but the ashes are not the fire.

Poor old Edinburgh, it lies there on its hill face between its Castle and Holyrood, extremely dim to us at this two centuries' distance, and yet the indisputable fact of it burns for us with a strange illuminativeness, small but unquenchable as the light of stars. Indisputably enough, old Edinburgh is there, poor old Scotland wholly, my old respected Mother! Smoke cloud hangs over old Edinburgh,—for, ever since Æneas Sylvius's¹ time and earlier, the people have had the art, very strange to Æneas, of burning a certain sort

¹ Æneas Sylvius was born in 1405, sent on a mission to Scotland, etc., in 1432, and became Pope Pius II. in 1458.

of black stones, and Edinburgh with its chimneys is called 'Auld Reekie' by the country people. Smoke-cloud very visible to the imagination : who knows what they are doing under it ! Dryasdust with his thousand Tomes is dumb as the Bass Rock, nay, dumber, his Tomes are as the cackle of the thousand flocks of geese that inhabit there, and with deafening noise tell us nothing. The mirror of the Firth with its Inchkeiths, Inchcolm and silent isles, gleams beautiful on us ; old Edinburgh rises yonder climbing aloft to its Castle precipice ; from the rocks of Pettycur where the Third Alexander broke his neck, from all the fife heights, from far and wide on every hand, you can see the sky windows of it glitter in the sun, a city set on a hill. But what are they doing there ; what are they thinking, saying, meaning there ? O Dryasdust !—The gallows stands on the Borough Muir ; visible, one sign of civilisation ; and men do plough and reap, and weave cloth and felt bonnets, otherwise they could not live. There are about a million of them, as I guess, actually living in this land ; notable in several respects to mankind.

They have a broad Norse speech these people ; full of picturesqueness, humour, emphasis, sly, deep meaning. A broad rugged Norse character, equal to other audacities than pirating and sea-kingship ; and for the last 1000 years, in spite of Dryasdust's goose-babble, have not been idle. They have tamed the wild bison into peaceable herds of black-cattle ; the wolves are all dead long since ; the shaggy forests felled ; fields, now green, now red, lie beautiful in the sun-shine ; huts and stone-and-mortar houses spot for ages this once desert land. Gentle and simple are there, hunters with Lincoln coats and hawk on fist, and flat-soled hoddie-grey ploughmen and herdsmen. They have made kings this people, and clothed them long since in bright-dyed silk or velvet with pearls and plumages, with gold and constitutional privileges and adornments. Kings ? Nay, they have made Priests of various kinds, and know how to reverence them,

and actually worship with them. For they are of deep heart; equal to still deeper than Norse Mythologies, and the gilt Temple of Upsala has for a thousand years lain quite behind them and beneath them. The Nation that can produce a Knox and listen to him is worth something! They have made actual Priests, and will even get High-priests,—though after long circuits I think, and in quite other guise than the Laud simulacra who are not worth naming here. This is the people of Scotland, and Edinburgh is the capital of it; whom this little red-faced man with the querulous voice, small chin and horse-shoe mouth, with the black triangle and white tippets on him, has come to favour with a religion. He, in his black triangle and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, will do it,—if so please Heaven.

Who knows, or will ever know, what the Edinburgh population were saying while the printing of Laud's Service Book went on? For long it threatened; the Scotch simulacra (of Bishops) were themselves very shy of it, but the little red-faced man whose motto is 'thorough,' drove it on. And so, after various postponements, now on Sunday the 23rd day of July, 1637, the feat is to be done; Edinburgh after generations of abeyance shall again see a day of religion.

'The times are noisy,' says Goethe, 'and again the times 'sink dumb!' How dumb is all this Edinburgh, are the million and odd articulate-speaking voices and hearts of Scotland of that year 1637! Their speech and speculation has all condensed itself, as is usual, has sunk undistinguished into the great Bog of Lindsey. He were a Shakspeare and more that could give us, in due miniature, any emblem of the speech and thought of Scotland during that year. No Shakspeare was there; only Dryasdust was there; and it is now grown silent enough. The boding of fifty years is now to realise itself, the thing, that we greatly feared has come upon us. The heart of this Scotland pauses aghast. A land purged of Idolatry shall again become Idolatrous?—Really, O modern reader, it is worth taking thought of. Idolatry,

which means use of symbols that are no longer symbolic, is it not, in the Church and out of the Church, verily the heaviest human calamity? In the Church, and out of the Church, for all human life is either a worship or it is a chimeric, idolatry may be defined as the topstone of human miseries and degradations; it is the public apotheosis and solemn sanctioning of human unvaracity, whereby all misery and degradation physical and spiritual, temporal and eternal, first becomes rightly possible; the deliverance from it rightly impossible. Admit honestly that you are naked, there is some chance that by industry and energy you may acquire a coat; clothe yourself in cobwebs, and say with your teeth rattling, How comfortable am I, there is no chance of ever being clothed, there is no wish for or belief in the possibility of ever being better clothed. Men say with the drop at their nose, and teeth playing castanets (as you may hear them anywhere in these sad days), How comfortable are we?

With Jenny Geddes it has fared as with Pompey and others: there remains the shadow of her name. As Hercules represents whole generations of Heraculides and their work; as Marat in our compressive imagination did all the Reign of Terror; so Jenny is the rascal multitude, by whom this transaction in the High Church was done. Her name is not mentioned for twenty-five or thirty years afterwards in any book; nevertheless it remains lively to this day in the mouth of Scottish tradition, and a Poet Burns in such mocking apotheosis as is permitted us in these poor days, calls his mare Jenny Geddes. Good Jenny, I delight to fancy her as a pious humble woman, to whom, as in that greatest Gospel is the rule, the Highest had come down. In her kerchief or simple snood, in her checkered plaid and poor stuff-gown she is infinitely respectable to me; reads that Bible which she has in her hand, a poor bound Bible with brass clasps, and

¹ See Carlyle's *French Revolution*, iii. 256.

sits upon a folding stool. It is the belief of Jenny that God's grace is in store for her, or God's eternal judgment, according as she behave well or behave ill: respectable Jenny!

Dim through the pages of Dryasdust we notice conclaves of Scottish Puritans, dignitaries, nobles, honourable women, taking earnest counsel on the matter; meeting for conference in Edinburgh and elsewhere. The old Duchess of Hamilton, says Dryasdust, rode about with a pair of pistols in her saddle. Like enough; with pistols in her saddle, and a variety of thoughts in her mind. Dim, owlish Dryasdust, as is his way in such cases, imputes the whole phenomenon to those conclaves: it was all a wooden puppet-play, constructed and contrived by these higher personages, the wires all fitted on, the figures all whittled and dressed, the program all schemed out;—and then some Duchess of Hamilton pulled the master-wire, and a dramatic representation was given. Disastrous Dryasdust, is human life dead, then? Art thou entirely an owl and tenebrific ray of darkness, then?—Enough, the 23rd morning of July, 1637 has risen over Edinburgh city; a silent Sabbath morning, not to be a silent day and evening; the dissatisfaction of long years will perhaps give itself voice today. But the Bailies and Officialities are getting towards St. Giles's Church,¹ and many mortals with speculation in their eyes; right reverend Sydsersf² is there, and Dean Hanna, etc., all in due rochets and pontificals; the miscellaneous audience sits waiting, nothing heard but here and there the creaking of some belated foot, slight coughing of some weak throat, and generally in all pauses, an irregular chorus of sighs. Dismal enough. They are going to worship here it would seem?

See, the Dean enters, a man irrecongnisable to us at the distance of 200 years, recognisable only as an aggregate of

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² Sydsersf, Bishop of Galloway, since 1635.

tipkets and rochet, with a Laud's Prayer Book in its hand. At sight of Dean Hanna in this guise, imagination hears a strange rustle in the St. Giles's audience; sees Jenny Geddes's lips compress themselves, her nose become more aquiline; and the general rustle as our Dean mounts the reading-desk sink into silence as of death. One can fancy the Dean's heart palpitating somewhat. Opening the Prayer Book he breaks the silence.—Hm—hm—hm! ever louder hums the audience, each taking courage and example from the other, the hum mounting in rapid geometric progression, till it breaks out into interjections, castings-in, as we call them, of a most emphatic sort. Some do make responses; inserted probably by Sydsert or Lindsay, as 'clackers' are in the first night of a play. Hired 'clackers' if so be they may save the play from being damned. Hired clackers,—or any not uncharitable soul to reinforce a poor Clerk in these circumstances? Service cannot be heard; the Dean growing redder and redder in the face, reads on; inaudible for hums, for growls, for open obstreperous anger of all men. Jenny Geddes (it appears from Dryasdust) has risen to her feet, many persons have risen. A hired clacker, close at Jenny's back endeavouring to make the response, her righteous soul able to stand it no longer, she flames into sheer wrath and articulation with tongue and palm; and exclaimed, says Dryasdust, smiting the young man heartily on alternate temples, 'Thou foul thief, wilt thou sing a Mass 'at my lug?' What a shrill sharp arrow of the soul! We have had long battles with the Mass; black nightmares of the Devil like to choke us into Death eternal; and they are gone and going, and we are awake to God's eternal sunlight, and the Devil's nightmare is to return? All women, all men and children feel with Jenny. The tumult rises tenfold. 'Out, away, off, off!'—So that Lindsay in regular pontificals is obliged himself to mount into the Pulpit. Poseidon in the tempest raises his serene head, to calm all billows. 'Let us read the Collect of the day,' 'Collect? Collect?' cry many. 'Let us read'—reiterates he. 'Devil colick the wame o' thee!'

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they turned to little account; nor with others into whose hands they fell. By and by Mr. Birch, however, subsequently of the British Museum, putting on his historic spectacles, easily discovered that here was a correspondence of the seventeenth century, abounding in the highest historic names, and turning up his Dryasdust repositories, easily remembered that a certain John Thurlow, Government Secretary, in his latter days resided here;—discovered therefore that this was Thurlow's secret hoard of official correspondence; which, unwilling to lose it, yet in evil times afraid to keep it, the good man had buried there in that box in the wall, and now after about a hundred years, it had unexpectedly come to light. Mr. Birch with enlivened hope, with alacrity, with persevering industry, proceeded to copy, decipher, arrange and commit to the press, that mass of dead letters; and so in seven folio volumes we have to this day a Thurlow Correspondence which he that runs, and is not afraid of locked-jaw, may to all lengths read.

Life being short and Art long, few or rather none, have ever read this Book, but all of us pry into it on occasion. Historic Art gratefully skims through it on a voyage of discovery,

hangs with outspread pinions for moments in the strange twilight, in the strange silence, of that wide-spread City of the Dead, descreying what it can,—little of moment for most part. For in truth the region is most awful, of a leaden quality, a leaden colour, guarded by basilisks, inhabited by ghosts, and the living visitor is in haste to return. We, at the very door of it, have snatched the following morsel

[Here follow directions to copy Oliver Cromwell's Letter of the 13th October, 1638, to his beloved Cousin, Mrs. St John. It stands in the *Letters and Speeches*, as Cromwell's Second Letter (i 100)]

Much remains obscure, lost beyond recovery. Alas, and the very spirit of the writing, how it is lost too, and the abstract words become meaningless to us, as are the proper names.

The appellations and ideas, we say, are not less obliterated than the proper names and persons. Who knows what to make of dwelling in Meshec, which signifies *Prolonging*, or in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*? How could a man supposed to be of vigorous sense write down such imbecilities, or what did he mean by them? Dryasdust is terribly at a loss, the living intellectual circles wait with blank eagerness, some word of explanation from him, and he as good as feels that he has none to give—'Cant, Hypocrisy', the intellectual circles have rejected these,—well then, 'Enthusiasm, Fanaticism, some form of the grand element of cloudiness?' 'Yes,' with a kind of nasal interjectional 'Hm—hm,' as if still all were not right. But they are fount to rest satisfied with this. The square jawed, rugged looking individual, with massive nose, with keen grey eyes, and wart above the right eyebrow, was partly in a distracted condition. If it should ever by chance, as there is passing need otherwise, be disclosed to the intellectual circles that they have souls to be saved, then the last hypothesis of Dryasdust will go like the rest, I think, then woe in general to Dryasdust—his hypotheses and foul Hecate eclipses will fleet away with ignominious drumming in the rear of them, the very street urchins approvingly looking on, and a most

poisonous eclipse be lifted from the whole Past, the whole Present and Future time! O Dryasdust! Expediency, Wind-bag and Co. will march, the gates of native Chaos yawning for them, and the public thoroughfares will be clearer for a while. Consider, O intelligent reader, if by beneficent chance thou knevest that there was in verity after Death a Judgment and Eternity, that all the Earth and its business were but the Flame Image of a great God, his throne dark with excess of light, and Hell pain or Heavenly joy were forever in few years sure for thee. Thou wouldst fly to the mountains to cover thee, to Christ, to whosoever brought a hope of salvation for thee. Thy life were then a perpetual sacred prophecy, or, through the obstructions of the terrene element, a perpetual effort to be such. Prayers, tears, never-ending efforts, the sacrifice of very life, all this were a light thing for thee. Thou too, and all thy life and business, like the Earth thy mother, wert a kind of flame-image through which, now in bursts of clear splendour, now in fuliginosity and splendour overclouded, the presence of a God did verily look. Thou too wouldst write passionately for Dr. Wells to Mr. Story at the Sign of the Dog.¹ But thinkest thou this depends on Dr. Wells or Mr. Story, on any printed Book, Hebrew or other, or on any man or body of men, Hebrew, or other? That Dr. Wells or Mr. Story can make it or unmake it? My friend, when Dr. Wells and Mr. Story and all that was in the brain or memory of either of them shall have vanished like dreams never to be in any human memory more, this thing in its essentiality will remain true.

Here however, there are two courses that open themselves for the human species, leading to the notablest divarication, with the results of which History is full. The poor human genius is wrapt in traditions inwards to the very soul of it, and never comes out except wrapt in clothings, what it well calls habits. Did not Adam of Bremen see a gilt Temple at Upsala totally different from St. Catherine's

¹ See Letter I., *Cromwell*, i. 90.

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¹ See Letter I., *Cronwell*, i. 90.

Church, with festooned gilt chains round it, and horses' heads set high on perches, some seventy in various stages of decomposition? The modes of Divinity are properly endless among men but they reduce themselves mainly into these two¹

Under the green Earth, so flowery, cheery, shone on by the sun, lie dismal deeps, dwelling places of we know not what misshapen gnomes, Rushworths, Dugdales, Rymers, dark kingdoms of the vanished Dead. He that would investigate the Past must be prepared for encountering things unpleasant, things dreary, nay, ghastly. The Past is the dwelling of the Dead, the pale kingdoms of Dis and the *Dii Manes*. Ulysses did not descend to the Dwellings of the Departed without struggles and sacrifices, nor when there did he find the region cheerful. Achilles, Prince of Heroes, is right mournful as a Shade. 'Do not extenuate Death to me, illustrious Ulysses. I would wish, as a field labourer to drudge for another man, though a mean one, to whom there were small substance, rather than be king of all the vanished Dead.'² How faithfully this old Greek notion of Achilles in *Lytium* represents his condition in the human memory,—his relation to the living Biographer! He is vanished, or nearly so, a thin, melancholy shade. Speak of the meanest day drudge who is yet alive and visible to me, speak not of the Dead, for I behold them not.—It is like thou beholdest them not! 'The Club Anecdotes of a Jabesh Windbag, how much more interesting to us than all that the Philosopher and Poet can say or sing of an Oliver Cromwell!

TRADITION

Tradition, too, is to be commended, in Tradition, too, is something of divine. Tradition is the beatified bodily form of all that once was, of what our Fathers from immemorial time have tried and found worthy. It begins beyond record

¹ *I.e.* Paganism and Christianity

² *Odyssey*, xi. 437-91

or memory; it too, so to speak, begins in Eternity. To the first men, they that with fresh virgin eyes looked forth into a Universe on which as yet no thought or sight had tried itself, all was new and nameless, was wonderful, unnameable, was godlike or God; the first stratum of Tradition is the life of these First Men; Tradition begins with the beginning of Time, it abuts on Eternity, is as a thing shed forth by the Eternal. Thou shalt worship Tradition too; thou dost well to recognise a divineness in the Past. If Human History is the grand universal Bible, whereof almost all other Bibles are but synoptical tables, illustrative picture-books, then I reckon that what has hung suspended in the general human memory will be well worth gathering. Nay, worthy or not, it has to be gathered. We are born into a shaped world, not into a world which is yet to shape. What went before is a fact not less inexorable than what will follow. How the world is shaped and how farther it is shapable,—these are in a manner the two sole questions for a man.

Tradition is as the life-element, the circumambient air. We unconsciously live by it; the rabidest Radical is penetrated by Tradition to the innermost fibre of him, at all moments of his existence, even when he is loudest in denouncing and gainsaying it. His denunciation of Tradition is itself in how many ways traditional! He demands Electoral Suffrage, Free Parliaments, Ballot-box, etc.; him too the wisdom of his ancestors taught that. Tradition? Does he not speak English, a kind of English? That of itself, if he reflect on it, is as the azure element that towered up boundless over Phosphoros, filling immensity for him, and fixed him down as with the weight of mountains under perpetual chains, perpetual beneficent leading-strings as we may call them withal. Imprisoning weight as of mountains reaching to the zenith, says one;—beneficent roofing, household accommodation and security, says another.

Poor Zacharias Werner, in a rhapsody not intrinsically of much meaning, gives this account of the emblematic indi-

vidual, Phosphoros, the Light bringer, meaning evidently by him the soul of man, or perhaps, as some now speak, the soul of mankind.

‘ And when the Lord saw Phosphoros his pride,
Being wroth thereat, he cast him forth,
And shut him in a prison called Life,
And gave him for a garment earth and water,
And bound him straitly in four Azure Chains,
And pour’d for him the bitter cup of Fire ’¹

.

This rhapsodic imagery has truly a resemblance to the fate of Man under Tradition

The air in small portions is transparent, of no colour or noticeability, but take it in totality as an atmosphere, it is azure, beautiful, almost divine looking, and encircles us everywhere with a Dome which we well name Heaven. Infinitude does so in all senses, in all cases. Tradition is properly the Totality of the memorable acts and thoughts of all mankind. We are alive because we have an atmosphere round us, we are socially alive (we are in so many senses spiritually alive) because we have, and have long had, brothers round us, and the memory of *their* relations to the Universe. This, too, is an atmosphere, builds an azure heavenly world round our terrestrial one.

The laws of spiritual as of physical optics act here too. Masses of the Past get compressed by distance, compressed and transfigured to sapphire colour, and one highest peak becomes the name of a wide district. From the Greek Homeric Songs, to Longobard Paul Deacon, there rhymes itself a kind of order out of past human things, and amid History becomes a rhythmic Mythos. Hercules prints his name on long centuries of Herculean work and enterprise. Past events are deified. Does not every people, looking at its language, consider that the first Grammarian was God,

¹ For the remainder of this, the Legend of the Old Man of Carmel see Carlyle's Essay on Werner, *Writings* vol. I. 1. 8 of 11, p.

the Maker? The Lawgivers of most nations, including our own, if we go out of Westminster Hall into Westminster Abbey, are esteemed still very clearly to be gods.

CHAP. XXII.] HAMPDEN AND LAUD

HAMPDEN AND LAUD—REALITIES AND PHANTASMS

How many voiceless men ride busily with hawk and hounds, sit studious, sit bibulous, relectory and requiescent within doors, fare busily on highways and fieldworks, on their several errands, smite upon the anvil and malleable hot iron in their rustic smithies, ride fruitlessly abroad with idle hawk upon their fist, and hounds and valets following them, at this same hour. All voiceless now, at that hour all loud and celebrated. Oblivion come to the aid of memory! How can we remember you all? In this city where I write in my garden, are some 1,800,000 human souls, to every soul of whom do not the heavens vault themselves into an arch with its crown right over *his* head, as if *he* were the most important man, to produce whom all things had hitherto been tending? There is no remembering of you all! I will beg some 999,999 of you to let your selves be forgotten peaceably that the unit may find room for himself. Alas, in the human memory as on the stage of Life, one set is ever crushing out another, and Godlike silence and evanition into serene azure is sooner or later the lot of all men and all gods.

Black walls of oblivion, like dark cloud coulisses must bound our small illuminated theatre. Wherefore History, though with reluctance, will be silent.

Amid the valleys where the Ouse languidly like an aristocratic river, collects its brooks, folded up among the green valleys, sheltered by the Buckingham beeches, is the Hampden Manorhouse and Church, the mansion of John Hampden; is John Hampden himself, a man of grave but cheerful affable

ways, as I judge by the look of him, not without Teutonic fire in his heart, but deep hidden, whom it were delightful to look in upon, did time permit! Authentically, sure as I am now here, he is then there, riding abroad to look up his tenants, to visit some neighbour, or the green earth and azure beeches at least, sitting at home reading Davila on the Civil Wars,¹ reading Chillingworth and Dutch Divinity,—looking earnestly into an ocean that his eyesight cannot bound, which is indeed bottomless, deep, which the sharpest human eyesight only seems to itself to reach the bottom of. In the bottomless ocean there does ever appear to be a bottom, where the light fails and the eye can reach no farther, there the eye rests contented as on the primeval basis, there is the bottom so reckoned—it is the law of optics for men here below. Mr Hampden's eye reaches down farther than most, discerns as the deepest primeval fact, that in the heart of this world a God dwells verily, that man, poor imprisoned creature does of a felt truth reach up to Heaven and down to Hell, that the question how he demeanes himself in this poor life, is actually of infinite moment to him. There, intrinsically, is the bottom for John Hampden,—as it is indeed for me, and for the clear sighted reader. Hast thou heard of any deeper depth yet reached by telescope or otherwise? I have heard of extremely shallow depths trumpeted abroad, as the wonderful wonder and real bottom found at last, in these enlightened days—how there dwelt no God but a mere steam engine and clock mechanism in the heart of this world, and man's real duty was but to find due Jamaica treacle for himself, a finite duty, not infinite, with other most mournful matter, which, for the credit of the house, I will not enlarge upon. Such extremely shallow depths have I been vociferously invited to contemplate in these days,—but a deeper than this of Hampden's no man ever saw,—nor will see, I imagine. Two things strike me

¹ 'Hampden was,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'very well read in History; and I remember the first time I ever saw that of Davila of the Civil Wars of France it was lent me under the title of "Mr Hampden's *Indiscreet*."'

dumb, even as they did Herr Kant of Königsberg, as they did John Hampden of that ilk, as they have done all men that had an open eye and soul, since soul and eye did first open on this world: 'Two things strike me dumb, the Starry Firmament, and the Law of Duty in man. Infinities both. Do they set thee talking?' But now suppose an earnest Mr. Hampden searching with his whole soul into those beautiful and divine depths had heard it confidently affirmed by all credible persons, and never dreamt of doubting it, 'That God the Eternal Lawgiver did once break the silence of Eternities, and speak; that here in this Hebrew and Greek Book was his authentic voice, here and not elsewhere at all?' 'That as you learned His law here and did it, or neglected to learn and do it, Eternity of Blessedness, or endless Night of Misery, awaits you for evermore. That all this were a truth, true as sunrise and sunset, terrible as Death and Judgment. Certainly it were a fact of some importance, this, to Mr. Hampden. Certainly the impatience of Mr. Hampden with Vatican Popes, and Lambeth Pontiffs, and Phantasms with Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, were considerable, what is all this? How dare you parade yourselves in such Guy Raux mummeries before the Eternal God! and address Him in set words that mean almost nothing for you! Are you sure of your way here? Has God commanded saying, 'This is pleasing to me; or was it only Dr. Laud that commanded?'—Mr. Hampden, we had better not articulate ourselves farther on these subjects; but study to possess our souls in patience, or at any rate in silence. Mr. Hampden, the noble speaker, has a talent of silence too. Like his people, Mr. Hampden is of silent nature; prepared in so imperfect a world to put up with many things. Much is uncertain. Much is wrong; but all will be manifest; all will be perfect, and no grievance more forever, very soon.

And the Phantasms on their side have not the slightest misgiving about it. They answer: Good Mr. Hampden, we are

not entirely Phantasms, we are partly human too after a sort! It was in this way that the earliest Fathers from beyond human memory taught us, and in the Book itself is said, *Do all things decently and in order*, this is the order, we fancy, this is what the earliest Fathers, etc. We rest on Tradition, ring after ring round our horizon, the outer ring of which lies seemingly in contact with God himself and Eternity,—seemingly as the vapours over Paddington heights and the hills of Norwood lie in contact with the stars and are part and parcel of the firmament. Infinite star firmament, law of human duty, direct voice of God, opened human soul—we know nothing of all that, our own souls, it appears, must be shut to us, suspect to us,—though we received a University education. We never saw any opened human soul, heard within us or without us any direct voice of God,—heard only the direct voices of the spectral Archbishops, saw with such eyes as we had the eternal firmament rest firmly on Paddington and the heights of Norwood and Dulwich! And so they provide their Four Surplices at Allhallowtide with ruffled temper, chaunt ancient metre, and go on nothing doubting.

Good Heavens, when I look at these two classes of men, the Phantasms partly human after a sort, with their temper getting ruffled, and the Realities with their patience getting exhausted,—I could fancy collisions coming to pass between them. And what a business will it be, getting at the considerable heart of truth which consciously and unconsciously does lie in both, and having it presented in pure form. Due reverence for venerable human forms, due reverence for awful divine realities which transcend all forms—it will be centuries before we see these two made rightly one, and a wide glorious blessed life for us, instead of a narrow contentious and cursed one.

CHAPTER XXIII

WENTWORTH (STAFFORD)

As a lake of discontent it spreads and stagnates these eleven years over England, swamping all England more and more into a sour marsh of universal discontent, without hope, without aim. England is slow to revolt; that is the reason why England has been successful in revolting. 'This man?' has no notion to revolt, what hope is there for a man? 'The King is strong, the King is given over to his Lauds, his haughty fierce Wentworths, his sworn Attorney Nays, their belly full of parchment, where for press of Law no Justice can find audience. One must be patient, one must be silent. God's true messengers shall be cast into dungeons, set on pillories, with branded cheeks and ignominious slashes, their true voice smothered by the hangman. We must fly far, to America, New England, crouch low and be silent; waiting God's good time. In the end, ah yes, full surely yes, in the end God's will shall be done, not Dr. Laud's.—And now if out of so much smoke there did arise fire, what a blaze, sudden as continents of dry heath, hence as anthracite furnaces, would it probably be!—It is the crowning moment of a man's life when he does take up arms, in the name of God, against an evil destiny, resolved to better it or die. Crowning moment of a man's life and also of a Nation's. The nation that never yet did so is still in the pupil state, and wants for present and coming times the noblest consciousness of a nation.

Sir Thomas Wentworth of Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, Baron Wentworth, my Lord of Stafford that is to be, was busy in the north of England at Council of the North, is busy still in Ireland, Tyranny's strong right-hand man. But the uninitiated reader, though the Stafford Papers have been

¹ The policy of Laud and Charles.

² See *post*, p. 323 n.

³ Hampden.

printed these many years, will inquire vainly about that. They are enchanted Papers, those Strafford ones, shed a torpid influence, benumb into languor, into tetanus or sleep, all motion in the souls of men. O Radcliff, Heylin, Hacket, Rushworth, Nalson, Burton, Whitelock, Heath, and Vickers, why does posterity execrate you? Were ye not faithful in your day; and drove jocundly your waggon-loads of contemporary printed babble, jocundly shot it there, not calculating that it would be rubbish? Posterity did nothing for antiquity: posterity must take contentedly what antiquity was pleased to bequeath it: casket of gold grains precious in all markets, mountain heaps of gravel and indurated mud in size like the ruins of Babylon; no Pactolus¹ rolls metal alone, but metal and gravel mixed.

Wentworth, Strafford that is to be, a man of biliary, choleric temper, of fierce pride and energy, is busy in Ireland and England, and has long been. I knew him once as a Reformer; in those days when we were about to hold our Speaker down, he was among us, resolute as the rest; but when we actually held our Speaker down, when we had obtained our Petition of Right, he was not with us any more. He had gone away from us, gone over to the Four Surplices, to Whitehall and the gilt Formulas. Canst thou not conceive an honourable soul seduced? I have known such, more than one. The elevated soul seeks advancement, seeks to see itself an elevated soul;² the smile of kings, like radiance out of Heaven, says to them, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Sir John Savile,³ long a pestilent eye-sore to thee, lo! my glance shall dissolve him from thy path; in no County meeting shall any Savile, or man of them, outshine

¹ A river of Lydia, famed for its golden sands.

² 'It is a chaste ambition if rightly placed, said Strafford at his Trial, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good in the place where a man lives.' Rushworth, *Trial of Strafford*, 146.

³ The office of *Castro Rotulorum*, in Yorkshire, was through Buckingham's influence taken from Wentworth and given to Sir John Savile in 1623; the writ for Wentworth's removal being handed to him as he sat in open Court presiding at Sherbiff.

thee any more. It shall be so, it is so. Am not I good to thee; why persecutest thou me? Gratitude, sunburst of unexpected limitless hope and heavenly radiance, will have effect on the heart of man. Sir Thomas sees a new shorter course open to him; much that looked ugly under the winter twilight and shadow of intolerable old Savile, is grown beautiful when illuminated by such light from the king's throne. O my high struggling soul, see, by this way too, thou shalt get on high, be recognised by thyself and others for a high soul. Privilege of Parliament, Petition of Right, much that was ugly under the shadow of old Savile and cold obstruction, is now grown far less ugly under the summer sunlight. Privilege of Parliament, much may be rationally doubtful to the mind of man; but this that thou art President of the North,¹ and hast dissolved old Savile and all Yorkshire gainsayers from thy path, this is not doubtful, this is certain, a most blessed indisputable fact. Sir Thomas sees a new shorter course not doubtful but indisputable opening to him; sees gradually a new heaven and earth; all old things are passed away, behold all things are become new, even a shrill hysterical chimera in Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, even he, since his spasms pull my way, and he cheers me on to the top of my bent, is not unlovely to me.

Look not in the Stafford Papers, O reader, unless thy nerves be strong, thy necessities great. They are grown enchanted Papers, as we said; dim as Ghostland, and have a torpid quality, agreeable only to the soul of Dryasdust. We see Dr. Laud and Viscount Wentworth with much of the King's Majesty's business, the interests of Supreme Justice and Dr. Laud's and Viscount Wentworth's in this world; in a highly unsatisfactory manner;—and shall observe only that Wentworth, as well as Laud, is for '*Thorough*.'

Wentworth is a man of dark countenance, a stern down-
¹ Wentworth became President of the Council of the North, Dec. 1628; he was made Earl of Stafford and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in January, 1640. His Trial and execution took place in the spring of 1641.

looking man, full of thoughts, energies,—of tender affections gone mostly to the shape of pride and sorrow, of rage sleeping in stern composure, kept strictly under lock and key: cross him not abruptly, he is a choleric man, and from under his dark brows flashes a look not pleasant to me. Poor Wentworth, his very nerves are all shattered, he lives in perpetual pain of body, such a force of soul has he to exert. He must bear an Atlas burden of Irish and other unreasons: from a whole chaos of angry babble he has to extract the word or two of meaning, and compress the rest into silence. A withered figure, scathed and parched as by internal and external fire. Noble enough; yes, and even beautiful and tragical; at all events, terrible enough. He reverences King Charles, which is extremely miraculous, yet partially to be comprehended; King Charles, and I think, no other creature under this sky. Nay, at bottom, King Charles is but his Talismanic Figure, his conjuration Formula with which he will conjure the world; he must not break or scratch that Figure, or where were he? At bottom does not even reverence King Charles; he looks into the grim sea of fate stretching dark into the Infinite and the Eternal, and himself alone there; and reverences in strange ways only that and what holds of that. A proud, mournful, scathed and withered man, with a prouder magazine of rage lying in him.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SCOTS AT DUNSE LAW—PACIFICATION OF BERWICK, OR THE FIRST 'BISHOPS' WAR'

[1639]

IN the early summer days of 1639, there was seen at Dunse Law near Tweedmouth on the left bank, a notable thing: some 30,000 Scottish men all encamped on the conical Hill or Law, with tents, trenches, with pikes, muskets, bible and

Psalm-books, and munitions of temporal and spiritual warfare,—advanced hither to their own Border, to petition his Majesty, in a most respectful but emphatic manner. Many lie there encamped; Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Commonalty, each Earl or Lord with his tenants and dependants round him, a Colonel he, a hardy drilled regiment they; on every tent flies this bandrol, 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' and at evening and morning tide, as the drum rolls, there rises the voice of prayer and of psalms. Alexander Leslie of Balgony, a little crooked Fieldmarshal in big cocked hat, presides over it all, with supreme natural discretion, and military vigilance and experience; a man equal to all emergencies, whom years, hard German service, and example of Gustavus Adolphus, Lion of the North, have taught wisdom; who has looked in the face of Wallenstein before now, and rolled him back from Stralsund ineffectual after a siege of many months with all his big guns. Little Alexander in his big cocked hat, is thought to understand these matters. His Majesty looks at the phenomenon through his spy-glass on the other side of the river from Birks near Berwick, where his royal army lies encamped. Your Majesty, we are come out to petition, at the Borders of our poor country here, if your Majesty before invading us with sword, Service-book, and actual execution, would but hear our humble loyal desires! Men loyal to your Majesty, breathe not under God's sun. We kiss the hem of your Majesty's cloak, and fling our hair under your Majesty's feet, and indeed are inclined to be flunkies, rather than rebels, but we dare not worship the living God with Drury Lane gesticulations, Prompter's Service-book, Chinese beckings to the East. Alas, we dare not and must not; and upon the whole we will not. We are here as your sacred Majesty sees, the representatives of a whole Nation, driven to petition at last with muskets in our hands. May it please your Majesty, reverse that Prompter's Service-book, we will not have it, we will be cut in pieces sooner!

To such height has the matter come in two years. Mat-

ters long compressed rapidly expand themselves when they do burst forth. On signal of Jenny Geddes's stool, the whole Scotch Nation rose,—not in violence and musketry, very far from that, their fire we hope lay deeper in them than that. By skilfullest management, guidance, wise, gentle as the dove, walking always by the old law, or gently stretching it so that it never broke, by petitions, legal protestings, by Convocation Tables, by National Covenant, Sacrament, and General Assembly, here we are, peasant and peer of us, man, woman and child of us, a whole Nation gone forth in the name of God to protest against this thing, and have the happiness to be represented by 50,000 armed men under Fieldmarshal Leslie here — His Majesty looking close at it sees good to accept the Petition, or seems to accept it, *Soit droit fait*, and we all go home again, each in a whole skin for the present. Not a stroke was struck in this 'Bellum Episcopale'¹ Earl Holland, he that built the extant Holland House, and lost his own head at last, poor man, he, as Master of the Horse in this royal army, did ride across in a warlike manner, towards Kelso as if he had meant something, but the steel beginning all to glitter on the hill sides as he came near, and Scotch trooper regiments to rendezvous themselves in a deliberate manner, his Lordship saw good to call Halt and ride back again, without blood drawn. The glittering steel masses followed him, not chased him, Heavens, no!—escorted him rather, as a guard of honour, and saw him safe over Berwick Bridge again. The truth is, this English army had not the slightest disposition to embark in butchery with these poor Scots on any such quarrel. They wished them well rather, said in their hearts very many of them, God speed you, poor Scotch people, and deliver us from the heat of the weather in Palace Yard² and elsewhere. You are in the van, the forlorn hope, we also seem to stand amongst you, in the rear of the same host. The management of the Scots in standing firmly on their guard, yet offering on the great and on the little every conciliation to their individual brethren of England,

¹ The 'First Bishops' War,' so called.

² See ante, p. 273.

is considered to have been of a very superior description. This was the Pacification of Berwick, not destined to hold long.

CHAPTER XXV

PUBLIC BURNING OF THE SCOTTISH DECLARATION

[1639-40]

ON [a day in] 1 August 1639 at Cheapside the hangman is again busy with braziers and kindled coal fires, escorted by halberdiers and mounted or walking constables, presided over by long-gowned Sheriffs and official persons,—doing stern execution by fire, happily on Papers only: He is conflagrating publicly in this solemn manner, a printed Paper called Scots' Declaration: 2 sending up in flames and down as black powder, ashes, so many copies as he can procure of it; how many, I have nowhere learned. There rises the flame, crackling aloft, there fall the ashes, at Cheapside; emblematic of royal indignation;—the history of which transaction looks forward and looks backward. Backward it is as follows:

The Pacification of Berwick was drawn out fully on official paper, for anything I know, on sheepskin and vellum, but there were some subsidiary corollaries and annotations, which in the great hurry and anxiety it was only found possible to carry off by word of mouth. For example, his Majesty in the written Pacification could not well depart from the phrase 'Pretended Assembly,' as applied to the Glasgow General Assembly of the 1 Blank left in the ms. for the day of the month, which was probably the 11th,—the day on which the Proclamation for burning the papers was issued by the King and Council.

2 The Papers burnt were: 'The Scottish Exposition of the Treaty of Berwick, entitled "Some Conditions of his Majesty's Treaty with his subjects in Scotland, before the English Nobility, set down here for remembrance." To which is subjoined the Scottish Army's Declaration concerning their acceptance of the King's answer.'—*S. P. Dom.*, ccccxvii. 14; Rushworth, iii. 965.

The order for burning these Papers was made at a meeting of the Council, 4th August, 1639.

year before, which the Scots believed and asserted one and all of them by tongue and pen, and were there to assert by pike and gun, and every organ of soul and body, to be a most true irrefragable Assembly;—the Acts of which his Majesty indeed, as the basis of the whole Pacification, had consented to accept and substantiate by a new Parliament and a new Assembly to which there should no objection lie. Why did he not then retract the phrase ‘Pretended’? Well, perhaps it had been better. Our haste is great, our anxiety to get the matter done. Two hungry armies lying within wind of one another, hovering and parading round one another: judge if this is a time to spend hours, any hour of which may produce explosion, on mere points of form: but his Majesty’s temper, none of the sweetest, had been sorely tried in regard to essential points; *why fret him and get into new discussions about points seemingly more of form than substance?* You know what his Majesty meant; his Majesty with his royal lips in our hearing gives assurance that he means it so. The Scotch Commissioners, as anxious as the English to have done, accept the word-of-mouth assurances, leaving the writing as it is, report in their own camp, redact and publicly sign the word-of-mouth assurances as expository of the Treaty;—and so with mutual civilities, public dinners, speeches, prayers and great waving of caps and friendly gesticulations, retire Northward, their brethren of England retiring Southward, as from a business of powder magazine and lit matches,—a business that could not end too soon. And so the new Scotch Assembly have met, and the new Scotch Parliament, and have done or are doing what was consented on, and the word-of-mouth assurances put to paper on Dunse Law in the year 1639, are put to print in Edinburgh; these with the needful developments are put to print, and come forth as the Scotch Declaration;—which his Majesty, revolving in his altered soul the past and the present phases of things, is now getting burnt by the Hangman at Cheapside. That is his Majesty’s resolution touching those same word-of-mouth assurances, touching this

version of them : hateful they and all versions and reminiscences and accidents and qualities of them, worthy of the Hangman alone. For his Majesty has now got other game afoot than those word-of-mouth assurances, or any version of them true or untrue. He has got Strafford over from Ireland, prospect of Irish subsidies, Clergy subsidies, benevolences, and an English army : War and *we civis* to the treasonous Scots rebels. We will summon a new Parliament for the fourth time,—an English Parliament,—we will ask them for supply against Scotch rebels : if they refuse, your Majesty is absolved before God and man, and must have recourse to other methods. Your Majesty has an Irish army to control that country,—‘that country,’ or was it ‘this country’? Sir Henry Vane the Elder’s recollections are uncertain, nor could the world ever yet entirely decide.¹ Backward such is the history of that transaction of the Hangman at Chapside.

Forward, it issues in what the following Chapters will show.

CHAPTER XXVI

MEETING OF OLIVER ST. JOHN AND EDWARD HYDE²

[1640]

These two Baristers happen to meet one another in Westminster Hall on 5th May, 1640. Hyde is a firm-built, eupaptic Barister, whose usual air is florid-hopeful still ; a massive man ; unknown depths of impetuosity kept down under mountain rock-strata of discretion, which yearly pile themselves higher and higher and are already very high for his years. The other is a slouching, lean, long man, seems

¹ ‘The Earl of Clare and others debated with Vane (the elder Vane) sharply, What “*his* kingdom” did mean ; England or only perhaps Scotland? Maynard quickly silenced him : “Do you ask, my Lord, if this kingdom be this kingdom or not?”’—Baillie (cited by Carlyle, *Miscellanies*, vi. 60).
² Edward Hyde was created Earl of Clarendon in 1661.

of atrabilious humour, deep-eyed, internal fire enough, but burning as in a reverberatory furnace, under thick iron covers, only gleams of it shining through in crevices, rather questionable-looking. The man is of immense legal toughness and talent, gained immortal or quasi immortal law laurels the year before last pleading for Mr. Hampden in the Ship money case. The two Barristers as they meet in Westminster Hall this day, seem to have changed characters. the florid, hopeful Barrister looks sad, the gloomy lean Barrister looks joyous, the dark-lantern visage of St John shines almost like a light-lantern. 'How now?' says Barrister Hyde. 'You do not seem 'sorry that his Majesty has dissolved us all, and rashly smitten 'his good Parliament' in pieces today?'—'Yes, our good Parliament, as you call it, could never have done the business. 'We shall get a better Parliament before long. 'Things are in 'the wind that will bring a really good Parliament. We must 'be worse before we can be better and well'—I or his Majesty has this day dissolved his Parliament, in a very short style he asked them for supply against Scotch rebels, that he might first chastise rebels, and then redress all manner of grievances that it had entered into the heart of man to conceive. The Parliament after due hemming and hawing, signified that it would prefer the other method,—grievances redressed first, or at least grievances and supply going *pari passu*. Are you serious, are you inflexible? asked his Majesty, in the official dialect, yet with haste, haste indorsed on all his questions. The Parliament with much hemming and hawing managed to grunt out decisively, We are serious, we are inflexible. Then disappear, hastily answered his Majesty—

And so the Barristers, Ex members, meet in Westminster Hall, as above said, and all Ex members are busily packing up their goods to be gone from Town again, and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Ex member for Cambridge, is packing up, and intending for Lily and stock farming in these Fen regions, and will probably take Cambridge by the way, and render some account of

¹ The Short Parliament, which met on the 13th of April 1642.

his stewardship to the Freeholders and corporation there. And his Majesty is now intent on raising supply by other ways, which in the course of that summer he does, by private subscription, by clergy benevolence, by every devisable method. Not in the successfullest way. Official men indeed subscribe. Stafford dashes down his name for 20,000*l.* at one stroke, the decisive Stratford. His Grace of Canterbury keeps his convention sitting, passing canons, an Etcetera Oath,¹ much noised of then; granting clergy subsidies. Walter Montague and Kenelm Digby urge the Papists to come forward in a body, now or never, in his Majesty's extreme need; Scotch rebels hanging on him and refractory English Puritans hanging back from him. Down with your dust now! Alas, it comes to little. The City of London, requested to favour Majesty with the loan of 100,000*l.*, grimaces in the painfullest way, and at length answers, 'Cannot, your Majesty!' We have not the sum convenient, just at this juncture. Whereby the Commission of Array and Second *Bellum Episcopale* cannot have a fair chance, I should doubt, War and no sinews of war. For all England is as the City of London; answers in every way, 'Cannot, your Majesty';—our hearts are in no way set to this second Episcopal War; they are set totally against it, your Majesty. Why should we shoot the poor Anti-episcopal Scots for the little shrill Archbishop's sake? It were sheer suicide; shooting our own forlorn hope. We wish the Scots right well in this business. Distressed to say we have not the sum; we have not any sum or thing in the shape of help convenient just at this juncture! The apprentices of London, what we should now call the City Shopmen and such like, five hundred of them, not without firearms, roll down in tumultuous assemblage to Lambeth, grimly inquiring after Laud, his

¹ An Oath imposed by the Canons of 1640: 'I, A. B., do swear that . . . I will never give my consent to alter the government of this Church by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, etc.' 'A prodigious, bottomless and unlimited Oath,' as a writer of that period calls it. The people protested vigorously against being required to swear to an etc., hence the name of the Oath. It is printed in Rushworth, iii. 1186.

little Grace.¹ His little Grace, the red face growing pichald with fear, barricades his palace, ducks off to Whitehall, to Croydon, to various successive places, and becomes a Chief Priest eclipsed, or Archbishop girt-with trembling.² The apprentices ransack his Lambeth, smash all glass in pieces, disappointed of their Archbishop, and one of them gets hanged, drawn and quartered for it,—his head and limbs blacken aloft on London Bridge for a sign.³ Not satisfactory to the apprentice mind, unsatisfactory, though com-pescent for the hour—And the straggling army marches towards the rendezvous at Selby, at York, or Newcastle, with few muskets or munitions in it, and such a temper as I have rarely seen. Vociferous against Bishops and their chimerical Mandarin fogle-work, now like to issue in cloven crowns, decided not to be officered by Popish rascals, ‘you are a ‘Papist, you shall not lead us, that’s flat!’ Poor thick-headed, heavy handed, hobnailed men, hauled from the workshop and furrow field, set marching on such an errand, they aggravate one another all day through the weary march. Popish ceremonies, surplices at Allhallowtide, pampered High Priests riding prosperous, and godly Mr Burtons set in the pillory to have their ears sawed off, and we marching here in the dusty weather, in the broiling sun, and not a cup of beer rightly allowed us, for the beer is ineffectual,—and we have never seen the colour of money, for they seem to have no money

¹ On 11th May 1640.

² See *ante*, p. 275 n.

³ The name of this unfortunate man was, I believe, John Archer. He was a glover by trade, and had been at a gas drummer to the rioters, was captured and put to the rack that he might disclose the names of the more important instigators or ring-leaders of the attack on the Archbishop's Palace. He maintained silence, and in a day or two was hanged, drawn and quartered. Archer's case is notable as being the last instance of Torture in England. More than eleven years before, when Felton was tried, the Judges had unanimously declared that Torture was altogether illegal; Charles, however, by royal prerogative since the law would not serve him, ordered the rack for poor Archer. The warrant, ‘Given under our signet, at our Court at Whitehall, 21st May, 1640, and exists in the State Paper Office. See *Mason's Life of Milton*

and no credit ! ' Steady men ! ' cries the marching Lieutenant. ' Steady ? ' answer they under breath and sometimes above breath, with huge universal growl, recovering their few available muskets, bursting out into sheer mutiny. ' Several of their Officers were shot by them during the march ; the reader can expand that little sentence ; and this, ' They broke into ' Churches tricked out according to the Laud fashion, tore away ' the Altar-rails and other newfangled tackle ; kick them down and I daresay with curses, and reduce matters to the old footing. ' Puritan painful ministers had reverent salutation from them ; Anti-puritan found it convenient to become rapidly absent. Such detached cloud streaks of military force are wandering from all sides of England towards Selby and the Northern parts ;—likely when combined to make a formidable army indeed ! They have no money, few muskets, the arms are not yet come up, men are only carting them from Hull, and conveyances are scarce owing to want of money : what thing have they ? The Earl of Strafford—yes, he is a thing ; but he is not all things. Where was the Earl of Strafford's wisdom when he embarked himself, life and fortune, on such an incoherent, explosive, self-divulsive Hotilla as this same ? I cannot esteem him wise, I esteem him rash and desperate, if he think to face Scotch Puritanism, the practical Fieldmarshal of Stralsund, solemn Covenant, and dear Sandy's troops with such an apparatus as this. He will do it, he says ; yes, by the help of God, and that Irish army, Papists mostly. He is sick but unwearied, hopes against hope. Had all men been Straffords ;—yes, but there is only one Strafford. Flaming fire cannot kindle brick-dust, but must itself die amid the rubbish. What kind of army this was, full of mutiny, without arms, munitions or money, Lord Conway the practical general knows best ; as readers may still see in his narrative ; an army full of mutiny, empty of money, discipline, arms and goodwill.

[The remainder of this Paper is lost. It was probably extracted from the rest of the ms. to be used in *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*. In the Chapter entitled 'Two Years' (Library Edition, i. 106) there is a short account of this 'Battle of Newburn,' as it is sometimes called, and of the events which rapidly followed it. It appears that the Scottish Officer mentioned above had come down to the river merely to water his horse, suspecting no danger, the men of both armies being on good terms with each other. An English soldier, provoked by the leisurely manner of the Scot, who was gazing at the English trenches while his horse drank from the river, suddenly raised his musket and fired the Officer dropt from his saddle, wounded. Thereupon the battle began. The crackle of musketry was soon followed by the roar of cannon. The Scottish artillery from the hillside and even from Newburn Church steeple played down upon the English trenches with such effect that their first trench was soon vacated. As soon as the tide would permit, Leslie ordered the three hundred horsemen, above mentioned, to cross the Tyne,—the Scottish cannon meanwhile directing their fire on the English second trench. This, too, was soon abandoned. The three hundred got safely over, followed by others and again by others. Before the Scotch army had all crossed the river the English, who made only a half hearted resistance, turned and fled. Their loss was sixty killed and 'some prisoners', the Scotch loss was some ten or twelve killed. The Scots took possession of Newcastle next day; and gradually of all Northumberland and Durham, and remained in various towns and villages for about a year, on an allowance from England of £50*l.* a day; and were very welcome to the English Puritans. A peace was patched up at Ripon, and Charles, after vainly trying various expedients to raise funds, was forced to consent to the summoning of another English Parliament,—the Long Parliament, spoken of in the next Chapter.]

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LONG PARLIAMENT

[1640]

On Tuesday the Third of November, 1640, there sat down a Parliament which, as begins now to be more and more apparent, was the flower of all Parliaments, what we may call the acme where they attained their maximum, became notable and in due time imitable by all Nations, as we see them in

these days; wherefrom again they are gradually dwindling down towards their minimum whatever that may be. This was called the Long Parliament, for indeed it sat some thirteen years, had strange fortunes, and took preternatural-looking spectres by the beard, was extolled to heaven and deprecated to Tophet; but it might also be called the Great Parliament, the Father of Parliaments. Had the French Constituent Assembly, the French Convention, been foremost in time, they doubtless might have vied with it or surpassed it in singularity; but they were only children of it; if we will regard them well, they sprang from it as emanations, imitations in many ways; it was the grand original: that makes the peculiarity of it. For this Long Parliament did, after being duly extolled to heaven and deprecated to Tartarus, contrive to accomplish its task in this world; the task, in a rude shape, lay done and ineffaceable; no Charles-Second's Parliaments could erase 'from the Journals,' no man, not even a god, could erase the Fact this Long Parliament had performed among the sons of men. The gods themselves cannot alter the action that is done. Its task lay rude but accomplished; went on completing, perfecting, itself, the everlasting powers of Nature co-operating with it. And so in 1688, in a milder Second Edition, it came out presentable in polite drawing-rooms, as a 'glorious revolution of '88,' to the satisfaction of all parties whatsoever; celebrated with infinite bonfires, expenditure of ale and constitutional eloquence, from end to end of English land. And remains now as a Fact, presentable, patent, soliciting observation from all mortals. So that, in 1774 an American Declaration of Rights, an American Congress we may say, as the eldest son of it, could take effect. And then, and therefrom, in 1789, a French Constituent and Revolutionary Convention,—which properly therefore is the second in descent from it—its eldest grandson. The noblest grandson it ever had; a grandson set on a hill, a flaming mount, far-blazing with intolerable radiance, at one time like to have burned up the whole civilised world. Truly the noblest of all grand-

sons that had been or will be. But so conspicuous, at any rate, that now all peoples and kindreds are bent on having their Parliament as the one thing needful,—and evidently will and must have it, so that the great and other grandsons of this same Long Parliament are like to be many, as many in fact as there are civilised nations in the Earth. For even kings do now everywhere begin to see that this Parliament, freedom of debate, ballot, taxing, and such like, will go the round of the world, and cannot by earthly art be hindered from working itself out to a consummation, that all mortals may see clearly what it is,—whether the one thing needful or only one of the things needful. From the English Long Parliament and its works and King killing, all this, as the Historical genealogist can see, takes its pedigree.

For man is such an imitative creature—very observable even in the genus *Simia*,¹ left in the deserts, and night coming on, the poor creature gazes nigh desperately to see if there be no human vestige, the print of human feet is in every sense as a guidance to him, as hope to his heart and light to his eyes. His imitative virtue take that away from a man, you have taken all from him. You have stript him not of his clothes and shirt only, but almost of his very skin. He has no Tradition or continuance of Past into Future, the career of human development, the history of civilisation, extends to a maximum of three score and ten years. The man cannot speak, it is thousands of ages and their dumb struggle to express themselves that have taught men to speak. If, as Richter says, one new metaphor between the two Leipzig Book fairs be a fair average, what length of time must the building of a Greek Language have cost? Stript of imitation the poor man cannot speak, he cannot even think, except extempore. What his wild eyes can discern as they flash out from him in wonder, in want, in thousandfold eagerness, that is his thought, not a stock of thought at all, but a scantling of insight from hand to mouth! When I think what man derives from imita-

¹ The Monkey tribes.

tion, his whole life-furniture, what he believes, knows, possesses, his dwelling-houses, his bookprintings, his very tastes, wishes and religions,—can I wonder that the Past seems worshipful, seems divine? Puseyisms, etc. and ('we will believe as our forefathers believed') cease to be wonderful to me. Spiritual pedigrees are worth taking note of in a slight way; if much run upon they do not yield much,—and belong more properly to the province of Dryasdust and Co. To whom at present let us leave them.

Looking through the rubbishish-continent and Rushworthian chaos, one discerns dimly afar off, two hundred years off, an Old London,—very curious, very dim, which one would like to see so clearly! Good Heavens, is it not certain as if we saw it face to face (having flown thither with the 'Time-hat' on our head), that they had all awoke out of sleep that morning in variety of humours, eaten breakfast, and set to their trades and tasks, such as were then going. Some five hundred thousand (?) human individuals as I learn or guess under the fog canopy. Reader, I will ask thee to do me the favour of asking thyself not in word only but in thought, whether that Day with the works, faces, persons, etc., that were in it has gone? The said Day in short where is it? Not now! either, for I still see it. Thou standest mute. Thou hast no answer. Thy inability to answer is in proportion to the intellect thou hast! Grant me accordingly this other practical favour, 'To cease altogether talking about preternatural machinery and Epic Hero-biographies that cannot go on without visible descent of gods and such like. If all Olympus with Valhalla in the rear of it were to descend visibly some morning, and vanish again, so that one might take affidavit of it, what new wonder were there for any except children and minors? London city of 3rd November, 1640, *was* it not, and now in 1843 is it?

1 'Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone.'—*Sartor Resartus*, p. 254.

Gazing with inexpressible trembling curiosity into these old magic tombs of our Fathers, into that far vanished 3rd of November, 1640, I can see a city in considerable commotion, a character of excitation, expectation superadded to the common physiognomy of the place. The King it is true does not ride the city to-day, as the wont is, but comes almost privately by water. He rode the city three days ago with endless pomp, returning from the Scotch army and the treaty of Ripon,—a certain slender young man, of pale intelligent look not without an air of dandyism, by name John Evelyn,¹ saw him. The King does not come to ride again; but comes in gilt barge, only bargemen and a river population getting leave to look. His gilt barge and beefeaters, somewhat like his worship the present Lord Mayor's, I suppose, are a matter wonderfully indifferent to me,—by no means the thing I was in quest of.

People I do see there, whom I would give something to see clearly! That double-chinned elderly man, for instance, with the brisk smiling eyes though the face does not smile, but is heavy with long toil, imprisonment, the learned Mr. John Pym of Brymore. Or Mr. Hampden, Member for Bucks. Cheers from a stout population with doffed cap whenever he is discovered, I think I can discern for that man. A man of firm close-shut mouth, firm-set figure, and eyes beaming with intelligence and energy close-shut; the whole figure of him expressing delicacy almost female, reluctant to offend; beautifully veiling, tempering, in mildest habitudes, courtesies, principles, a fierce enough manly fire; what we call a thoroughly bred man of the English stamp: great delicacy, great firmness; and indeed as the centre of all, a very great pride, if thou wilt call it by such a name. Why should not such a man be prideful, himself equal to the highest men? A most proud but most cultivated, thoroughly well-bred man, Hampden of the Ship-money.

Antiquarianism goes for little with me: Good Heavens, do we not know that we too shall one day be antiquities? Never-

¹ The celebrated Virtuoso, Diarist, etc. (1620-1706).

theless, it would gratify me to understand in what manner Edward Hyde was dressed that day. And the little Lord Falkland, with his screeching voice but extreme gentility and intellectuality—in a clean shirt, he, I cannot doubt. Did Mr. Hampden ride up to Town attended by grooms?

Let the dead bury their dead. Why should any man re-enter upon the Landian ((Anteburian)) controversy whether Altars should be built into the East wall, or on the long settled Divine Right of Kings? It is two hundred years ago, and much has come and gone since then. . . .

So that in these Long Parliament matters it is to be owned that the most part of the business has fairly escheated some time since to the Antiquarian Societies and Picturisque History Writers; in whose hands may it have a blessing. With the unconsumable in that business have we to do. If there be no unconsumable? But there is!

OLIVER CROMWELL—JAMES HEATH AS BIOGRAPHER

Till Oliver's seventeenth year all records of him fail, except the sham records of Carrion Heath and others, not worthy of repeating any more. The Destinies have said, Be this man's youth and boyhood forever unknown to me. Let him emerge from the obscure, a full-grown man; with an athletic figure, to fix the world's eye, to make the world ask, Whence came these thews and sinews? but to ask without any especial response at all. Let the world try how it will respond; trace out significantly its own wisdom and folly by its manner of responding! Such being the arrangement of Destiny itself, clearly enough all æsthetic regulations, and historical wishes and regrets, have nothing to do but repress themselves and go cheerfully to work in conformity.

Smellungus calls poor James Heath, who was son of the King's cutler and a royalist inhabitant of Grubstreet at that early epoch, generally by no other name than Carrion Heath, being to the heart indignant with him. Poor Heath, he had to write Pamphlets, compilations and saleable rhapsodic matter

for a living, at frightfully exiguous rates per sheet, we are afraid; and with a world all got into amazing alterations since he quitted Oxford, and fancied he understood it all! This poor inhabitant of the Literary republic, was his fate a gentle one?—‘I will ask thee,’ says Smelfungus, ‘what kind of blasphemy there is which can equal this of defacing the image of the Highest when such is beneficently sent among us, as at rare intervals it happens to go about in our Earth under the shape of a heroic man? Mark him who plies in the puddles to cover it with mud! He who thinks it worthy of such treatment, what kind of thinking apparatus, of soul as we say, must there be in him? It fills me with a certain sacred horror. Is Heroism common as road pebbles, then, in this country? Must industrious individuals get out of bed to obliterate the exuberance of it by long-continued discharges of mud? What can I call such a man but carrion? There was never any soul in him, or he would have taken to another trade; he would have died ten times rather than live by such a trade. He had no soul, I say, or his thought would not have been such a misthought, the summary of all conceivable misthoughts. He was a living carrion even while he digested and made a pretence to be thinking in Grub Street; he is become a dead carrion, and all men know him for what he is!’—O Smelfungus, my dark friend, why this severity? Heath and his like are a kind of Devil’s Advocates, not without their uses in the world. Unsafe to canonise anybody without having heard the *Advocatus Diaboli* also to an end. Advocates claim a kind of privilege even to lie; much more may Devil’s Advocates, Living Carrion, my dark friend.

But Smelfungus has his own notions about Carrion. This is what I find on a leaf concerning Toleration: ‘Mahomet was quite right to say to men, Believe in Allah, or it shall go worse with you, ye scandalous individuals in the form of humanity. God is great and these appetites and breechespockets of yours are small. Awaken from your grease-element, or it will be merciful to extinguish you in it. What

'good can you ever do, what good ever experience? Darkness 'is in you. Darkness will alone come out of you. The living 'carrion that says there is no God, I will mercifully slay him, 'make him authentic carrion at least.' Heard ever mortal the like? What hope is there of the Abolition of Capital Punish- ment, and any general condolence with criminal persons, if men of genius, secretaries of Dryasdust societies speak such things! We shall have wars again, perhaps civil wars, men rising up in the general putrescence of social things, and say- ing, 'O general putrescence, behold, we are totally weary of 'thee, behold, we will not live beside thee, we are in duel with 'thee, and thou shalt die or we!' Was there nothing worse yet heard of than death? Woe to the mortal sons of men when in their benevolences, gluttonies, pruriencies and bottom- less pocketocracies, they take to twaddling to one another extensively in that dialect! Their day is not distant then. An awakening is at hand, or else the eternal sleep.

The thing that thou actually lovest, choose that, even as thou art minded; it is the voice of thy whole being that speaks then. Paint that, sing it, celebrate it, work towards doing it and possessing it, dear to all else. It is rich with blessedness for thee; every feature and figure of it emblematic of good to thee: it is thy counterpart, that.

This man Oliver Cromwell, from Ely, more than any other of these Members of the Long Parliament, vibrates my mind towards him, excites all my curiosity. With what interest do I see him ambling up at a firm journey-pace to Town for the dis- charge of Parliamentary duties, in rude country habilliments, well wrapped against the cold,—with rugged weather-beaten countenance! Did he ride alone, or came he up perhaps with Mr. Hampden, his Cousin? At which Inn did he lie, what manner of horse rode he? All this I would dispute with Antiquarian Societies; but, alas, neither of us knows aught of it. Consider the dim weather, the muddy ways, the por- tentous aspect of the time, long heavy darkness, uncertain gleam of deliverance peering through it. Mr. Cromwell,

doubt it not, has cloaks, rough country wrappages of rather antiquarian style and cut, the cut of which can now be of no use to any tailor, or other, and rides with an infinitude of thoughts, spoken thoughts, or mostly unspoken. The infinite element of Thought, stern, solitary, sad and great, like the primeval sea with firmaments not yet divided, encompasses him always, bodies itself from time to time into Thoughts,—or does not so body itself, but lies silent as in obstruction as of death, which is but an obstruction of travail and of birth, equally painful, though a little profitabler! I have marked Mr Cromwell as a choleric man, indeed his face speaks it. Look at that mouth, at those wild deep grey eyes, at that wart on the brow, at that massive nose, not beautiful, nor yet, in spite of calumnies, ugly meseems in that peaceable flattish feature there lies a capacity, like that of Chimera's, of breathing fire! A troublous dark face, full of sorrow, full of confused energy and nobleness. I regret much that it is not of a Grecian ideal structure, the facial angle is not that of Mars or the Phidian Thunderer what a pity not! It is the wearing work day face of an Englishman, not the holiday exhibition of a Greek or other Jupiter. (A mixture of the lion and the mastiff, say physiognomists) Mr Cromwell, it must be added, is given to weeping incredible as it may seem. I have seen that stern grim face dissolved in very tears like a girl's. For this is withal a most loving man who knows what tremulous thrillings, wild pangs of fear and sorrow, burstings of woe and pity, dwell in such a soul! Hope is there, high as the Heaven, Fear also, deep as the Bottomless—Let us look at Mr Cromwell as he plods along from Lly City, out of the marsh country towards London and a Parliament which will be called Long—O, Mr. Cromwell, did thinking being ever find himself in a more miraculous scene than this same? The sun and blue heavens overhead, the green earth underfoot, and these deep fog continents that swim there. And this ugly mud element of November will brighten into May and summer it is enough to strike a man dumb. And I, how came I here? That is the

miracle of miracles. Awakened out of still Eternity, I live, and for a kingdom and inheritance all this Immensity has been given me. Me I say; for though I draw not the rents or sign the lease-contracts of much or of any of it, yet according to my capabilities,—as I can look or hear, listen or understand,—from beyond the Dogstar to the Cambridge turnpike here, from the Fall of Adam, through the Four Monarchies,¹ down to the Long Parliament of Charles Stuart and present dull month of November, is it not mine, to look upon, to listen to, to understand, to sympathise with,—in a word to live in and possess, so as no mere rent-drawer can? Immensity is my Inheritance, and also the Eternity that is to come. Yes, Mr. Cromwell, that is the amazement.

To depicture the thoughts of Mr. Cromwell as he plods along on muddy highways towards London, at that epoch of scientific and literary history, with such theories of the universe and of Mr. Cromwell as a man could then have in the head and heart of him, were a wonderful task; which only a few readers, of the intensest kind, could be expected to take interest in. This man is of the sort we now call original men, men of genius or such like; the first peculiarity of which is that they in some measure converse with this universe at first-hand, and not under the employment of any scientific theory or in the nakedness of none,—these have ever, deny it as we will, a kind of divine worth for us.

Yes, had any James Boswell, riding cautiously alongside of these two, with ass-skin and black-lead, with understanding heart and ear, jotted down the dialogue of Mr. Hampden and Cousin Oliver! What fraction of the Bodleian Library, of all manner of Libraries, wouldst thou have been disposed to give in exchange for it? All Divinity Logics, Controversies of the Altar, Episcopacy, etc.? But so it is, O reader. Men have no eye for the gods; and Boswells I think are rarer than even Johnsons. In Idolatrous ages it is nothing but empty shambling clothes-screens and other Idols that they give us,

¹ Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman.

and it would almost seem as if there had been no gods there. The seven hundred and fifty-three still extant portraits of Charles I, what intrinsically are they worth to thee? Was it much nourishment that thy soul derived from looking never so deep into that man, or was it little or almost none? A bad world, my masters

One fancies Mr Cromwell riding Townwards in company with Hampden and others A man not beautiful to look upon, grim, other than comely O, ye Daughters of England, happily he is not bound to be beautiful, can without penalty suffer himself to continue ugly —Ugly, and yet that is not the word. Look in those strange, deep, troubled eyes of his, with their look of never resting, wearied thought struggle, with their wild, murky sorrow and depth,—on the whole wild face of him, a kind of murky chaos almost a fright to weak nerves, at which nevertheless, you look a second time, and sundry other times, and find it to be a thing in the highest degree worth looking at. For the chaos is indeed deep and black, yet with morning beams of beautifullest new creation peering through it I confess I have an interest in this Mr. Cromwell, and indeed, if truth must be said, in him alone. The rest are historical, dead to me, but he is epic, still living. Hail to thee, thou strong one, hail, across the long drawn funeral aisle and night of 'Time! Two dead centuries, with all that they have born and buried, part us, and it is far to speak together how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and 'Time Hail to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I, at least, mean to call thee so.

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had answered as from of old, 'Yea, Captain; Forward, and 'God save you! we follow always!' But when your chief Captain took the Spanish Match, Antichrist and the Devil and all the dead putrid Past which had still money in its pocket, to be the road;—which was *not* the road; which the Eternal had declared in written Hebrew words, and in Divine instincts, audible in all true English hearts, to be the road to Ruin temporal and eternal,—what could your poor Corporals, Serjeants, Drummers and the Host in general do? They had to pause in sorrowful amazement, to wring their hands, cry to the gods;—stretch their old Parliamentary Formulas; in some way or other contrive not to go Devil-ward!—Alas, good kings for the ever-widening Entity called English Nation were difficult to get; the Earth is importuning Heaven at this hour everywhere with the question, How shall we get them? Brothers, by knowing them better. They were there, if you had had eyes to recognise them,—if you had been real God-worshippers and not Tailor-god worshippers. If you had been real wor-hippers of God, would you not have recognised the Godlike when you saw it in this world? What was the use of all your worship other but even that same? It was for that end alone; for that simply, and no other that I could ever discover. Alas, the Moslem and others have said, God is Great. But this English People is beginning to say, Tailors Shutz and Company are great. Do you call that bit of black wood God? indignantly asks my friend Mahomet. You rub it with oil, and the flies stick in it, you stupid idolatrous individuals. Do you call that Plumedhat and Toomtabard a Captain? We know not what to call him, answer the English sorrowfully. Human nomenclature has not yet mastered the significance of him. His name is—Toomtabard, the Deity of Plunkies. Woe is to us, and to our children. Yes, it had been all otherwise had they found good kings, kings approximately good. Kings approximately good had never gone into Spanish Matches; had known Puritanism for

the noblest, rude as it was and there would have been no Spanish Matches, no misbied Prince Charles, no Oliver Protector, but only Oliver Farmer, no rebellious Parliament, no American Revolution —The Supreme Powers willed it other wise

The reader therefore understands why, in August, 1623, bonfires blaze and steeplebells ring joyful all over England for the Prince's return from Spain. An unspeakable mercy, the dark Maelstrom of Antichrist has not sucked into its abysses this hopeful Prince. Thank Heaven, we have our own again, and no thick lipped Infanta, Austrian Daughter of the Devil. Ding dong, therefore, ding dong,—and let us dance about the bonfire! Such a gleam rises all through England in these harvest months, struggling up under the harvest moon some short way towards the stars. Veritably as a kind of twilight in the black waste night, I still discern it, let the reader consider it well.

Posterity, says Lord Keeper Finch discoursing to the Parliament, will consider the thing incredible. Posterity, which never wants experience of distraction in the sons of men, does still make shift to believe it,—has ceased now altogether to care a straw for it. They went, they took post through France, this sublime young Prince, sublime young Duke, under name of Jack Smith and Tom Smith, in big black wigs, scattering store of money, and their attendant and factotum was Richard Graham, a shifty Border lad, used belike to Border reiving, once a lad in Buckingham's stables, but advanced gradually, so shifty was he, to be Equerry, Spanish Factotum, Sir Richard, and a prosperous gentleman,—not extremely beautiful to me. True there is merit in him, he subsists to this day, some toughness of vitality, a merit of being able to subsist,—such as the Whitechapel Jews manifest none of the highest merits, though an authentic one.

The details of this sublime expedition in the common Dryasdust are very unauthentic, borrowed mostly from

Howell's Letters.¹ James Howell, a quickwitted, loquacious, scribacious, self-conceited Welshman of that time. He was presumably extant in Spain during these months; his Letters were put together above twenty years afterwards. Letters partly intended, I think, as a kind of Complete Letter-writer; containing bits of History too, bits of wit and learning, philosophy and elegant style; an elegant reader's vade-mecum; intended, alas, above all, to procure a modicum of indispensable money for poor Howell. They have gone through twelve editions or more: they are infinitely more readable than most of the torpid rubbish, and fractions of them, if you discriminate well, are still worth reading. These are the foundations whereon our accounts of this sublime Expedition rest. Very unauthentic; but in fine we care nothing for the business itself. Alas, the one interest in it is this most authentic fact: That the bells all rang in England when it ended in failure.

CHAPTER XXV

JAMES'S PARLIAMENTS

PARLIAMENTS keep generally sitting during this king's reign; Lords sit, and Commons too, as they have done since Henry III.'s time, granting supplies, attending to grievances; a great Council of the Nation; not a little mysterious, ignorant even themselves of what meaning lies in them. There let them sit, consulting *de arduis regni concernentibus*, etc.,—deep down in the Death-kingdoms, never to be evoked into living memory any more;—not till an abler Editor than this present make his appearance, or a public better disposed.

James's First Parliament, nearly blown up with gunpowder once, sat, nevertheless, long;—seven years, unscathed, from

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the Spring of 1604 to the Spring of 1611; doing the arduous matters of the kingdom the best it could. Not wholly to his Majesty's satisfaction;—as indeed, what Parliament, representing a real England, could agree with this king, who represented an imaginary England? At Hampton Court Conference and on other occasions, we have seen his Majesty refuse to recognise the meaning of this real England, the highest purpose it had, the dim instinct of it, unuttered, unutterable, but living at all hours in every drop of its blood. We have elsewhere shown the progress and effect of this. In brief, his Majesty, little as he dreams of it, has long since divorced himself from England; goes one way, while England goes another.

His Majesty had by this time taken up with beautiful Robert Car; already made him Rochester;—had decided to try another way for supplies. The Parliamentary way is barred for the present: there is instead within reach the way of benevolences, of selling monopolies, titles;—his tonnage and poundage,¹ many perquisites, purveyances;—one could try benevolences; in some way live without continual contradiction. For three years his Majesty tries it; a difficult way this too; cumbrous, confused, unfruitful: shall not we try a Parliament again? Alert Car and others revolve it in their minds; say they will 'undertake' to get a compliant Parliament; by their interest in Shires and Boroughs, by their unrivalled skill in managing Elections, the majority shall be secure and devoted to his Majesty. Try it, then. They try it, and fail. The Second Parliament of James, 5th April 1614, called the Undertakers' Parliament, got on as ill as possible. King's favour for the Scots, Recusants, Monopolies, etc., etc., being the burden of their song; it was suddenly dissolved, says Camden, 7th June—not one Act passed: and

¹ As these terms are often misunderstood, it may not be amiss to say that Tonnage meant a certain duty or impost on each *tun* of wine; and Poundage *duties* on each twenty shillings' worth of other goods. Weight was not a consideration in the computation of the tax.

all their proceedings declared null and void. This was the Undertaker Parliament—not as if the Parliament had belonged to the burying profession, and sat all in black, with Cambric weepers—no, but because men ‘undertook’ for it that it should be compliant. Wherein, as we see, they signally failed. There was a terrible moroseness in this Parliament; their appetite for Popish Recusants was keen. ‘They all took the sacrament in St. Margaret’s,’ as the wont was; ‘none refused it’; no Papist could be detected by that test. They were dissolved suddenly after two months, and not one Act passed.

Monopolies again, therefore; tonnage, poundage, purveyances, benevolences; monopolies have increased to the number of seven hundred. So we weather it, through Overbury Murders, Bacon Keeperships, till Somerset is sent away, till the Palatinate is on fire, till a new world has come, with difficulty ever increasing—and we decide at length to try a new Parliament, 30th January, 1620-1.

On 30th January, 1620-1, after two adjournments, the king goes in state to open this, his Third Parliament.

Very dim, we have said, are these Parliaments: dim and musty all the records of them. Escaping out of that impalpable dim-mouldering element, how glad are we to catch this concrete coloured glimpse, through a pair of eyes that still see for us! Sir Simonds D’Ewes, a brisk Suffolk gentleman, of dapper manners, of most pious most polite, high-flown Grandisonian ways, amazingly learned in the law and history of Parliaments for so young a man:—he, we perceive, has come up to Town, got a convenient place, and is there for all ages, or as many ages as will look. We extract his own words, with many thanks to him:—here it all is, as fresh as gathered:

‘1620-1. There had long since writs of summons gone forth for the calling of a Parliament, of which all men that had any religion hoped much good, and daily prayed for a happy issue. For both France and Germany needed support and help from England, or the true professors

of the Gospel were likely to perish in each Nation, under the power and tyranny of the Antichristian adversary.

"I got a convenient place in the morning, not without some danger escaped, to see his Majesty pass to Parliament in state. It is only worth the inserting in this particular that Prince Charles rode with a rich coronet upon his head, between the Sergeants at Arms, carrying maces, and the Pursuivants carrying their pole-axes, both on foot. Next before his Majesty rode Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, with Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, on his left hand, both bare headed. Then followed his Majesty, with a rich crown upon his head, and most royally caparisoned.

"I, amongst the nobility, chiefly viewed the Lord Seymour, Earl of Hertford, now some eighty-three years old, and even decrepit with age. He was born, as I was informed the same day King Edward the Sixth was ripped out of the Lady Jane Seymour's womb, his aunt.

"In the King's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable. *First* that he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him. "God bless ye! God bless ye!" contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper, would bid "a pox," or "plague" on such as flocked to see him. *Secondly* though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them, but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland. *Thirdly* that he spake particularly, and bowed, to the Count of Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. And *Fourthly* that looking up to one window, as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies, all in yellow bands, he cried out aloud: "a pox take ye! are ye there?"—at which, being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenly from the window—Doctor Andrews preached in Westminster Church before the King, Bishops, and Lords Spiritual and Temporal.

kingdom, granted by Letters Patent under the Great Seal, to the enriching some few projectors and the impoverishing all the kingdom besides. Next, he promised, with his people's assistance, to consent to aid the King of Bohemia, his son-in-law, and not to enforce the Spanish Match without their consent; and therefore in conclusion desired them cheerfully and speedily to agree upon a sufficient supply of his wants by Subsidies, promising them, for the time to come, to play the good husband, and that in part he had done so already. I doubt not, however, these blessed promises took not a due and proportionable effect,

according as the loyal subject did hope ; yet did King James (a Prince whose piety, learning and gracious government after-ages may miss and wish for) really at this time intend the performance of them.'¹

Thus goes King James to open his Third Parliament. The Sermon by Dr. Andrews, sublime as a Second Canto of Childe Harold, shall remain unknown to us ; unknown what passes in the sublime Parliament itself, or known only as a hum of many voices, crying earnestly in such English dialect as they have : ' Dread Sovereign of this English Nation, lead us not to Antichrist and the Devil. Dread Sovereign, our right road is not Devilward, but Godward : woe's me ! we cannot, nay, must not, go to the Devil ! ' In dim Parliamentary language, engrossed on the old Records, incredibly diffuse, and almost undecipherable for mortal tedium, this is what I read,—this and nothing more. Majesty quitting D'Ewes's field of vision has got into the hands of Dryasdust, and merges into the eternal dusk, vanishing from the cognisance of men.

PRAGUE PROJECTILES—BEGINNING OF THE 'THIRTY-YEARS' WAR

[1621]

Something I would have given to be at Newmarket, when the Deputation from the Commons came to him in 1621. His Majesty's old eyes flashed fire ; and there burst from him, with highly satirical snarl, not unbeautiful to me at this distance : ' Twelve chairs ! Here are twelve kings come to visit me ! ' ² The quarrel I will trouble no man with ; all

¹ D'Ewes's *Autobiography* (Lond. 1845), i. 169 *et seqq.*

² Carlyle here quotes Arthur Wilson (see his *Life and Reign of James I.* London, 1653, p. 172) : ' The King entertained their messengers very roughly ; and some say he called for twelve *Chaires* for them, saying here are twelve *Kings* come to me.' According to another report the King called ' Bring stools for the ambassadors ' (see *State Papers Dom.*, cxxiv.,—Chamberlain to Carleton, 15 Dec. 1621) : ' It seems they had a favourable reception, and the king played with them, calling for stools for the ambassadors to sit down.' The majority of later historians have accepted Wilson's report without question. But whether

men, as I have often done, would straightway forget it. The record stands in Arthur Wilson, read, whose is of power to take interest in it. The Commons, with awestruck thought, sat trembling, yet obstinately quiescent. Our formula stretched, so far, must not contract itself again? No, not unless his Majesty could take into the course of going Godward,—which I fear is not likely! Devilward, said the instincts of them all, we cannot go His Majesty, now growing old, fonder of peace than ever what can he do but yield?

The truth is his Majesty is growing old, and tribulations are thickening on him. The Spanish Match cannot make right progress, perverse men, perverse events, all England, nay, all Europe is turning against it. What hum is this in the Middle Aisle of Pauls, dim image to be gathered there of a world contest going to take arms again? Couriers in those months of Summer, 1621, going and coming very thick on the business of the Palatinate. Such a world hum I have never yet heard in the Middle Aisle. Battle of Armageddon coming on! You that have hearts in your bodies, you that love bright honour, you that worshipped the Lady Elizabeth when she went in diamond brightness and long black hair a daughter of the galaxy, a Protestant Mary Queen of Scots, a young Elizabeth Queen of Hearts!—Or shall we give the story in connected manner, as an eye-witness looking his best from two centuries off records it for us?

Wilson's or Chamberlain's account is the more correct, or whether there is much truth in either, is very uncertain,—and very unimportant. Wilson however, records another story which has some interest in this connexion. He says that when the king (soon after his return from Scotland in 1617) was about to leave London for Theobalds early on a Monday morning, his carriages passed through the City on Sunday with a great deal of clatter and noise during Divine Service. The Lord Mayor hearing of it commanded that the carriages should be stopped. Complaint was made to James. 'It put the king into a great rage, swearing he thought there had been *no more kings in England but himself*, yet after he was a little cooled he sent a warrant to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to let them pass, which he obeyed.—*Wil on, Life and Reign of James I., 101* or Kennet, ii. 743.

THE THREE PRAGUE PROJECTILES

If England itself shall be dim for us under James, how infinitely dimmer the rest of the world! Henry of Bourbon with his *Henriades* shall rustle on unheeded; unheeded also the German Kaisers and their debateable *Reichstage*. A mighty simmering darkness,—wide as the living Earth, deep as the dead Earth. Deep, the very thought refuses to sound it: where did man begin? Night-Empire; Hela's Empire,—Dryasdust, vexer of minds, let these be respectable to us.

And yet across the hazy European continent is not this a phenomenon worth noting; this projection of three human respectable individuals from the Castle of Prague? Visible to us, lucent across the dusk of ages? Three respectable individuals; they descend violently from a window, as inert projectiles do, accelerative law of Gravitation acting on them, velocity increasing as the time, space as the square of the time, in a truly frightful manner! Whence? Whither? These are the questions.

The Bohemians are a hot-tempered, vehement, Slavonic people, given to Protestantism almost since the time of Wickliffe, and involved in continual troubles on that account. Of martyred Huss and the wars that rose from the ashes of Huss; of Zisca and his fighting while alive and his skin bequeathed to be a drum that he might still help to fight when dead; of these, a century before the time of Luther, all men have heard. And now, a century after Luther, it is still a trouble and contention, in that hot Slavonic country, concerning Protestantism. The German Kaisers keep their word ill with these Bohemians; the German Kaisers are false feeble men, in straits from without and from within; the throne of the Scarlet Woman, built upon confusions, is not easy to hold up. How Kaiser Rodolph quarrelled with Matthias, and Matthias with Rodolph, and

signed treaties and broke them, and again signed and confirmed them, and harrowed the poor Bohemian Protestants now this way, now that, were long and sad to say. The Bohemians got a kind of Magna Charta, *Majestats brief*, in 1609,—three years after this they got Matthias for their king. Do we not know that Rodolph sat surrounded with astrologers, fire eaters, and jugglers, while Kepler the Astronomer, going over his calculations seventy times, having a pension of 18l which was never paid, had to die broken hearted and as it were unjustly starved? It is the same Rodolph, and Matthias is his brother. Wonder not at the state of *Bohmenland*. Rodolph at signing of the last treaty did not write upon the paper, so much as splash upon it, so angry was he, and dashed his bonnet on the ground at his brother's feet, poor man, stamping in much rage,—and happily died very soon. And now Matthias Kaiser has made a Catholic Ferdinand his king of the Romans, king of the Bohemians, and Bohemian Magna Charta is again openly violated in the teeth of your Imperial word and signature, and Protestant churches pulled down by subaltern Jesuit Officials, servants of the Devil, and the Bohemian humour is harrowed up once more, and fretted to the flaming point, and the Estates have assembled, and I

an angry armed population,—
That the Honourable the I

Jayeslav von Martinitz, the two chief incendiary officials who betray Bohemia, shall be sent out of the country. These two Privy Councillors, Slavata and Martinitz, shall brook the Bohemian Privy Council no more, but seek an establishment elsewhere. It is the 23rd day of May, 1618, when matters have come to this pitch in Prague. The Deputation of Estates, Count Thurn and other dignitary patriots at their head, have gone to Palace State House of Prague, armed population crowding at their heels to hear the Imperial rescript, to answer it by announcement, That Martinitz and Slavata shall pack and depart. The Summer sun shines

without; debates in the interior Council Room most probably run high; the agitated multitude on Prague streets watch and gaze expectant; Posterity two centuries off and more gazes expectant: See at last! an upper window of the high State House, sixty feet or so, suddenly opens its folding leaves; suddenly a four-limbed projectile body bolts forth, committed to the law of Gravitation, to a desperate fall of sixty feet: it is the Honourable Herr Javeslav von Martinitz, lights happily on a dung heap, plunges to the neck therein, unhurt, but dreadfully astonished. And see again a second precisely similar phenomenon: it is the Honourable Herr Slavata; he falls not so soft; is unkilld but lame I doubt for life. And, see, finally a third: Fabricius Platier, the Secretary of these two, he also takes the frightful lover's-leap; —lights happily on the dungheap, he; gathers himself together, and having steeped and washed himself makes off to Vienna to report news. The Bohemian land and Diplomacy is thus cleared of these three sooner than was expected. This is the 'Whence?' of that extraordinary descent of human projectiles still visible through the dusk of centuries. As to the 'Whither?' of it, that is a much longer story.

These three human beings, flung out into the murky sea of European things, raise commotion of billows, eddies, tides and swelling inundations, which extend into all regions, for the sea itself is no common sea, but a miraculous living one. Not Bethlen Gabor in Transylvania, not Richelieu in France, no king of Denmark, Sweden, Poland; least of all a king of England, nor any living man, can escape the influence of it. There come new Bohemian Elections of a king to go before them; they unhappily elect Friedrich;¹ and he unhappily accepts. There come Battles of Prague, frightful Defeats of Prague: Friedrich the king sat at dinner with his Queen and

¹ Called derisively by the Germans the 'Winter-König' (Winter King), meaning to imply thereby that he was a mere snow-king, very inert, very soluble, and not likely to last long. He was crowned at Prague, 4th Nov. 1619. See Carlyle's *Friedrich*, i. 329.

Court, during this Prague Battle; but the musket volleys came too near, breathless messengers rushed in, king and queen had to spring to horse without packing their goods, and gallop,¹—her Majesty rode behind the Earl of Dorset (Sir Edward Sackville)—they all galloped towards Holland; the royal pair towards mere disaster, obstruction, and want of all things. Six months of royalty brought loss of the Palatinate itself, and a life all bound in shallows and misfortunes. It involved our poor Solomon in Spanish treaties, in endless embassies, in life-long effort to recover this Palatinate by kingcraft without Battle. Impossible: for Germany, Catholic against Protestant, is all gone to battle; it is a universal European war of Protestant against Catholic once more: unhappy Europe! And Gustavus comes in, and on the other hand Wallenstein with his Croats, with his Pappenheims and Tillys: it is what they call the Thirty-Years' War, the war of Protestantism, hardly exemplified for misery and desolating violence in these new ages. New truth when it comes into the world has a stormy welcome, for most part. The old foolish world, it will not learn that Divine Truth comes out of Heaven, and must and will by eternal law rule here on Earth: admit the new Truth, it is as sunlight, blessed, fruitful for all; resist the new Truth, it has to become as lightning, and reduce all to ashes before the blessedness can arrive. This war of Protestantism with its flaming Magdeburgs, its gloomy Tillys, Pappenheims, its murderous murdered Wallenstein, is wastefuller than even the war of Jacobinism has hitherto been in these new ages. And so there is at last the war of the Reformation to be fought. Murk of Hell is to rise against Bright of Heaven, and try which is stronger. In death-wrestle, grim, terrible, world-wide, for a space of Thirty Years. Our Fathers!—neither was your life made of down and honey! History could summon remarkable English fragments from that German scene of things; but will not at present, being bound

¹ Sunday, 8th November, 1620. *Ibid.*, 331 n.

elsewhither. This Protestant war of Germany is as the loud prelude of a Protestant war in England. From a worldwide orchestra, with battle trumpets, cannon thunders and the crash of towns and kingdoms, rises the curtain of our smaller but still more significant English Drama. In Germany it asks but that, for the present, it may be allowed to live and continue. God's Bible, is not that the real rule of this world, with its depths and its heights, its times and its eternities? Universal Protestantism has already answered Yes, and seems to think the matter finished: but here is an English Puritanism rising which says: In the name of God, let us walk by it, then, and front all the times and the eternities on it! Protestantism was to have its Apotheosis in England,—to rise here into the eternal, and produce its Heroes like other divine *Isms*.

Noble Englishmen of warlike temper, not a few, I see fighting in this German scene; Scottishmen a great multitude: whither better can a noble-hearted young man go? To the souls of Protestant men it is the cause of causes. Shall God's Truth, indubitable to all open hearts, survive in this world, or be smothered again under the Pope's cloth chimera, incredible to all but half-shut hearts,—frightful, detestable to all but such? Truly a great question. For as yet there is no babble of toleration and so forth, alas, there is yet no Exeter Hall Christianity, but quite another sort; doubt and indifference do not yet say to themselves, How noble am I; don't you observe how I tolerate? But the toleration there, and always, meant by good men, was tolerance of the unessential, total eternal intolerance of the other; vow like that of Hannibal to war with it forever . . .

And so Bohemia is coming to the crisis (May, 1620); couriers fly and have long been flying. Archbishop Abbot has written like an English Protestant man and Chief

Priest;¹ the Parliament like Englishmen have spoken and voted. 'Desert not our own flesh and blood, dread Sovereign; desert not the cause of God on this Earth!' Embark on the cause of God,—good bottom that, your Majesty! Lo, we are all here to follow you through Life and Death, and to defy the very Friends on that. 'Take the van of it,' cries Abbot; cry the heart of England, the Parliament and all authentic voices of England. Take the van of it, fear nothing; with faith, with sober energy defy all things; unfurl the flag of England in this time of doubt and dread, to the expectant Nations, let it float on the heaven's winds, proclaiming to all kingdoms, sublunary and subterranean, 'Lo! Hither, ye oppressed; we are for God's cause, we; God's cause is great, the Devil's cause only looks great!'

The poor pacific king is in sad straits; and will be forced to consent in a small degree. They will force him to go voluntarily!—And so, on the 11th day of June, audible, I daresay, to Simonds d'Ewes, audible to learned Camden, my truly estimable friend, 'the drums beat in the city.' Yes, to a certain extent I still hear them. 'Rat-tan tan, rat-tan, 'rodody-dow' any young man that has a heart above slavery, 'that has a heart to fight for Christ's Gospel and the Lady Princess far away amid the German Popish Devils! Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Hearts, Queen of Bohemia too!'—Enlist ye expectant stout young men, city apprentices, street porters,

¹ 'This Prelate (Abbot) being asked his opinion as a Privy Counsellor, while he was confined to his bed with the gout, wrote the following letter to the Secretary of State, 12th September 1619: "That it was his opinion that the Flector should accept the crown; that England should support him openly; and that as soon as news of his coronation should arrive, the bells should be rung, guns fired, and bonfires made, to let all Europe see that the king was determined to countenance him. . . . It is a great honour to our king to have such a son made a king; methinks I foresee in this the work of God, that by degrees the kings of the earth shall leave the whore to desolation. Our striking in will comfort the Bohemians, and bring in the Dutch and the Dane, and Hungary will run the same fortune. As for money and means, let us trust God, and the Parliament, as the old and honourable way of raising money"" *Cal's*, i. p. 12 (Quoted by Neal, *History of the Puritans*, ii. p. 118)

draymen and others, who stand there in your leather or woollen jerkins with hearts not disinclined to blaze in this matter.— Or, rather, on the whole, perhaps, do not enlist. Your cause is the best a human soul could wish : but your Supreme Captain, alas, he is a Plumed-hat and Captain's Cloak hung on a long pole, at the service of all the thirty-two winds. He cannot lead, or command to be led, towards victory in any enterprise. Good Generals, if he do choose them he will desert them ; bad generalship, bad lieutenantcy, bad serjeantcy, an issue futile, not effectual. On the whole I will not enlist, much as I long to do it. — —

A certain proportion of men do nevertheless enlist ; good Generals are to lead them : Generals Vere, Earl of Oxford, my young Lord of Essex.

They got into Bohemia ;—sailed from Gravesend 22nd July, 1620 ; we sent them off with many blessings, warm tears. They got into Bohemia, but it proves as I said : they were not supported. With grim energy, dumb, making no proclamation of themselves on the page of History, they fought there, and stood at bay in Frankenthal, like invincible English mastiffs, begirt with clouds of Spanish wolves, cut off from all help. Frankenthal stands in the pleasant Rhine country,—dost thou know it, idle English tourist of these days ? Know that the 'Siege of Frankendale' was once world-famous ; that the brave died there, unconquerable and without renown. Indisputably enough, there stand they, the truehearted, mastiff-faced ones, with their steeple hats, matchlocks, and unimproved artillery service ; grimly at bay against Europe in general ; and cannot conquer, will not be conquered,—and die : Trafalgar victory, Blenheim victory, and and I know not what victories, not one of these had more valour at the gaining of it.

CHAPTER XXVI

GLIMPSES OF NOTABLE FIGURES IN JAMES'S PARLIAMENT OF 1620-1—ACTS OF THE SAME—BACON—MONOPOLISTS

IN this shadow of a Parliament sitting as in Hades, I, with a strange emotion, notice faces not entirely unknown to me. The blooming broad face of John Pym, Member for Chippenham or Tavistock,¹ a young Somersetshire gentleman, much distinguished at Oxford; learned Latin Tutors, Fathers of Nonsense Verse, have written him *Delight of the Muses, a very Ingenuity of a Boy*: '*Lepos puelli, deliciae Musarum.*' He has now been in the Inns of Court, become learned in Law, sits in Parliament; has got, or hopes to get, solid Official employment; speaks well—what is far more, thinks and means well: the stuff of a first-rate Senator, I should say, lies in Mr. John Pym. Look in his face; there are in it the lineaments of a very rhinoceros, such a field of cheeks, such a cliff of brows; the hair carelessly dishevelled, the eyes as if weary and yet unweariable. He believes, every fibre of him, in God's truth; reads the same out of Hebrew Gospels, out of English Parliament Rolls;—leaves, wherever he is reading, the Untrue in a good measure lying as if unread. Cobweb does not stick to him:—what an advantage in readers! A rational, pertinent man: I observe they often put him on Committees, though young: his word is modest, sagacious, elucidative of the matter in hand.

Then there is the silver-toned Sir Benjamin Rudyard (from Wilton), an elegant young gentleman about Town; on whom Ben Jonson has congratulatory Epigrams; most strange to hear Gospel-texts, and mellifluous Puritanic preaching from a young gentleman with that cut of beard, in ruffs of that quality! How serious is the face of young Sir Benjamin; yet

¹ He preferred Tavistock next Parliament.—*Commons' Journals*, i. 631.

with delicate smiles on occasion ! The grave, the awful, is well divided in these men from the ludicrous, the insignificant. Man is as the chameleon ; takes his tone from the circumambient element : now sniffing, sneering as a humbug in the midst of humbugs, struggling the best he can to be king of his humbug Universe ; now silently praying, mellifluously preaching as a devout Puritan in James's Parliaments ; much overshadowed with the awe of his condition ; with the elegant starched ruffs, with chosen phraseology, vanity cut of beard, struggling to be king of *his*, which is a very different one ! What contrasts !

Sir Thomas Wentworth,¹ of Wentwoodhouse in Yorkshire ; him, too, I notice there. A tall young gentleman, of lean wiry nature, of large jaws, and flashing grey eyes : commemorative now and then of the Gunpowder Treason,² of matters dangerous to religion and liberty ; for the rest, inclined frequently to have the matter referred to a Committee. A proud young man ; in whom slumbers much fire,—to be developed one way or the other.

Sackville, Sir Edward, he whom we saw staggering, bleeding, near dead by dead and gory Bruce, in the meadows of Tergose,—whom the dying Bruce opened his eyes yet to save, and with his tongue waxing motionless said : ‘ Rascal, hold thy hand ! ’—This Sackville has come back from the Antwerp meadows, from Frankenthal, and much miscellaneous roving and hard service ; and sits here, a most pertinent composed Member of Parliament, ripening towards official and other destinies. Beautiful the women call him ; beautiful the men. Eloquent, too, by no means destitute of eloquence, of fruitful insight, of heart-veracity, which is the mother of eloquence. I hear him say, this pink of chivalry and fashion, ‘ The passing-bell ringeth for religion.’² Obscene Papal spectra in Three Hats, Austrian Kaisers, dusky kings of Spain, and all the

¹ Created Earl of Strafford, 12th January 1639-40.

² *Commons' Journals*, i. 655-6.

Heathen are raging dusky infinitudes, stirred up by that fall of the Three Prague Projectiles,—and dim oceans, do make a roaring threaten Sackville that they will engulph the last fragment of Protestant firm land. The passing bell ringeth for religion,—now, if ever, let our Dread Sovereign endeavour to get out his war tuck, and lead England on! 'Alas! the war tuck will not out, hardly do we see a glimmer of the blade of it (as at Frankenthal last winter), when it is rammed home again, and we try the way of negotiative ambassadors Sackville, meanwhile, is very loyal, would not touch upon the Sovereign's prerogative for untold gold. 'Had I as many voices as Fame is fabled to have, this your Remonstrance 'Petition which toucheth on the Royal Message, should not get one of them, Mr Speaker!''¹

Of older venerable persons, who rather hold by the Past than tend to the Future, I say little. Learned Serjeant Crew, one day to be Speaker Crew,—how strange, almost preternatural, to hear him talk of the woman of Tekoah of an issue of blood which we will heal by touching the hem of King James's garment! He says it with the earnestness of an old Prophet, this learned Serjeant,—as, indeed, serjeants themselves were still in earnest, even Noy has his Bible in his pocket, and would shudder if he thought he was not God's servant, but only Mammon's,—nay, Coke upon Lyttleton—let profane chimerical mortals in wig and black gown, now grown so chimerical, take thought of it!—Coke upon Lyttleton, when our Session ends, and we all rise to be prorogued for a month, uplifts the Litany.² Sir Edward Coke desired the House to say after him, and he recited the Collect for the King and his children (from the Gunpowder Treason version) 'Almighty God, who hast in all ages shewed thy power and mercy in the miraculous and gracious

¹ 'Sir Edward Sackville said, "Had he as many Voices as Fame is said to have should not have one of them this Clause of the Prince's Marriage"'—*Commons Journals*, i 655

² *Ibid.*, i 629

‘deliverances of thy Church and in the protection of righteous
 ‘and religious Kings and States professing thy holy and eternal
 ‘truth, from the wicked conspiracies and malicious practices
 ‘of the enemies thereof,’ etc. etc.—Is not this one Fact inclusive of innumerable multitudes of Facts?

Thus they in their ancient Parliament, sitting there in their steeple hats and Spanish cloaks; in presence of God and King James:—the venerable and unintelligible men. The passing-bell ringeth for religion, the swelling seas of Antichrist and foul damnable Error, will lick out the stars of heaven; and the Dread Sovereign will not be incited to take note of it:—what, and what in the world shall we do? ‘I hope,’ observes an honourable Baronet,—the name of him is Philips,¹ but who has any chance to remember it?—‘I hope every man of us hath prayed for direction before coming hither this morning!’² Good Heavens! I too could reverence a Parliament of that kind, and think it might be good for something. The same honourable Baronet listens with unspeakable reverence to Coke upon Lyttleton and the precedents; but says, withal, more than once, ‘If there be no precedent, it is time to make one!’ This is his opinion, Sir Robert Philips’s,—an answer to his prayer, I could almost say; such a superhuman audacity is required for it!—

The spectre of that steeple-hatted Parliament, in its dread reverence, in its dire straits, balancing itself on old precedents as on a Bridge of Azraël,³ with long pole loaded with Serjeant’s lead at each end, shuddering to advance; and Philips and necessity saying: Thou must!—is venerable and pathetic to me. Itself so pale, quaint, steeple-hatted, shadowy, its dire writhings grown sport to us;—the foremost vanguard of innumerable extinct Parliaments that have not even a spectre

¹ Forster (*Life of Eliot*), i. 94. The *Commons Journals*, i. 658, attribute a similar remark to Sir G. Moore, also: ‘Sir George Moore “hopeth every man here hath prayed for direction.”’

² *Ibid.*, 658.

³ Azraël is the Angel of Death; the Bridge is by some called Tchinarvar. See, for example, Voltaire’s *Zadig*, chap. ii. Cf. ‘The Brig o’ Dread’ of Scotch ballads.

left,—down into the deep night of Saxon *Were-moot*, of Spear-councils on the coast of the Baltic, older than Hengst, than Odin;—O Heavens! is not the Past a divine Book, unfathomable, awful, inclusive of all divine Books whatsoever? Inspired penmen have been dreadfully wanting.

This spectral Parliament, all pale to us, but some young faces, the Pym, Wentworths, etc., that have the hue of Life still in them,—did several things, which are memorable to Dryasdust rather than to me. It is the Parliament that overhauled poor Chancellor Bacon. Alas, what a change since we last saw him, riding in purple cloak from Chancery Lane.¹ They have in this earnest Parliament,—mean something far other than improved shop-lists, and augment of the sciences, meaning fair-play namely, and God's Judgment on Earth,—got their claws upon the sublime Chancellor, and will do him a mischief. They have indisputable traces of a thing or two,—a purse delivered by the Lady Wharton, a purse by Mr. Egerton;² in brief, they have detected this poor Chancellor to be a hungry Jew of Whitechapel, selling Judgment for a bit of money: they twitch the purple cloak off him, all the learned wigs, patch-coifs, and trappings off him; and say, with nostrils dilated in disgust: Go! He goes, one of the sorrowfullest of all mortals, to beg beer in Gray's Inn,³ to augment the sciences, if from the like of him the sciences have any augment to expect!

On the whole, this earnest Parliament is vehement upon swindlers, monopolists, corruptionists, foul-players in general; has got its claws upon the seven hundred monopolies, for one thing. May it prosper! Good luck to this Parliament! With what a shrill tone it denounces your Sir Giles Mompesson, hauled down from his bench;—for he was an Honourable Member this Giles. He has had monopolies of gold-thread, which was mere pinchbeck thread; of ale-houses, of lobsters,—and what not? He was deep in the seven

¹ See *ante*, p. 130.

² See Spedding, *Letters and Life*, vii. 252 et seq.

³ See *ante*, p. 134, n.

hundred monopolies; treated the field of trade as if it had been a hunting-field, and all men that sewed gold, all men that drank ale, or ate a lobster, as if they had been royal game, for which he had a licence; vexing them with his attorney hunting-beagles. And he got himself elected by 'a rich 'country gentleman.' Behold him now, hauled down from his bench, laid on the flat of his back; figuratively speaking, the claws of the Parliament fixed in him; its fierce beak denouncing him with considerable shrillness, making ready to rend him! A Committee on him; sharp searching questions on him: sharp eyes and beaks upon him. Sir Giles flies; escapes from the Commons' Serjeant with slippery dexterity; escapes hastily beyond sea, wings his obscene flight, with plucked feathers, into outer darkness. Mompesson, we regret to say, is gone; but Michell, his main Attorney, him we have safe in the Tower; he, I expect, will not go for a few weeks yet! Sir Francis Michell, unworshipful knight, living by the Doll Tearsheets in Clerkenwell, by the bullies of Alsatia, by lobsters,—a putrid eye-sorrow on this earth;—the reader saw him once at the sack of Drury Lane Playhouse: the reader perhaps will not grudge to see how a Puritan House of Commons deals with a gilt scoundrel when they catch him. I copy part of the sentence: old Stow or Howe, old Arthur Wilson, Chronicle-Baker and the whole world saw it done. First his spurs knocked off by the servants of the Earl Marshal, and thrown away.¹ 'Then the silver 'sword' (which ought to have been gilded, says Mr. William Camden²) 'is taken from his side, broken over his head, 'and thrown away. Last of all they pronounce him no longer 'to be a knight, but a knave, as was formerly done to Andrew 'de Herclay, when he was degraded by Anthony Lucy.'—This done;—Sentence:

'To be taken back to the Fleet Prison, and confined there 'in the place called Bolton's Ward.' Yes, through Bolton's Ward, too, we obtain a stern glimpse into old tragic doings.

¹ Stow, 1034.

² Camden, *Annals of James I.* (16th June 1621).

The state of the Fleet Prison itself is examined in this Parliament; Bolton's Ward and other things come to light in a very unsatisfactory manner. There they lie, the poor prisoners, in this or the other Ward, prisoners for debt or misdemeanour in this world; eighteen on one mattress, twenty-four on another; harsh Warden charging twopence a night. . . . If you do not pay, you are turned into other far worse Wards, left there to consider yourself. There used to be a kind of slit, or open barn-window, through which poor prisoners consulted with their friends or lawyers; the tyrannous Warden has walled it up beyond human height, reduced it to a pigeon-hole far up; there now only falls in on us some melancholy ray through the pigeon-hole overhead,—disclosing darkness visible. No wonder men get discontented, irreverent of persons in authority, and require to be roused at night and clapt into worse Wards. The worst of all the Wards is Bolton's. Bolton, a man unknown to me, seemingly of truculent humour, was clapt some years ago into a certain bed-ward one night, he and another; for bad conduct, as is like. In the gloom of the night Bolton's truculent humours surged up, not a whit appeased; the damp black stones round him, on these he could not vent his humours; and there was in this ward, besides himself, but one comrade. Bolton, it is like, has been gruff to the human comrade, the human comrade gruff to him: on the morrow morning Bolton was found there alone; Bolton, with glaring blood-shot eyes, quite private by himself; the human comrade lay dead and murdered on the floor there. Bolton, doubt it not, was hanged; and the place ever since is called Bolton's Ward; a Ward as squalid as any, and now with two ghosts in it over and above. It is here that Francis Michell, vender of monopolies, swindling attorney that decreed injustice by a law, once prosperous scum of creation, sits with his spurs hacked off, and all prosperity fled far from him, considering the vicissitude of things.

And on the morrow morning we behold this phenomenon,

very singular to us, through the little chink in the murk of centuries. An unspurred knight of the rueful countenance, 'with a paper on his breast and back that pointed at the 'foulness of the cause,' mounted on what leanest spavined garron was discoverable, with his face to the tail, with the tail in his hand, led by the hangman, equitating as on hot iron, in a shambling, high-pitching, excited spavined manner; escorted by great and small from Palace-yard to 'Finsbury 'Prison,' amid the curses and the howls and laughter of mankind. Clear enough there; clear as sunlight through this identical chink effected by the Commons' Journals for us in the leaden murk of the old dead times. Halting Punishment has found thee, right unworshipful! thee for one: ride there, in a halting, high-floundering excited and spavined manner, whither thou art bound! The modern reader looks on it, too, with a grim smile; and yet with a sigh. The modern reader thinks: Why cannot I have one of my monopolists, my air-monopolists, my food-monopolists, my prosperous scums of creation,—decreers of injustice by a law,—shaken out from his Longacre respectability, and shown as what he is, set even on such a Rosinante to ride with his face to the tail? By Heaven, modern reader, thou wilt get such a thing when once thou hast well deserved it. At present thou knowest not Right from Wrong, as thy fathers did; thou knowest it not at all, except as a horse knows it,—thou unhappy!

This Parliament made a public clearance of monopolists, unjust Chancellors, attorney swindlers, in greater and lesser wigs, not without success: but one laments soon to see it get into fearful flat contradiction with the Dread Sovereign himself. Inevitable: the Dread Sovereign set to govern England, and here is England not minded, not capable of being minded, to be governed so. The Dread Sovereign wants a Spanish Match for England; England, by laws older than any Parliament Rolls, cannot wish any Spanish Match. England must adhere to Christ's Gospel, and have the true God for Patron.

The true God joined with the Spanish Mammon, his Majesty will have. In brief, these Commons have concocted an humble and humblest Petition, and, lying flat on their faces, touching the hem of his Majesty's garment, earnestly, as with tears, entreat him to have regard to the same. The bleeding condition of the Palatinate, of the Protestant Gospel, has struck them, they glance even at the Spanish Match, and pray God and the King that there might be a Protestant Match, instead. Popish Matches are bad, whisper they to one another within their Parliament walls. We knew a Papist woman at Acton, she had children whom her Protestant Husband insisted to breed as Protestants—the frantic Papist mother killed them, rather¹. Good cannot come of any Papist Match, let us make our Petition, let us touch the hem of his Majesty's garment. Impossible! cry others, cries Edward Sackville, for one. These are high matters of State—had I as many voices as Fame has, this clause should not get one of them!²

Whereupon, his Majesty hearing what was toward, writes a severe admonitory Letter³ his hunting at Newmarket is quite spoiled, he refuses to receive our Deputation of Twelve, to read their Petition at all. we have to send express and recall them on the Eastern Counties' Road. What is to be done now, in the name of wonder and terror, what? Why, at worst, nothing may be done, perhaps that is the best of all. This Parliament, so to speak, strikes work, sits there for certain days expostulating, arguing, convincing itself that it cannot in these circumstances go on with any Bill⁴. Admonitory high Letters follow—'An old experienced King etc., 'very free and able,' etc.—Dread Sovereign, we read these Letters, and again read them, and ever again but to

¹ *Commons' Journals*

² See *ante*, p. 162.

³ Of date 3rd December 1621

⁴ 'And the House finding it a great discouragement to them to proceed in any business when there was so great a distance [divergence] betwixt the King and them thought they had as good do nothing, as have that they do undone again.'—*Hilson*, 172

go on with any Bill is impossible. We have struck work, with or without foresight, we have stumbled on that plan, and sit here doing nothing; the world all buzzing round us. A wonder, a wonder! a Parliament that does not get on with Bills! It is the most ominous attitude I have yet seen in England: touching to the mind from this great distance of years. Not that trivial insolence or any light sputtering is legible on those old steeple-hatted faces: ah, no! clouds of dark sorrow, of awe and dread, which they are driven by necessity to front;—outer clouds and some inner eternal Light; stern, red-cloudy beckonings of a Day that is yet below the horizon, loaded perhaps with thunder! I hope no man of us but has prayed for direction before coming hither.—What boots it? A strike of work in any king's Parliament, if the men have come hither with prayer, is serious. His Majesty, after certain high Messages and certain low but obstinate answers, consents to receive our Deputation of Twelve. . . . The Deputation was received, but the breach was not healed. The Commons made a protest¹ that it was their ancient and undoubted birthright to enjoy 'the Liberties, 'Franchises, Privileges and Jurisdictions of Parliament,' and 'that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the King, 'State, and the Defence of the Realm, and of the Church of 'England and the making and maintenance of Laws, and 'redress of mischiefs and grievances which daily happen within 'this Realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and 'debate in Parliament.'—Sackville and the State Servants who sit before the Speaker gainsaying what they could within doors, reporting to Majesty without. His Majesty, now come as far as Theobalds, hears that the Protest is engrossed on their Records. Majesty thereupon comes galloping up to Town; tears out their Protest with his own hand (30th December, while the House is prorogued); and, on the 6th of January 1621-2, dissolves this Protesting Parliament.

¹ Protestation of the Commons concerning Privileges. *Parliamentary History*, i. 1362.

Such a Parliament I never before saw in England ;—a Parliament that struck work. Clouds of lurid sorrow on their old faces, luridly illuminated by some light still below the horizon, lurid symptoms of a Day not yet born, but like to be very stormy. I hope none of us awaits it without prayer :—it will be better not !

SIR EDWARD COKE IN JAMES'S PARLIAMENTS—ENGLISH
LOVE OF PRECEDENTS

The quantity of intellect, struggling under elements grown opaque to us, which reveals itself to us in Sir Edward Coke, fills us with amazement. Never wanting with his sharp jest, with his witty turn ; learned, how learned ! in records ;—‘he knoweth all the Books.’ His argument, grown now entirely opaque to all mortals, flashes in the astonished eyes of contemporaries like a light-beam, like a lightning-bolt. ‘It is not under Mr. Attorney’s cap to answer that !’ saith he.

The cause of Liberty, I have heard, is much indebted to Coke. If that be synonymous with the cause of Parliament, as for the moment it doubtless was, the debt is probable. In the stretching of Precedents, which he has of all sorts and ages, dug up from beyond Pluto and the deepest charnel-houses and extinct lumber-rooms of Nature, which he produces and can apply and cause to fit by shrinking or expanding, and on the whole to suit any foot,—he never had a rival. Whatever the old Parliaments had done, when they were all Lords and Barons, with armed England at their back, whom none that would live in England could venture to gainsay at all,—this our learned friend asserts to be competent to ‘Parliament’ still ; now when we are poor Commons paid by our boroughs : when we are mere learned serjeants and inconsiderable knights of the Shire.

One of the most surprising features of these English Parliaments and of this English People, is their veneration of

precedents. Their worship of the past;—which is indeed one of the indispensablest features of a great soul, in a Nation as in a man. He that cannot persevere, that is not bound by the law of his nature to persevere, how can he ever arrive? Habit:—it is the law of habit that makes roads everywhere through the pathless in this universe; wheresoever thou findest a made road, there was the law of habit active,—honour it in its degree. Granted the road is not the best, yet how much better is it than no road! ‘Had you seen it ‘before it was made’;¹—and what toil General Wade had with it!—For indeed the History of the Past is the real Bible. So did the God’s will which made this universe manifest itself to usward: even so, if thou wilt think of it. That is the true series of Incarnations and Avatars. The splendour of God shone through the huge incondite Chaos of our being, so, and then so; and by heroism after heroism, we have come to what you see. The Bible of the Past; rich are they that have it written, as some old Greeks, old Hebrews and others, have had. But looking in Collins’s Peerage and the illegible torpid rubbish-mounds of Dryasdust, I am struck dumb. English Literature, if literature mean speaking in fit words what the gods were pleased to act, as I think it does and must,—is a thing yet to be born.

‘God is great,’ say the Moslems: Yes, but Dryasdust also and human Stupidity are not small. It, too, is wide as Immensity; it, too, is deep as Hell; has a strength of slumberous torpor in it, the subduing of which will mean that the History of this Universe is complete. *Dummheit*:—there is something venerable in it. In its dark belly it swallows all light-beams and lightnings: they are all, as it were, welcome to it. With some celestial coruscations, huge as

¹ ‘Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands and bless General Wade!’

A doggerel couplet said to have been written at an inn in Glencroe in the Scottish Highlands, though it smacks more of the Emerald Isle.—It is cited by Carlyle in *Dr. Francia (Miscellanies, vi. 77)*, and often elsewhere.

Ophiuchus,¹ you illumine for a moment its cavernous immensities, wondrous, terrible; you display its black sooterkins, its brood of dragons;—and straightway all again is peaceable and dark. The gods will never conquer it, says Schiller, and say I.

¹ Ophiuchus, the serpent holder, a constellation in the northern heavens.

* Like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky.—MILTON, *Par. Lost*, li. 708-10.

PART II
IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

CHAPTER I

CHARLES AND HIS QUEEN

KING CHARLES, supreme Sovereign of these kingdoms by 'right of sixty descents,' he too, is not without his difficulties. His sixty descents, and the right grounded on them, do indeed remain unquestionable to all creatures; this man, somewhat knock-kneed, tongue-tied, of a hasty temper and stuttering speech, derives his existence such as it is from entirely antique Ferguses, Malcolm Canmores, indisputably from Robert Steward and Elizabeth Muir of Rowallan, a lady of contested virtue, which however no one yet contests.¹ Indisputable King of England. Here as he stands on his more or less splay-footed basis, no wildest mortal dreams of questioning that he, Charles Stuart, has the right, the might and divine vocation from above, to furnish guidance for this people of England. Yet is his position not without complicity; not without its abstruse sides,—as indeed it reaches into the vague on all sides, and had better not be questioned, if it could be avoided.

This King is of fine delicate fibre, too fine for his place, and would have suited better as a woman. With Queen Bess for a husband how happy it had been! There is a real selectness, if little nobleness of nature in him; his demeanour everywhere is that of a man who at least has no doubt that he is able to command. Small thanks to him perhaps;—had

¹ 'The royal line, as used to be well known, had, or was passionately supposed and passionately denied to have had, a kind of flaw in the very starting of it, "Elizabeth Muir," the mother or grandmother of them all in that line, being by some considered an improper or partially improper female, whose children came *before* marriage! We will hope otherwise.' *From unused MS. of Carlyle's 'Cromwell.'*

not all persons from his very birth been inculcating this lesson on him? He has, if not the real faculty to command, at least the authentic pretension to do it, which latter of itself will go far in this world.

Hammond L'Estrange, a learned gentleman in those days, asks, 'Was there ever a fool that stammered?'¹ If stammering be the infallible proof of wisdom, this king is wise. He has a hawk, a stutter in his speech, a regurgitancy, as if his thought went too fast for his tongue. Everywhere a hasty man, brooks no delays, no formalities that stand between him and his purpose, rushes on, often enough with more sail than ballast. Not an eloquent man, though a vehement; I have read many hundreds of his Speeches and letters, till the tone of them has grown familiar to me:² 'Sirs, Sirs, have a care how you with——withstand a King!' his fine hazel eyes flashing almost with rage the while, for he is of a choleric turn. A somewhat too headlong man. Did he not, for example, dash off incognito to Spain, to look after his (intended) Spanish bride himself; the negotiations proving tedious? he went with Buckingham, as Jack Smith and Tom Smith, disguised in enormous wigs;—a feat, which, says Speaker Finch,³ posterity will rank among fables. He came nevertheless; came, saw and conquered *not*,—returned

¹ 'Since there was never, or very rarely, known a fool that stammered.'
Reign of King Charles I. (Lond., 1656), p. 2.

cant; nearly the most beautiful I ever saw. Which by no likelihood, except in an age all of cant, could have been believed to be genuine. Few paragraphs of it but denounce its falsity, its absolute incredibility as the writing of King Charles,—or indeed of any other man whatever, who was other than the *name* of a man. Very practical looking!—King Charles throughout as this poor *Esten* represents him, has nothing to say except, "Am not I the most faultless of men and martyrs? Was there at any time in any case blame found in me? A good man surely;—O Lord, what thou ever chance before to make one as good! Make me better if possible." It is the *ne plus ultra* of Phariseism. Perhaps at bottom there are few truer looks. Enough of it!"

² Rushworth, i. 205

home without his Infanta, near wrecked in the Bay of Santander. The brown beautiful Infanta, beautiful though her lips were somewhat large, blushed beautifully when she saw him on the *Prádo*, again fled, beautifully screaming, when he leapt the garden wall to have a word with her; but it came all to nothing; the blushings, the beautiful screamings wasted themselves fruitless, swallowed in the inane; alas! The Infanta got another husband; this Prince another wife,¹—for I saw him coming with her up the River Thames towards Whitehall, in gilded barges; and he had taken her out to view that mighty London of two hundred and twenty years ago,—a notable place of half a million souls, with Shakspeare's Theatre at the Bankside yonder and much else; but a sudden shower, splashing impetuous out of heaven, drove him and her below 'deck again, and the London of two centuries ago dips under cloud from us. O Speaking Shakspeare, O ye dumb half million. Is not *Time* the miracle of miracles? Fearful and wonderful?

A beautiful little creature she, too, if the Ritter Van Dyke lie not to us, beautiful and sprightly with her bright hazel eyes, with her long white fingers, and dainty looks and ways, the Daughter of the Great French Henry, but born to a fate not happy. She, like him, was unfortunate in her religion. For there landed with her at Whitehall stairs, there went to live with her at Denmark House (Somerset House now named) a retinue of Jesuits, of tonsured priests with pyxes and Popery equipments according to contract, and began to play tricks before England and high Heaven. They began, and ended not; it was the root of infinite sorrows to her. Why did not the Solomon of England choose a Protestant wife for his son? There was no Protestant woman visible to Solomon of adequate divinity of lineage in those days, so failing the Infanta of Spain, he chooses her Majesty of France,—the

¹ Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis; born 25th Nov., 1609; married to Charles (by proxy), 1st May, 1625; arrived in London, 16th June of the same year; and died, 31st August, 1669.

unfortunate Solomon, no headstrong Saul, no reckless Rehoboam, could have chosen worse. For the priests, we say, Jesuits, Legates, etc., whose name is legion, begin and could never end, and walk as a real demon-host, a legion of obscure spectres, enchanters and unruly goblins through the whole history of that period, troubling as goblins do and must, the solid minds of Englishmen. They were Priests of the Infallible Church: they were Frenchmen, sons of that *Belk France que nous aimons tous*. Goblin troops of Recusants gather to their chapel in clear daylight. They set the poor young Queen to do a penance, walk barefoot all along the Strand from Somerset House to the Abbey of Westminster, carrying a big wax candle, we suppose, and wrapt in sheet of sackcloth, in the hope of propitiating Heaven by that means. In the certainty of alienating Earth at least! The headlong young King took a sudden resolution, sent sailing barges to wait at Somerset House, sent officers with cash: paid up these French incomers, male and female, priest and lay, suddenly one morning, their arrears to the utmost penny. ordered them to pack up, one and all, and sail home again, without word spoken.—Inexorable! They went, with objurgation, imprecation, with female hysterical noises and emotions, —all swiftly conveyed beyond the Nore, no heart pitying them.¹ The poor young Queen, when his Majesty went to tell her in Whitehall, flew into such a tempest as none of us had seen hitherto,—quite driven beyond the vaporific point, the apartment not really able to contain her, poor Queen; for she ‘smashed the window glass with her little fist,’ and skipped about entirely in a menadic state. Can rages of that magnitude dwell in celestial minds? Such tempest in a Queen, most perilous, momentous then, though shrunk now to small dimensions, and raging now with beautiful distinctness as a mere tempest in a teapot, the old Annalists do through their miraculous spy-glasses indisputably exhibit to us

¹ With the exception of a few of the Queen's personal attendants, they were all expelled in August 1626.

CHAPTER II

CHARLES AND HIS PARLIAMENTS

THIS King's power we said was indefinite, whereby he thinks it infinite. He is astonished at his faithful Commons that they will not, his irrefragible reasons once nay twice and three times laid clearly before them, grant him supply for his occasions! Sunbeams are not clearer to his eye than those reasons to the royal mind. And his power if not infinite is indefinite which is so like infinite. . . . And on the other hand, these Commons have an antiquity to go back upon; have an authority which is also indefinite. Old learned and thrice learned Cokes, little short of the owl of Minerva in learning, quote precedents of Henry vi. and Richard ii. (weak kings both), crabbed Latin out of Bracton, Fleta and one knows not where; dive down into a bottomless antiquity, a dust-vortex of learned tradition whither the eye dreads to follow them, and return with wise saws and antique instances, and speak with vehemence, one might say, with insolence. Prerogative of Majesty, Privilege of Parliament, these are two indefinites apt to mistake themselves for Infinitudes; they dwelt far enough apart in the old times, each in its venerable Indefiniteness or Indefinitude, raying out an infinite respect towards one another, and now by the progress of things they have become closer, they have come in contact, and indefinite so differing from infinite, it is like to be collusive, I fear. How unhappy for venerable Indefinitudes when they have to come closer and define themselves. A king was once a great truth. A king was once the strongest man, raised aloft on bucklers with clangour of sounding shields and sounding hearts from all the people. His Parliament in those times was simple enough, a festivity of all his Vice-kings, Barons, Jarls (strong men), Leaders (Ducs) whom he had made Lords of Land; they came to keep their Christmas with him, and

many is the royal flagon of good liquor, the loin of good roast meat they have consumed at his table in this very Westminster Hall. Assiduous Seneschals and Sewers, with white aprons and eager assiduity, hurrying to and fro, torches blazing on these learned walls, copious oil lamps, and log fires blazing, the frost of Christmas bolted out of doors, all frost and darkness hanging over you like an infinite cloak, not uncomfortable to think of. A most ruddy potent blaze of life and Christmas cheer, and such talk in Norman Saxon ! This was the original kind of Parliament as the human eye, piercing the opaque eclipse of Dryasdust, discerns it ; a highly eligible kind. For every measure was debated on, both sober and then in a kind of mental elevation ; you saw both sides of every object, and tried to hit the middle of it.

But since that time the Parliament has greatly altered. The Parliament does not meet now in Westminster Hall for Christmas festivities and consultation over wine ; far different. This Parliament is now divided into two Houses, and consults in a jejune manner. Strangest of all, the dumb *Commons* have got to have a voice in it ; have come these three centuries or more, and grow yearly more important, more importunate. For the king's Peers that used to sit in Westminster are now by no means the only Vice-kings in this Britain. Fighting has given place to trading, ploughing, weaving and merchant adventuring. It might be these Peers of the king would decide on a thing, and now, as times are turned, it could *not* be executed. Wherefore others also must be asked for their assent.

Very greatly too has this acknowledged Strongest, King as they call him, altered since those old days. Not now lifted on the bucklers of men ; which was always a contentious business : he is accepted through sixty descents, and the virtue of Elizabeth Muir ; all men joyfully with assured heart exclaiming, This is he, this infirm, splay-footed one ; he is our acknowledged Strongest. This is he ! Men and brethren, this ! 'Yes, he,' answer they with one voice, 'he is

‘our acknowledged.’ And it is wonderful, to us nearly unimaginable, what divinity does still encircle this infirm king of the composite order, and the proudest heart veils itself awestruck before the glance of his eye; and he is considered the Lord’s Anointed; and to himself and others appears terrible and inexorable. Man is a creature of much Phantasy and little understanding, his approximatings, his amalgamations of the true and false, call it rather the Eternal and the Possible, are sometimes surprising. The remedy is, If this Strongest prove altogether intolerably weak, it has been our use from of old, driven to it by stern necessity, to cast him away and get rid of him, were it even by the fieriest methods. For the law of the Universe is inexorable: the equation, not exactly soluble by any human Algebra, is meanwhile a most exact thing in Practice and Fact and does assert itself continually in gradual circuitous ways, in swift paroxysms, notable to all persons.

King James prospered ill with his Parliaments, but it is nothing to this of Charles. We saw King James, with ‘Twelve Chairs here!’ ‘Twelve kings come to visit me, I ‘think’!’¹ and that magniloquent snarl and glance of the royal eyes, not destitute of claims to human sympathy from us. In fact, English Parliaments are England in epitome, brought face to face with the king: if the king be minister of the dumb heart’s-purpose of England, Parliament will be as oil upon his head; if he be minister of some quite different purpose, and have in his royal heart parted quite away from the dumb heart of England, England must needs, in some more or less dumb way, were it only by sobs and dumb groans, in a very inarticulate manner, signify the same to him. For it is inevitable. And if there were no Parliament, or a Parliament that pretends to be satisfied with him, the fact were no whit altered.—That he has got off the rail-tramroad, and is travelling towards perdition; this fact, if not attended to, will have to announce itself in a still fataler manner.

¹ See *ante*, p. 157, n.

many is the royal flagon of good liquor, the loin of good roast meat they have consumed at his table in this very Westminster Hall. Assiduous Seneschals and Sewers, with white aprons and eager assiduity, hurrying to and fro, torches blazing on these learned walls, copious oil lamps, and log fires blazing, the frost of Christmas bolted out of doors, all frost and darkness hanging over you like an infinite cloak, not uncomfortable to think of. A most ruddy potent blaze of life and Christmas cheer, and such talk in Norman Saxon! This was the original kind of Parliament as the human eye, piercing the opaque eclipse of Dryasdust, discerns it, a highly eligible kind. For every measure was debated on, both sober and then in a kind of mental elevation, you saw both sides of every object, and tried to hit the middle of it.

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one English sailor would go with them,—or rather there was *one* solitary gunner that went,—and he, we are happy to learn, was shot by a bullet from Rochelle; the rest resisted all bullying, cajoling,—preferred stepping ashore in a foreign port [Dieppe], begging their way homewards—go they would not. And then the English ships [manned by Frenchmen] cannonade the poor Protestants; the guns we founded with our own brass go to *that* use. Who can grant subsidies? Who knows to what war they will go, whether to any war? ‘It is the Duke of Buckingham’s doing; he misleads the good ‘young king.’—He wants money, this Duke, and is very uncertain about his war: he said once in Mr. Strode’s hearing, ‘Grant four subsidies, and choose your own war!’—The Parliament reassemble at Oxford, 1st August, with the Rochelle ships and cannonadings, and the cry of all England dinning in their ears; and are not very immediate with their supplies. Supply my occasions, says his Majesty; says and reiterates in message after message, supply my occasions, and be swift about it. The Parliament is slow about it; gets into petitioning about Religion, first of all. Will you supply my occasions? asks his Majesty more impetuously than ever:—the season is going, near gone! Will you, yea or no? The Commons, with sad thoughts, know not what to answer; will perpend this religious matter first. Dissolve them; send them home again; make Oxford and us clear of them:—after a Session of eleven days. Alas, this young Majesty is too quick! Has Solomon left a Rehoboam? How his Majesty sent out for benevolences, forced men to give him free gifts, to etc., etc., and imprisoned them when they demurred, my readers, Dryasdust and the whole world know.

It was in this Parliament that Lord-keeper Williams (Bishop of Lincoln, who succeeded Bacon) first, taking the measure of England, of himself, of the Duke of Buckingham and this Parliament and things in general, found that it were well if he threw off the Duke’s livery, and set up for himself. It is well known, and was doubtless often repeated by the

braggart Welshman himself, how the two took counsel together, and came to high words on the matter. There are grievances in England, which ought to be redressed, thinks Williams. Reverend, what language is this? Do you also mean to join with the factious Puritan Party? Think what your footing is, my Lord-keeper, in this court of his Majesty! I will stand on my own feet, said Williams, and try to get justice done. Buckingham's face flashes fire. Then, look you stand fast, answers he :—the smoking controversy ending in clear flame.

Williams has been very useful to Buckingham; who knows to what lengths he has used his quick wit in serving him! The Spanish Ambassador, for instance, had a cunning plot of the most dextrous engineership, all primed and charged for Buckingham; ready to explode in James's time;—the Lord-keeper Bishop, by dim scouts, prying in the very brothels for him, found it out in time; the consecrated Bishop, in a case of necessity, communicated with unfortunate females; distilled the due intelligence from them. Thus did he save his Duke.¹ But now the little Bishop Laud, of Bath and Wells, is coming in. He seems to be getting superseded; whereat his Welsh blood takes fire:—he resolves to throw off the Duke, as above said, and set up for himself.

CHARLES'S SECOND PARLIAMENT

[1625-6]

CAPITAL in this way² coming in with difficulty . . . we summon a new Parliament in February of next year, 1625-6.

¹ This refers to Lafuent's and Carondelet's plot to overthrow Buckingham in 1624. Carondelet's mistress was in the pay of Williams, and discovered to him that a secret interview had taken place between James and Lafuent, at which the latter had done his utmost to ruin the favourite in the king's estimation. Williams first made known his discovery to Prince Charles, saying, 'In my studies of Divinity I have gleaned up this maxim, "It is lawful to make use of the sin of another. Though the devil make her a sinner, I may make good use of her sin"'

² By Privy Seals, Benevolences, Forced Loans, etc.

We ourselves, all in white satin, were inaugurated, crowned at Westminster, successfully; but the Parliament—why, it took to censuring poor Richard Montague our Chaplain, Pym drawing up a long indictment of him;¹ took to censuring Buckingham, nay, impeachment of him, Bristol and he entering upon long arguments, and your Eliot, your Dudley Digges and others came up to the Lords' House with an impeachment of the Great Duke. Vain all our management, our letters, messages, our speaking at Whitehall, Buckingham's speaking; our sending Eliot and Dudley Digges to the Tower and emitting of them again: mere impeachment is the end of it; and when we for the last time send peremptory word, 'Supply us quickly or — —!' they answer by a 'Remonstrance' about Papists and other confusions;—and we have to dissolve them as if with a flash of fire;² and take to loans again, to alienating of royal demesnes, to farming out of Jesuit Recusants, shifts painful to the royal mind!

CHAPTER III

CHURCH PROVOCATIONS—MONTAGUE—MANWARING

[1627-8]

DID you hear of the Canon of Windsor's 'New Gag for an old Goose'? Yes, and of the '*Appello Cæsarem*':³ but I will say almost nothing of them. Goose and Gag, Cæsar and the Appeal to Cæsar are alike dead, dead;—let them sleep in peace for evermore. Conceive that the Goose is quacking, hissing; that the gagging of it did agitate the inmost soul of England: but that it is all now gone into the preterite, into the plu-preterite tense, and ought not to disturb any innocent son of Adam any more. Sons of Adam are born for other pur-

¹ Rushworth, i. 209-12.

² On 15th June 1626.

³ Kennet, iii. 30.

poses than to pore over shot rubbish, and get into jarring with one another about marine stores¹ These few facts, three old buttons, excerpted from the mouldering rubbish, let them suffice, and more than suffice, for afflicted human nature in our day 'Gag for the New Gospel' was a Papist Book that came out against Protestantism about 1624—or three or four years ago,—how lively, talented, hissing with vehement satirical meaning every line of it, now dead as the dust of king Harry, who 'loved a man' Richard Montague, a Cambridge man, of what breed I know not, had got to be Canon of Windsor, Fellow of Eton, Rector of I know not what, and Chaplain to his Majesty, a prosperous reverend man, replenished with fat livings, with College fame for acumen and academic lore, blooming with a kind of flush vigour verging almost towards insolence of soul, as a man in those prosperous circumstances may Ten years ago, young Mr Selden published his Book on Tithes, thinking tithes to be probably not of Divine origin, and got into trouble enough on that account. Richard Montague was one of the many who smote into rubbish this pernicious tenet, Selden was covered, if not with contempt, yet with the king's censure, and Montague got in tolerably swift succession the fat livings and church-decorations above enumerated Well, some year or two after Selden was reduced to rubbish, there came out another book, called 'Gag for the New Gospel,' a Papist Book, as we have said, against Protestantism Richard Montague took his pen again, and I will believe, with a beautiful vein of academic acumen, of flush vigour, and perhaps a certain dash of prosperous flunkysm, wrote his 'New 'Gag for an Old Goose,' not only confuting the Papist to the requisite extent, but cutting withal into the sides of Puritanism, when it happened to stand in the way of his flourishings He has a heavy polemic sword, and swings it recklessly learned Pym knows with what vehemence, not I, having never opened one of his books, nor ever in the least

¹ See *ante*, p 133, n

meaning to do so,—horrible is the thought to me! But they grumbled at him in James's last Parliament; gave him over to Abbot, last of the Archbishops, who rebuked him with due severity;—whereupon the Windsor Canon went home to his stall, much discontented, and never once came to visit his Archbishop any more. On the contrary, he sets to work, clutches his pen or polemic sword, unsubdued, writes another Book 'Appello Cæsarem,' in defence of himself as is evident; which Book, which two Books, and the general procedure of this Richard Montague, Windsor Canon, proved 'highly distasteful' to the Commons in Parliament; filled the two first Parliaments of Charles I. with considerable clamour, and in England occasioned much distress:—the Goose, the Gag, Cæsar and the Cæsar Appealed, being all yet in their plenitude of life, not yet flung out as shot rubbish, but throbbing with blood in every vein, with agony and rapture lying in every fibre of them. Such was then the general constitution of this country. What a change!

Many clergy and other men of genius answered the Canon Montague; learned laity, too; young Mr. Rouse of Truro, among others. How Goose, and Gag-goose Montague, hissed and sounded for a space of five or six years through this realm of England; was brought to the Commons Bar (7th July 1625),¹ sentenced to be fined, incapacitated, to be, if not drummed out of the ranks of the Spiritual army, at least ordered sternly to keep quiet, and fall into the rear rank there; all this the world shall learn from Dryasdust,² not from me. And how the king at one time designed letting the Common law take its course;—whereupon, the little Bishop of St. Davids, one Dr. Laud, beginning now to be busy at Court, 'sees a cloud rising,' jots down in his Journal, 'I see 'a cloud rising.'³ Be of courage, my little shrill Doctor! Clouds indeed,—one knows not what clouds. But cannot

¹ *Commons' Journals*, i. 806.

² Rushworth, i. 605.

³ 'He said: "I seem to see a cloud arising and threatening the Church of England."'—Rushworth, i. 199.

the sentries stand 'with legs of mutton on their pike-points.' Fort St. Martin is unattainable; the young General sits there in his nightgown, clutching his dishevelled hair, by the night lamp, to no purpose. In a few days more, I see him breaking up his camp; marching by narrow causeways, French pikes pricking him frightfully in his rear; salt-pits on each hand of him, indefensible bridges, fierce struggling, fierce, but fruitless, and 2000 brave men buried in the bogs,—and only the sea and English ships with any hope ahead. He got on board, a much altered man. Bright as a new gold coin, all heavy gold he came; tarnished as a piece of dis-gilded copper, now visibly copper, he went; and gallant Sir John Borroughes and two thousand and odd brave Englishmen lie buried in the bogs. And Rochelle and French Protestantism was left in despair. All England was waiting to rewelcme him with curses not loud but deep. So that, riding through a town 'on the south coast,'—which town my Dryasdust omits to name,¹—the gallant young Earl of Denbigh, his nephew, proposes to change cloaks with him, that he be not massacred; which generous proposal the Duke, a fearless man, declines. In this nameless town he was not massacred—not there.

Our wars were most unfortunate, our treaties proved all futile or worse, we meant to assist the Protestants, to recover the Palatinate, and alas, our assistance was mere hindrance, our embrace was as the clasp of one taken with the falling sickness, dangerous. Eight of our ships sent against poor Protestant Rochelle . . . And then our new armament, and armaments, under Cecil, under Denbigh, under Buckingham, to Cadiz, to relieve Rochelle, to the Isle of Rhé, or wherever it might be; which of them has had the smallest success? A good many thousands of heroic English souls have vanished, their bodies disastrously left in several lands and shores, in mound heaps round the German hospitals, in Salt-bogs in the Isle of Rhé;—happiest they that could see the face of Tilly

¹ Plymouth was the name of the town.

about buying great saddles, German lances,—must come here to answer it. He is among this crowd even now. It does appear his Majesty had decided on having 1000 German horse, heavy horsemen with big swords and unknown speech; knowing men whisper, what they dare not say, that it was for the purpose of coercing such English as would not lend upon benevolence. Colonel Dalbier and Scotch Balfour, Sir William,—they were to command, to enlist the men, to choose the horses. Burlamachi by warrant and sign-manual was to have the furnishing of them in the markets of North Germany. What were they meant for, those 1000 horse under a foreign German, a foreign Scot, with this Lombard for purseholder? If not for an actual *Trailbaston* business, then for what? One's blood runs cold! *Trailbaston* was the old law of Norman Game-preservers, to coerce the Robin Hoods and such like, by swift military execution, if nothing else would do it; but we,—we thought we had got a Parliament law! I hear the name of Manwaring mentioned also:—Manwaring (of whom we have briefly noted the business elsewhere¹) had his quietus yesterday, or what will lead to his quietus. Mr. Pym gave it him home to the heart yesterday, I hear it whispered; his accusation is all engrossed on vellum, and the Lords, I think, will accede.²

Petition of Right, Petition of Right; this, too, I hear much murmured of. I am told his Majesty's acceptance of it on Tuesday last was hardly satisfactory. He accepted it; but with a certain vagueness. I hear the Commons are dissatisfied; and have spoken to that effect,—if a man may dare to murmur that he knows such a thing. Petition of Right, I incline to consider, the greatest thing since Magna Charta. What is it but Magna Charta itself, and the Six Statutes reconfirmed? Magna Charta has had to be confirmed thirty times already; and this is the thirty-first? O Mr. Rigarole! what a Parliament this might have been! These *Trailbastons*, these forced Loans, and tyrannous proceedings, not of his

¹ See *ante*, p. 194.

² Rushworth, i. 597.

very invisible, yet very indisputable. There is no disputing of it: here are the Rhadamanthine *Commons Journals* proving to the latest posterity that it is a real corporeal entity, no fiction of the brain, but a creation of the Almighty Maker. Look on it, reader, with due earnestness; it will dawn on thee as a visible or half-visible ghost, one of those strange Parliaments of the Past, which are not, and which were;—the perpetual miracle of this our Life on Earth.

Yes, here I see is learned Serjeant Finch, as Speaker;¹ his face nearly hidden from one by his wig. Hidden mostly by their wigs, sit near, in front of him, his Majesty's select councillors, such of them as have got selected: a Secretary Cook, a Sir Humphrey May, Chancellor of the Duchy, and others: dim rudiments of a Majesty's Ministry such as we now have: they as yet sit sparse and feeble 'in front of the 'Speaker'; mostly hidden from all mortals, so to speak, by their official wigs. To all mortals they are and have long been mere human official wig-bearers, not worth discriminating or distinguishing;—as such let them to all Eternity continue!

And over in the general amphitheatre of benches,—well, is it not a sight!—there they sit, all clothed and banded, the honourable Puritan gentlemen, most grave thoughts under those steeple-hats of theirs. Our old friends in the 'Twelve 'kings' Parliament,² most of them I still see here: these, and sundry whom I note as new. Old Sir Edward Coke, tough veteran, one rejoices to see still in his place; they have pricked him as Sheriff, they have tried various tricks to keep him out, but could not, so learned was he in precedents, a man of the toughest fibre, of quickest wit, not to be easily balked in the laws. Mr. Pym, still in the Puritan interest, manages most of our complaints against the Manwaring and Priest-flunky species: a man rising, growing; as the healthy oak does; a man you may well call robust. Trumpet-tongued Sir Benjamin [Rudyard?], still on the side of Court. Decisive Wentworth wishing to have Committees appointed; staunch

¹ Collins, ii. 232.

² See *ante*, p. 157.

Majesty, God forbid¹—but of certain ill advised persons, who misled his good heart,—are all done away by this Petition. It was the doing of Sir Edward Coke, thanks forever to Coke upon Lyttleton¹. Were you there on the 1st of May, when the ‘great silence’ took place? Our House was busy on the Petition, considering what could be done in the alarming invasions of our liberty, the King sent a message. Take my royal word, there shall be no more of all that. You will take my royal word, or will you not?—whereupon ensued ‘a great silence,’¹—very natural. Many knew what to think, but none what to say. At length, with the humblest prostrations and expressions, these respectful Commons craved leave to *take* his Majesty’s royal word, to write it down, namely, upon parchment, in due form of a Parliamentary Bill, that it might remain clear to all the world, and to a grateful Posterity when perhaps a less excellent King might be reigning—in other words, to go on with our Petition of Right. This is the Petition of Right—it grew up under the cunning hands of venerable Coke upon Lyttleton, he worked it upon the potter’s wheel of a debating House of Commons, spun it aloft into this beautiful piece of porcelain law-symmetry, which we hope may be the Palladium of our liberties. No Englishman to be imprisoned without *habeas corpus*, no Tallage to be conceded, no nothing—a brief document and a beautiful,—which has cost us two months, come through many perils from the potter’s-wheel of the Commons, from the furnace-kiln of the Lords,—and the King’s acceptance of it was thought to be somewhat of the stingiest. He did not say *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*—he said it should be law but—but—why did his Majesty introduce any ‘but’? An excellent Parliament, Mr Rigmorole,—but it is said they are to be prorogued on Wednesday next.

But let us, in Heaven’s name, try if we can get into the interior of the Parliament itself, look about and see if there is anything discoverable there. A strange, dim old place,

¹ Rushworth, 1 553

another manful young gentleman, Ralph Hopton, Sir Ralph they call him, of whom in coming years we shall know more. And seated on the intermediate degrees, lost in the general crowd of steeple-hats, what face is yonder?—The same we saw last in Cripplegate Church, eight years ago, in wedding raiment beside Elizabeth Bourchier,—Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Burgess for Huntingdon! Yes, sure enough, there sits he; confabulates at times with cousin Hampden; he has been living, been doing and endeavouring all this while, though we saw nothing of him! Doing and thinking—who knows how much! ‘What am I? What is this Universe? Whence came I into it? Whither am I bound in it?’ These dread questions fell deep on the great silent soul; stirred it up well nigh to madness. Doctor Simcock has told friends of mine that he suffered under terrible hypochondria, and had fancies about the Town-cross. No wonder. These questions are insoluble, or the solution of them is a miracle to us: they are great as our soul is great, accurately of the same size. To ‘Apes by the Dead Sea’ this Universe is an Apery, a tragic humbug, which they put away from them by unmusical screeches, by the natural cares for lodging, for dinner and such like; but to Men it is an awful verity, of which some solution is indispensable!—In brief, my brave Oliver, after much wrestling to solve it, has laid hold of the Puritan Gospel, wherein he finds the question answered; after long hearsay, it became a Divine fact for him, and he stands from henceforth with the Eternal stars above him and the murky waters safe under him, on this firm ground, with a Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.—It is a victory like few. Noble as the gods is he that hath gained it!

The Order of the Day on this Tuesday of June, 1628, is the Declaration to the King. The House was yesterday in Grand Committee, gradually building up its Declaration to the King. A work of delicacy and difficulty, but imperative to be done. It behoves a faithful House of Commons, now

for Protestantism and Privilege of Parliament, but always with method. It is inconceivable what he has had to suffer down in Yorkshire, in county business, in Elections, from the Savile genealogy there—how they have thwarted and spited him, and striven to make him small among his neighbours,—a thing he cannot brook. Do they know what stuff he is made of, this young Wentworth? He is full of energy, he is full of method, deny him not the first necessity of man, that of expanding himself, of growing bigger,—he must do it, must and will, in a noble or ignoble way. I notice Mr Coryton, also, my esteemed young friend from the west,¹ Mr Strode, esteemed young friend Mr Denzil Holles, old Earls² favourite son,—inherits plenty of the family irascibility. Here is a Sir John Hotham, too, from Yorkshire,—rather a poor looking creature? says the reader. Yes, on his countenance I read pruriency enough, ill tempered vanity enough,—a stamp of Fate³—much desire to distinguish himself, and small ability to do it,—that is stamp enough of Fate, I think. Fate, the Devil, or whatever we call it, has ear marked or brand marked that man, legibly to intelligent minds, ‘The Devil his’—

Mr Hampden—ah, yes! hail to you, Mr Hampden, right glad to see you here again! He sits there in the purest linen, clear combed, close shaven, his mouth, somewhat thin in the lips, is very carefully shut, his bright eyes are radiantly open. Don’t you think the lips a trifle too thin? My beautiful Mr Hampden! His mother has never yet got him a Peerage, he himself begins to have other views—he, too, is growing bigger, and has to do it, but I hope in a noble way. Fiery Eliot is there, speaking like pistol bullets, his very silence eloquent. Our young friend Sackville,³ Duel Sackville, is become Duel Dorset, by his brother’s death, and gone to the House of Lords, but I notice, home here from the German wars,

¹ Cornwall

² John Holles, father of Denzil, became Lord Houghton in 1616 (having bought a Peerage for £10 000) and Earl of Clare in 1624. He died in 1637

³ See *ante* pp 99 167

in its Declaration with all reverence, yet with all faithfulness; I hope none of them have come hither without prayer for guidance.¹

Alas! before ever we get into Grand Committee, hear Speaker Finch with a message from his Majesty: Finch, of whom I see little but the wig, has been with his Majesty over night; as his wont is too often for a faithful Speaker;—and now this is the message: That we are to be prorogued in eight days; that we ought to get on with our Bill of Subsidies, and not take up new matter: that, in fact, his Majesty 'requires us' to abstain from such new matter, and especially from all new matter 'which may lay any scandal or aspersion 'on the State-government or Ministers thereof.'² Here is the King's message. We shall not need to go into Grand Committee, then, to give voice to the dumb sorrow of the people, and the word of the Lord that has come to us. Our treading of the Bridge of Dread will not be called for. We are to lay no scandal on the State Government or Ministers thereof. I command you, says the God's Vicegerent, with brief emphasis, that on that subject you be silent. Such a message, we may hope, never before came to any House of Commons.

Will the modern reader believe it? can he in his light, innocent, mimetic mind, bring the matter in the least home to himself? 'This House of Commons, men of English humour and rugged practical temper, did, at hearing of this message, burst, not into Parliamentary Eloquence, but pretty generally into a passion of tears! It is the incrediblest of all entirely indisputable facts. Honourable Yorkshire Burgesses, learned Serjeant Members, have written authentic note of it, historic Rushworths put it in print, and the mss. themselves moulder, still decipherable, in the British Museum. Charles's Third Parliament, on Thursday the 5th of June, 1628, at hearing of the above message, sat with

¹ See *ante*, p. 169.

² Rushworth, i. 605.

When Mass Priests swarm among us, and are setting up a College in Clerkenwell, here at home, when abroad the Three hatted Man of Sin is a-tiptoe on his Mountain of Idolatries in the Romish Babylon, summoning all servants of the Devil in cowl or crown, by insidious plot or open violence, to tread out God's light on this Earth, when the passing bell ringeth for religion, and also for liberty and right, when men are maltreated against law, and our trade and substance are decaying visibly, and our counsels, foreign and domestic smitten with futility, and even English fighting is become as mock fighting, except that we ourselves are slain and sunk in salt pits, and disastrous quagmires, and scandalous Turk Pirates are grown familiar with Laver [?] Point, and the Nore buoy, and capture our ships in our own waters, and from all the people struggles wide spread, inarticulate, a sound of sorrow and complaint,—which some one ought to change into a voice—in such circumstances, it behoves a House of Commons mindful of its mission registered, not in the Rolls Chapel alone, but in the Chancery of Heaven, to venture on doing it. We dare not say it! We are very miserable!

The House is to meet this morning at seven of the clock the Order was, the Grand Committee and business of the Declaration shall be proceeded in at eight. No business of greater delicacy could be given to men reverent to his Majesty as to the visible Vicegerent of God,—and not with lip reverence but heart reverence, and yet the invisible God himself must have His Truth spoken,—at thy peril hide it not!—The modern reader will do well to understand that such, in very sober truth, was the temper of this Parliament, that mimicry of reverence either to man or to God had not yet come in. The distractions of this heavy laden Earth were not yet completed, quacks were not raised by general acclamation anywhere to ride and guide the business of this Earth, but there remained in man a clear sense for quacks and for the Eternal doom of quacks,—a great hope consequently remained. This House of Commons will go forward

'tion likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began 'to speak, through the abundance of tears.'¹ We were much 'affected to be so restrained, since the House in former times 'had proceeded by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the 'King's son, and others, and sentenced the Lord Chancellor 'Bacon.'¹—Old Coke weeping, the House all weeping; it is such a scene as I never saw in any House of Commons. So deep the two reverences lie on the old honourable Gentleman, —such a clash does the collision of the two reverences make when they hit together! The King, God's visible Vicegerent, commands us to desist; the invisible God himself, dumb England, and the voices of our Fathers from the Death-kingdoms of the Past, and the voices of our children from the unborn Future, bid us forward. We are come to the shock of conflict, then,—here is the actual clash of long-threatened war; and it is we that have to do it, the stern lot was ours. Very terrible this hour,—the child of centuries, the parent of centuries. 'Apes by the Dead Sea' would not weep at such an hour; they, with unmusical screech, would whisk out of it, and be safe: but Men have to front the hour; woe to them if they make not their post good!—therefore does this House of Commons weep,—'besides a great many whose grief made them dumb.'

Yet some, says Mr. Alured the younger, bore up in that storm.¹ Mr. Kirton says: 'He hopes we have hearts and 'hands and swords, too; he hopes we will not be trodden 'down into the mud without a word or two with our enemies, 'without a stroke or two with them!'² Dangerous words, like a glow of sheet-lightning across the weeping skies. Mr. Kirton's words being complained of, the House of Commons, on the morrow, upon question, with one accord did vindicate the same. 'In the end they desired the Speaker to leave the 'Chair,' 'that they might speak the freer and the frequenter, 'and commanded that no man go out of the House, upon pain

¹ Rushworth, i. 609.

² *Commons Journals*, i. 909.

consternation on every face, and could not speak for weeping

Sir Robert Philips rises — 'This, if ever any was, is a case for making a precedent, if there be none ready made' Philips in broken words attempts to utter his big thought 'Is it so, then? There is to be no hope, then, after all our humble and careful endeavours towards God and towards man, and no hope of rectifying these miseries, seeing our sins are many and great' Yes, it is our sins, I consider I surely am myself now, if ever at any moment, wrought upon and tempted to sin To the sin of impatience, poor Sir Robert means 'What was our aim, but to have done his Majesty service?' says he, but the big tears burst forth,—except in that way, his big thought can find no utterance, he sits abruptly down Oliver, I think, is pale in the face, and Mr Hampden's lips are closed like a pair of pincers Pym speaks, but Pym, too, breaks down with weeping It is such a scene as I never saw before

Tiery Eliot rises, in his eyes, too, are tears, but lightning also, our sins, he says, are exceeding great, if we do not speedily return to God, God will remove himself farther from us Sir John thinks, surely there must have been some misreport of us to his Majesty what did we aim at, but to vindicate the honour of his Majesty and of our country? 'As to his Majesty's Ministers, I persuade myself, no Minister 'how dear soever can'—Here the Speaker, feeling that a certain high Duke is aimed at, starts from his Chair,—tears in his eyes also,—says, 'There is a command laid upon me, —I must forbid you to proceed',—and Sir John, as if shot, plumps down silent.

And old Sir Edward Coke rises, Coke upon Lyttleton, tough old man, here in one of the last of his forensic fields, his old eyes beam with strange light, his voice is shrill, like a prophet's 'Mr Speaker, I——p——'! By Heavens! that tough old visage, too, is getting all awry, dissolved into weeping! Sir Edward, 'overcome with passion, seeing the desol-

good to take notice of, as of one of the remarkablest Sessions rescued from the torpid rubbish-mounds of Dryasdust, and set it conspicuous, as on a hill. No modern reader ever saw a House of Commons weeping. What spoonies! says the modern honourable Gentleman: Why did they weep? O modern honourable Gentleman, I will advise thee to reflect why;—reflect well upon it, and see if thou canst find why. It may chance to be of real profit to thee. Men in these days do not usually weep; the commonest case of weeping is that of the schoolboys whom you have cut off from their bun. The loss of one's bun, whether baked bun or other, is still a serious calamity: schoolboys, enamoured young gentlemen, romantic young ladies, and such like, do yet weep for the loss of their several sweet buns;—but it is justly thought improper in men. Men do not usually weep; men usually are not in earnest enough for weeping. 'It is a touching thing,' says Diderot (of his Father) 'to see men weep.' I call it a scandalous condition of affairs, in which one cannot weep except for the loss of one's bun: very scandalous, withered and barren, indeed:—the sign that soul has now become synonymous with stomach; which state of matters may the gods speedily put an end to for evermore! With stern satisfaction one discerns that if the gods do it not, the Devil will do it, before long!—

The Parliament, as we know, was not dissolved on the morrow: contrariwise, the King changed his hand, and determined to conciliate these Commons; weeping Commons, that dry their eyes with a Nation ranked behind them, reverent to man, but reverent before all to God, are a thing to be conciliated, if one can. Buckingham himself, a man not without discernment, advises it. His Majesty, with such softest speeches as he had, anxious to soothe, and to get his Subsidies, studies to mollify. For we meet on the morrow, which is Friday, and go on with our Declaration, and justify even the words of Kirton, about swords and our enemies' throats. On Saturday, his Majesty assembles us; with a

‘of going to the Tower. Then the Speaker humbly and earnestly besought the House to give him leave to absent himself for half an hour, presuming they did not think he did it for any ill intention; which was instantly granted him.’ Sir Edward again rises, his voice firmer this time, he says: ‘I now see God hath not accepted our late smooth ways; in our fear of offending, we have not dealt sincerely with the King. We should have laid bare these miseries to the roots, and spoken the truth. We have sinned against God therein.’—Old Sir Edward, actual Coke upon Lyttleton, thinks he has sinned against God. ‘Therefore, I,’ says the tough and true old man, ‘not knowing whether I shall ever speak here again, will speak freely; I do here protest that the author and cause of all these miseries is the Duke of Buckingham.’¹ Yea, yea! cries the voice of all the world, breaking the dread silence with acclamation: ‘which was entertained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House, as when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry.’ And we now vote, not only, that our Declaration shall go on, but that the Duke of Buckingham shall be expressly named in it; we will solemnly point him out; him, as the bitter root of all these sorrows; let us please God rather than man! And so, now our eyes are dry, just as the vote is passing, Speaker Finch comes back upon us, after an absence, not of half an hour, but of three whole hours,—for the chimes of Margaret’s are now ringing eleven—and informs us that we are to rise straightway, and no business farther in House or in Committee, by us or any part of us, to be done this day. ‘What are we to expect on the morrow,’ says Mr. Francis Alured, ‘God of Heaven knows.’ Dissolution, most probably, and confusion on the back of confusion! Sir, let us have your prayers, whereof both you and I have need.

This is the Session 5th June, 1628: which History thinks

¹ Rushworth, i. 609-10.

then ! A catspaw of the Duke ; that is worst of all. He, denizen of dark scoundrelism, deals with unclean spirits, with scandals and abominations, to help the Duke. Enemy of God and of England, servant of Duke and the Devil. Why has he emerged from the deep of scoundrelism into daylight this blessed June afternoon ? He has been at the play in Shoreditch this very afternoon—at the play. We copy the rest from historic Rushworth :

‘ At this very time, being June 18,¹ 1628, Doctor Lamb so-called, having been at a Play-house, came through the city of London ; and being a person very notorious, the Boys gathered very thick about him ; which increased by the access of ordinary People and the Rabble ; they presently reviled him with words, called him a Witch, a Devil, the Duke’s Conjurer, etc. ; he took Sanctuary in the *Windmill Tavern* at the lower end of the *Old Jewry*, where he remained a little space ; but there being two doors opening to several Streets out of the said House, the Rout discovering the same, made sure both doors, lest he should escape, and pressed so hard upon the Vintner to enter the House, that he, for fear the House should be pulled down, and the Wines in his Cellar spoiled and destroyed, thrust the imaginary Devil out of his House ; whereupon the tumult carried him in a crowd among them, howling and shouting, crying : a Witch, a Devil ; and when they saw a guard coming by the order of the Lord Mayor for the rescue of him, they fell upon the Doctor, beat him and bruised him, and left him for dead. With much ado the officers that rescued him, got him alive to the Counter ; where he remained some few hours, and died that night. The City of London endeavoured to find out the most active persons in this Riot ; but could not find any that either could, or, if they could, were willing to witness against any person in that business.’²

Here is an end to Doctor Lamb,—a man I never saw before. A most ugly weather-symptom, for Duke and Duke’s Patron ;—a protest not spoken in Grammatical Parliamentary Remonstrance, but written in violent mob hieroglyphics ; which, nevertheless, it would beseem a wise King to interpret well. The King interprets that it is violent spirits in the Commons who stir up all this ; makes double haste to

¹ 18th in Rushworth is a mistake or misprint for 13th.

² *Collections*, i. 618.

kind short speech, much to the purpose, confirms our Petition of Right, passes it in the usual way of Bills, with all formalities of sanction, 'Let right be done, and *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré.*' To the joy of all men; to the illumining of London again, had not the night been Saturday. We may pray our thanks on the Sabbath, but not illuminate.

If the Commons would now pass their Subsidy Bill, and go about their business! The Commons have their Declaration to perfect first; they have the Trailbaston, foreign Dalbier and Burlamachi to see into. Conciliatory Majesty annuls the whole Trailbaston business, discharges Dalbier, Burlamachi, Balfour, and all German horse whatsoever:—orders the proper authority to sell off the great saddles, disperse men, horse and all by the rapidest mode it can, and let the Trailbaston drop forever and a day,—the Trailbaston for one thing. Our Commons go on with their Declaration, debating daily with closed doors: the Subsidy-bills, for all our hurry, cannot be hastened beyond their own tortoise pace. And London simmers, deep and huge, round them; all dumb to us, to itself all-eloquent; hears, with a bright flash in every eye, that the Duke is actually to be named. Let him look to it. London has no *Times*' reports, Hansard's Debates: but what the Parliamentary sympathy of London was, rude dumb actions do still speak. For example:—Who is this coming out of the Tavern in Old Jewry on the evening of the 13th day of June, Friday evening? It is little more than a week since the noble House of Commons sat all weeping; and now the Duke, yes the Duke, is to be named. Do you see that scandalous old man?—an old man and an old sinner, Duke's Devil,¹—Dr. Lamb the name of him. A warlock, they tell me, a dealer with unclean spirits, himself, sure enough, a most unclean spirit,—tried for life before; his crimes shameful and horrible, his defence cynical; a beast, not of Pity they did not hang him

world ! If I were his Majesty, I would try to reconcile myself to this spirit ;—try to become Captain of it, as the likeliest way. His Majesty, a man of clear insight, but none of the deepest, determines on attempting to subdue it. The Destinies of England ordered that this English King should have no sympathy with the heart-tendency of England, therefore no understanding of it ; that he should nickname it Puritanism, mutiny, ‘violent spirits,’—and try whether he could subdue it.

CHAPTER VI

POPULAR DISCONTENT ON THE PROROGATION OF THIRD PARLIAMENT—BUCKINGHAM—FELTON— ROCHELLE, ETC.

[1628]

THUS is the Parliament sent home again ; and, as Mr. Strode says, a slight put upon it in print. For his Majesty causes his Prorogation Speech to be printed ;—issues, likewise, a Proclamation whereby the blame is shifted from his shoulders, and laid upon ours. His Majesty also saw good, in respect of the Reverend Roger Sycophant Manwaring,—brought to his knees in the House of Commons and sentenced to heavy penalties, —his Majesty sees good to forbear the same ; sees good on the contrary to confer on Dr. Sycophant the rich living of Stanford Rivers in Essex, with dispensation to hold that of St. Giles’s, the while :—there can Dr. Roger preach his Court doctrines, in town or country, much at his ease. His Book,¹ I think, is burnt according to sentence ; and Proclamation is issued, to talk no more about it ; which stops on the threshold a host of learned Anti-Roger Books and Pamphlets just coming out ; and, as we in Whitehall hope, finishes off this Reverend Dr. Sycophant affair in a judicious manner. Court Chaplains, minor Canons, any able

¹ Consisting of the two Sermons of July 1627. See *ante*, p. 194.

quicken the Subsidy bill, and get the Commons sent adrift — Declaration has the best heat in the Parliamentary oven, Subsidy bill is baking very slowly Declaration is presented, is accepted with sniffing politeness, Subsidy bill is still unready Patience, three days! Finally, mere Speaker Finch and Official men reporting that the Subsidy bill, though not handsomely ready, may now be eaten, hastily his Majesty quenches his Parliamentary oven in plain language, in a most hasty, flurried manner, prorogues the Commons, namely,¹ not even thanking them for his Subsidy bill The Subsidy bill, we said, was ready, though not handsomely ready the Tonnage and Poundage Bill was not ready at all The latter, meanwhile, as an indispensable item of our finance we determine to use, nevertheless The London Magistrates are fined heavily for Doctor Lamb the Commons' Members are all home in the counties Mr Cromwell, I think, at Huntingdon, reports the course of matters with due reticence and pious reflection to Dr Beard, and other judicious persons, that have a claim to that privilege His precise words are lost to us, but the meaning of them is very plain to us and every person for a thousand years or so,—all England meant what this Mr Cromwell was now meaning, and saw itself reduced to express the same in a dreadfully audible manner by and by! Puritanism shrank out of sight very submissively at the Hampton Court Conference, in furred gown, four and twenty years ago but out of being it could not shrink,—nourished as it was from the eternal fountains, and commanded by God himself to be It was, in furred gown, very submissive twenty four years ago but behold it now as a Parliament all in tears, with tough Coke upon Lyttleton, himself unable to speak,—yet urged on by the thought of offending God. A Parliament all drying its tears, in the name of God venturing to name the Duke, the very populace in chorus, after its own rude way, pouncing upon a Doctor Lamb A spirit wide as England, seemingly, deep as the

¹ On 26th June, 1628.

bell of an air-pump,—and will either awaken soon, or perish for evermore. We are still more unfortunate !

Lieutenant Felton, walking in those old hot days on the shady side of old London streets, is grown as grim as Rhadamanthus ; thinking of this state of affairs, thinking what, in these circumstances, a just man, fearing God and hating the Devil, ought to do. A short, swart figure, of military taciturnity, of Rhadamanthine energy and gravity ; on him more than on most this universal nightmare crushing down all English souls, sits heavy. O that the gods would tell this heavy-laden soul what he, for his part, ought to do in it ! The gods, or else the devils, perhaps will. Passing along Tower Hill, one of these August days, Lieutenant Felton sees a sheath-knife on a stall there, value thirteen pence,¹ of short, broad blade, sharp trowel-point, and very fair temper and dimensions,—made of an old sword, I think,—the glitter of it flashes into his eye, and into the eye of his soul, as a Heaven's response ; a gleam of monition in his great darkness. He pays down the thirteen pence, sticks the sheath-knife in his pocket, and walks away.

Meantime, we hear from Rochelle that matters there are coming to extremity. King Louis, Cardinal Richelieu, with big Bassompierre and huge-whiskered hosts, have beleaguered it, begirdled it, are staking up with piles and booms the very harbour ; they write to us for help, these poor Protestant Rochellers, 'with their tears and their blood.' Yes, in us there is help ! grimly mutters Felton, grimly mutters England. Our eight warships sent to batter them, which every man deserted except one gunner, who was shot,—in these there was a very singular 'help' ! And the great Duke's generalship in Rhé,—his expenditure, discomfiture, 2000 left in the brine-bogs,—was not that a help for you ?—My Lord of

¹ The price is variously given : some say tenpence, others say sixteenpence, others a shilling.

Gospel Preachers who will preach that men, if they do not lend us money on royal summons, will be damned—ought not they to have encouragement? Bishop Neile, Bishop Laud, the Right Reverend Fathers, are of that opinion. On which ground, too, Canon Montague, he who for five years has lived in hot water on our account, has gagged old geese and ganders in such masterly style, and been censured and badgered,—Canon Montague, we decide, shall have a Souls'-Overseership; he, if any, is fit to oversee souls:—if souls cannot get to heaven following Canon Montague, what chance have they otherwise? So it is decided. The See of Chichester falling vacant in these weeks, we settle, by *congé d'élire* and *nolo episcopari* and the other forms, that Canon Montague shall have it. These things a realm of England has to witness, while the yellow corn is rustling in the harvest sun of this year 1628: honourable gentlemen, following their reapers, flying their hawks in their several counties, have to hear of these things:—and answer them with an expressive though inarticulate 'huh!' variously accented.

It is Buckingham that has done it,—Neile and Laud, his spiritual bottle-holders; servants of the Scarlet Woman, thrice scandalous flunkies of the Man of Sin. Shall England be trodden down, then, into temporal and eternal ruin? Not our 'trade' only, but our salvation, the Gospel of the living God given up for a Devil's Gospel of Rubrics, of Mammon, of Flunkysim; England and all its children forsaking the Laws of God, and staggering down and ever down towards their, in that case, very inevitable goal, the Devil! Mr. Kirton hopes we are Englishmen; hopes we have hearts and hands, and sharp steel withal, to have a word or two with our enemies first, a stroke or two with them. Alas, how our fathers felt in those things, is all unknown to this more unfortunate enchanted generation; quack-ridden, hag-ridden, hell-ridden, till it has forgotten God altogether, and remembers only the cant of God; and now lies choking in a grey abyss of Inanities and vain Vocables, as in the exhausted

salt quagmire there. He rides into Portsmouth, and is lost in the general whirl of men.

Whether Buckingham has had his breakfast, or is only going to have it, whether he is entering into this dark passage or coming out of that dark passage, and how, in short, the matter was, my erudite friend is ignorant. Several different witnesses report each individual circumstance in a different way; and I reconcile myself without difficulty to be ignorant. The house is whirling with officials, menials, military gentlemen, naval gentlemen, with every conceivable business, including that of breakfasting and bartering. The Rhadamanthine Felton is elbowing about among the others. M. De Soubise has been arguing, talking loud with the Duke this morning, some thought in anger, but it was only the French excited manner: the Duke is now barbered, is breakfasted or about to breakfast, at any rate is come down stairs, and is stepping along, speaking into the ear of Sir Somebody,¹ a military gentleman unknown to me, who with low *congé*, takes his leave; the next moment there is a shriek from some strong voice. The Duke it is:—the Duke ineffectually grasping at his sword, staggers back, two serving-men, hastily rushing up, he staggers into their arms; he tugs at a knife sticking in his left breast, tugs it out, and a torrent of life-blood with it; and groaning only ‘The villain hath killed ‘me!’ sinks down into swift death;—from the pinnacle of England swiftly down into the bottomless deep forever. His poor Duchess running out in morning deshabille, looks over the stair balustrade,—what a sight! They lay him on a table; they leave him there:—he is dead, he is the pinnacle of England no more.

Felton did not hide himself: Felton, hearing them say it was the Frenchmen, said calmly: ‘It was I:’² a methodic

¹ Sir Thomas Fryer, one of Buckingham’s favourite Colonels: a ‘short man.’

² Felton withdrew to the kitchen after the dastardly deed; and some say that hearing the people cry out ‘A Frenchman! A Frenchman!’ and mistaking this cry for ‘Felton! Felton!’ he *then* surrendered himself.

Denbigh¹ went again this summer, his big sails they saw from the walls, looking wistfully—but nothing more. He could not get in,—him, too, they found a broken reed. Their tears and their blood—poor Rochellese! O England, England! And the Duke is going again, brave men once more are to be led by him. The Duke will try a second time whether he can play on the war fiddle—good Heavens! the patience of gods and men had need to be great!

Buckingham actually is going, busy, he, at Portsmouth, and the king is with him in these August days, getting ready a right gallant sea armament, putting forth the whole strength of England. If he can relieve Rochelle, it will be an immense relief to himself withal. He must do it, he must try to do it. The weight of a Nation's scorn and silent rage is not light upon a proud heart. Buckingham, in the centre of a gathering sea armament, with impatient French Soubises, hasty Sovereign Majesties, difficulties, delays, and every conceivable species of refractory official person, is one of the busiest men in all the world. On the Saturday morning, August 23rd, my Lady Denbigh at Newnham Paddox in Warwickshire, the sister of the great Duke, has a letter from her brother.

'Whereunto all the while she was writing her answer, she bedewed the paper with her tears, and after a most bitter passion [of weeping], whereof she could yield no reason but that her dearest brother was to be gone,—she fell down in a swoon. Her letter ended thus "*I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment, but I hope the great God of Heaven will bless you.*"²

Precisely about which time, I discover a swart, thick set figure riding into Portsmouth, taciturn, of Rhadamanthine gravity. Lo! it is Lieutenant Felton, he that bought the sheath knife on Tower Hill, for thirteen pence. Going to Rochelle, perhaps? He was near drowned last time in the

¹ Buckingham's brother in law

² *Reliquie Wottonianæ* (Lond 1685), p. 235

again. The townsmen saw it from the walls fade over the horizon; then opened their gates to the king's mercy, who did prove merciful. A ghastly population worn to shadows, the third soul only surviving, the rest dead of famine, desperate labour and sorrow:—so ends Protestant Rochelle; it is to be called Borgo Maria, in honour of the Queen Mother, our Queen's Mother, too. Ah, Guy Faux did not then perambulate the New Cut, a mere guy, as now: he was a ravening devil then, drunk with the blood of brave men! I hate him as the friend of Darkness, the cowardly slave of the Past, struggling to believe incredibilities, to cramp, handcuff, and mutilate his own God-given soul,—a most beggarly trade;—but it is with no perfect hatred; it is with a kind of sorrow rather, mainly with a kind of ennui. Men's one request of him is that he would cease to bore them; good Heavens, let him cease to bore us: on his own side of the pavement how free shall he be! he shall most freely live while there is a gasp of breath in him—were it for three centuries yet, as M. Jouffroy¹ counts.

Felton in his prison was visited by numerous friends; sternly reasoned with by friends and by foes. Solemn Puritans convinced him that he had done wrong; that his soul was too dark and grim; that the gleams of that sheath-knife, illuminating his inner chaos, was a light of Satan. Bishop Laud sternly demands his accomplices, his prompters. 'I had, and needed to have, none. In my own heart I thought to do God service. I now find it was a temptation of the Devil. My life is forfeited to the Law justly, to Man's Law and God's Law. As to accomplices, I have none—none!' 'If we put you to the rack, you will name them,' said Bishop Laud. 'Alas,' answered he, 'in the extremity of pain, I may name any one—I may name your lordship, for that matter!' Laud is for venturing on the rack, nevertheless; 'it must have been

¹ Théodore Simon Jouffroy (1796-1842), philosopher, and author of many works,—*Mélanges Philosophiques*, *Cours de Droit naturel*, *Cours d'Esthétique*, etc. Translator of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Reid.

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES'S THIRD PARLIAMENT—SECOND SESSION

[FEB.-MARCH, 1628-9]

STORMY CLOSE,—SPEAKER FINCH HELD DOWN IN THE CHAIR

CHARLES, it is very visible, had done his best to conciliate this Parliament; was conscious of a great effort for that purpose. Too 'conscious' of it, indeed: it was *his* best that he had done. There lay a rent between them, which he or they had little notion of; rent daily widening into an impassable chasm. The fact is: They were England, wanting to be governed and led; he was King and Governor, not of them but of a theoretic England, lying in cloudland, in the brain of his Majesty and some particular men.

By many messages, the king, bridling his quick, imperious, impatient humour, had tried to soothe this Parliament, and get his Subsidies, his Tonnages and Poundages, handsomely out of them: handsomely is better than unhandsomely. The royal choler spurts up through the conciliatory messages, like the chafing of a curbed steed; the paw of velvet, stroking you so gently, had an impatient set of talons in it! This the Commons felt; and, better than his Majesty, discerned the meanings, tendencies and probable issues of it:—with sadly presaging soul. We saw the whole House in tears towards the end of last Session. Let us now see the whole House dry-eyed, their eyes not weeping now, but blazing;—which indeed is the next consequence of such tears.

The Tonnage and Poundage, that sheet-anchor of royal Finance, has taken a sad course. The King thought and thinks it his without grant of Parliament: the Commons have again and again demonstrated, voted, not in the least to his Majesty's conviction, that it is *not* his; that it is theirs,

'the Parliament that set this man on.' The rack, answer the Judges, is not permitted by the Laws of England.¹ Felton cannot be racked as Guy Faux was.

On the 27th November, Felton is brought from the Tower to Westminster Gatehouse, takes his trial at the King's Bench; *guilty* by his own confession: Doom, Death at Tyburn. He laid his right hand on the bar, saying: 'My Lords, I have one other request. Will your Lordships add to my sentence that this hand, which did an act abhorrent to God's Law, be smitten off from me before I ascend the gibbet? It will be a satisfaction to my mind!' The Law of England, again consulted, says that there is now in it no such doom.² Felton dies at Tyburn on the 29th a grimly pious death in the sight of all men. His dead body is carried down to Portsmouth; hangs high there. I hear it creak in the wind through the old ages. An old almost forgotten tragedy. Clytemnestra's was not grimmer: and the Earth now covers it, as she does so many.

King Charles, in this excited condition of the English mind, sees good to put off the re-assembling of Parliament a little. Not while the news of Rochelle is fresh, not till Buckingham's death have become a familiar fact, and Felton have swung for some weeks, and we have got on our course again, let Parliament re-assemble. I have one glance more to give into this Parliament. We saw it weeping; we shall now see it dry-eyed.

¹ The judges unanimously declared that the use of the torture had been at all times unwarrantable by the laws of England.—*Pict. Hist. of England*, iii. 138.

² 'Mr Justice Jones answered that the law and no more should be his, hanging and no maiming.' Forster, *Life of Elict*, ii. 373.

The Parliament meets, as we can imagine, in no sunny humour. His Majesty expects to have his Tonnage and Poundage made into a Bill; the Commons have first of all to inquire strictly how Tonnage and Poundage have come to be levied, and Hon. Members to be coerced for it, without any Bill. Likewise, what the history of Roger Manwaring, Rector of St. Giles's has been, since we sentenced him last Session? The history of Sibthorp, Vicar of Brackley. The history of Canon Montague, whom we by solemn judgment covered under a bushel, and who now sees himself Bishop Montague, and set on a hill. Religion does not seem to be in too good a way. The Church presided over by Neile and Laud fails to give universal satisfaction: are there not causes of some dissatisfaction in the State of England? Space enough for controversy between a King of those humours and a Parliament of these? The debating, searchings for precedents, stretchings of old forms in the new necessities,—the summonings, the royal messages, the questionings and canvassings, the speakings and silences; the mood of mind within doors and without;—let the reader conceive them even in a vague manner! ‘Pass me my Tonnage and ‘Poundage Bill,’ reiterates his Majesty, ‘Pass it, and then, ‘there will be no brabbling about it! Chambers and Rolle ‘will pay their Customs when the Bill is passed, and say ‘nothing—Pass it, I say!’ The Commons consider that—they have an admirable reticence in them, these Commons—they consider that—that—it will be better to consider the state of Religion first; that the state of God’s Church among us is of more pressing moment than are his Majesty’s Tonnage and Poundage. We will take the two together; but have our Grand Committee of Religion sitting as the first and main business. ‘*A Jove principium,*’ quote they: begin with Heaven, if you want to have anything blessed on Earth. ‘Grant me patience!’ cries his Majesty, fuming and chafing. ‘Ye Commons, pass me my Tonnage and Poundage!’ Patience, your Majesty, O patience, curb them not too tight,

and shall be his when they give it him. Tedious debates, raking up of precedents, splitting of Constitutional hairs. Do the Commons mean to say we can or shall do without our revenue of Tonnage and Poundage? His Majesty prorogued Parliament last Session, the Tonnage and Poundage Bill not passed, only advancing with an intolerable slowness towards passing,—and decided to levy the 'Tonnage and Poundage, without a Bill, as usual.

Constitutional men and merchants refuse to pay; their goods are seized, they are haled up to the Council; have *ore tenus* to stand. Richard Chambers had a cargo of grograms coming in from Bristol. 'Tonnage and Poundage for 'them?' 'No,' answers Chambers, vehemently 'No.'—And before the Council says vehemently that England is growing intolerable for a mercantile man, that in Turkey itself merchants are not screwed as they are here.¹ Rash words; for which the said Richard had to stand examinations, to pay fines, to lie in prison;—the first of a lifelong course of tribulations, of Tonnage and Poundage martyrdom, to the said Richard. Merchant Rolle's goods, too, have been seized; Rolle, is an Hon. Member;²—and when he pleaded to the Customhouse men, saying, 'Am not I an Hon. 'Member?' they answered, 'If you were the Parliament itself, 'we must do it.' Besides, the Petition of Right has been wrong engrossed in the Record Office, has been wrong printed. It is engrossed, it is printed, not as we ordered and anticipated, with his Majesty's second clear conclusion and complete answer, but with his first hesitating, incomplete, and altogether dubitable one. The Printer says he had 1500 copies printed with the proper second answer, but was ordered to cancel these. Only three of them got into circulation; it is the Petition with its first answer that now circulates; an altogether lame and impotent Petition. Wherefore are these things?

¹ Rushworth, i. 639. State Trials, vi. 373.

² John Rolle, Member for Kellington.

happy that, under never such obstructions, he has got a bit of his mind spoken, a fraction of his message done in this House, whither England has sent him to speak for her. Veteran Sir Robert Philips does not compliment the young Member 'on 'his speech,' bless the mark! but he follows up the young Member's meaning;—*does* yea to it, which is better than *saying* yea. Mr. Crewe has taken down the young Member's words;—in the *Commons Journals* of that day, 11th February 1628-9, is this entry: '*Ordered*, That Dr. Beard of Huntingdon be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify 'against the Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered 'to Mr. Cromwell.'

These words of the young Member for Huntingdon, 'Flat 'Popery,' and 'what are we to expect?' shall stand as the epitome to us of that Grand Committee; its doings and debatings in those weeks thereby rendered dimly conceivable to us. Bishop Neile and Bishop Laud are named as the grand fomenters of that anti-English, anti-Gospel tendency in the Church of this country; solemnly named and complained of by the Commons of England; let them think of that! Not lightly or factiously, but solemnly, as an act of real sacredness. Select readers, patient of old verity buried in dead torpid phraseology, who may read this Resolution¹ will find, after repeated perusals, a strange tremor of a nobly pulsing heart still traceable in it: profound reverence to God's Anointed, but still profounder reverence to God; and simple-hearted, wise and genuine old fathers, standing solemn, sorrowful, as with eyes wet and yet stern, between these two contradictions. For the hour in this world's history has arrived. You, will you serve Christ or Antichrist? meaning withal: You, will you serve Truth or Falsity in the cast-clothes of Truth? Do you know in your hearts, with joy and awe, that the Present also is alive; or do you know only that the Past *was* alive and that you are dead clock-work set in motion by the Past? Heavens, what shadows and con-

¹ Against Jesuitism and Arminianism.

these Commons of England; they should be ridden with a strong yet gentle bridle-hand. 'Methinks I see a cloud'; so do I, your Grace!

It was on the 11th of January, 1629, by our reckoning, while this Grand Committee is sitting, that Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, driven by zeal for God's House, made his first speech in Parliament, declaring on the authority of Dr. Beard how 'flat Popery had been preached by Dr. 'Alablaster at Paul's Cross.'—A first appearance in regard to the temper of that Parliament no less than to the person of the speaker.¹

Flat Popery, Doctor Beard said. Manwaring, whom you sentenced, is gone to Stanford Rivers. Montague, whom three Parliaments solemnly decreed to cover under a bushel, that he might not pervert men, is Bishop of Chichester by Neile's procurement, he is set on a hill. 'If these be the steps to Church preferment, what are we to expect?'² The Honourable Member sits down with glowing face and eyes:

¹ *Letters and Speeches*, i. 65

² So ended Cromwell's first Speech according to *Parliamentary History* (on the authority of Crewe); but in a report of the speech by Nicholas these words do not occur, whence some historians conclude that Cromwell did not speak them on this occasion. Omissions are common in reporting, interpolations or additions are comparatively rare; and the reader may judge for himself whether it is not quite as likely that Nicholas, who reported the first part of the Speech very fully, failed to catch the conclusion as that Crewe added to the Speech words that were not spoken! What motive could he have had for making such an addition? 'If these be the steps,' etc., appears to have been a common enough expression, made use of by more than one honourable member on more than one occasion. Carlyle makes a further interesting reference to the subject in another part of this MS., where he writes "If these be the steps to promotion [*sic*] what are we to expect?" flows on the whirlwind of Tradition like that other speech written down one not when first or where first by the phantasm Nennius: "*Eu Saxones saxes!*"—Winged words have verily a singular power of themselves through dense and rare, through the dark berries, and arrive clear, fresh and still on winged feet.—For *Eu Saxones*, etc., see *Six Old English Chronicles*

no other answer. Learned Selden, therefore, with a shrill voice (it was on Thursday 19th February, next week after Mr. Cromwell's 'flat Popery') cried: 'If there be any near the King that mispresent our actions, let the curse light on them, not on us! and believe it, it is high time to vindicate ourselves in this case, else it is vain for us to sit here.'¹ The learned Selden is getting shrill. The House, fiery Sir John Eliot for its spokesman, [declares] that it ought to be so; that Mr. Rolle ought to have privilege in this case.² Put that question. Speaker Finch says, 'he dare not put that question, he is otherwise commanded by the king!'³ Learned Mr. Selden is thereupon heard yet shriller: 'Dare you not, Mr. Speaker; dare you not put this question when we command you? What is a Speaker that *dare* not put our questions? We may sit still and look at one another; business is at an end. Other Speakers in other cases may say they have the king's command! Sir, *we* sit here by command of the king under the Great Seal of England; and you, by his Majesty, sitting in his royal chair before both Houses, are appointed to be our Speaker. Do your office!'⁴ The Speaker dare not: other Hon. Members objurgatively bid, with higher and higher vehemence; he weeps, he dare not, resolutely will not. What is to be done? The House adjourns 'in some heat' till the day after tomorrow, that we may consider and see. Till Wednesday, the day after tomorrow; and on Wednesday the king, finding the House and all things still in some heat, thinks it will be better if they adjourn till Monday next, and try whether they can cool a little. Monday, 2nd of March is the winding up of an epoch in the Parliamentary History of England; and a scene which the readers of these pages shall

¹ Rushworth, i. 658.

² *Commons Journals*, i. 932.

³ Rushworth, i. 660.

⁴ Forster (*Life of Eliot*, ii. 438*n*) says, 'Even Rushworth, misled by the passionate speeches spoken in this debate' of 19th February, 'has transferred to it also a portion of the proceedings which belong to the 2nd of March. It was not until the latter day that the speeches of Eliot and Selden, there misplaced, were delivered.'

fusions, from foreign parts, foreign centuries and places, do eclipse and bewilder the poor soul of man ! *Woh dir, dass Du ein Enkel bist !* Woe to thee, that thou art the grandson of so many grandfathers that were—not wise ! Dead rubbish is piled over thee to the zenith

A happy issue to this Parliament becomes as good as impossible The Right Revd Father in Christ, Dr Neile, the Right Revd Father, Dr Laud, the king's spiritual counsellors and right hand men, are named as prime disturbers of this Church and Kingdom , the Tonnage and Poundage Bill is not passed , only bottomless questions, about the king's right to sue and seize for it without a Bill, are stirred,—filling the nation with confusion 'Pass me my Bill' if I need a Bill, 'pass it !' cries the king, with flaming eyes, studying to be mild 'Deign to understand, O anointed Majesty, that your Majesty does verily need a Bill !' urge the Commons in a low tone, low but deep Matters grow worse and worse Dawes and Carmarthen, leviers of the Customs, have been questioned , they have the king's warrant, the king vindicates them Richard Chambers feels that he is worse screwed than in Turkey Rolle, the Hon Member, has been served with a *subpœna* Doctor Beard is coming up from Huntingdon to testify of flat Popery , Burgess, the Bailiff, has run, it is supposed, for Ipswich, and the Serjeant is after him he has been heard to say, I have been among a company of Parliamentary hell hounds and Puritans , thank God, I am out !—There has been terrible examining of Popish Colleges in Clerkenwell, of reprinting the Petition of Right, of seizing Hon Mr Rolle's goods, of serving Mr Rolle with a *subpœna* from the Attorney General to Burgess the Bailiff, no man could think himself safe

But, in fine, as we say, the Customs officers, cross-question them as we may, reply only 'That they seized these goods for such duties as were due in the time of King James , that his Majesty sent for them on Sunday last, and bade them make

right hand, and Walter Long¹ on his left, this morning : there they have taken place, there, above his Majesty's official servants, who sit on the lower stage in front. For what end ? Denzil's face, too, is loaded with a certain gloom. What face is not so loaded ? Mr. Hampden's lips are shut, his clear eyes wide open. Mr. Oliver Cromwell looks mere anxiety and gloom, as if some Last Day were arrived.

First business, Order of the Day, is that we put that question concerning Mr. Rolle. 'That question, that question, put that question !' Mr. Speaker answers on the contrary that he has a message from his Majesty to adjourn this house till the 10th instant. 'That question, put that question !' cries the body of the House, in sorrow, in anger, in a whirl of manifold emotions. Speaker cannot, Speaker dare not ;—'Put it, the question, put it !' Eliot is offering to speak ; offering, and again offering :—Speaker, grieved to say he must withdraw then, rises to his feet for that purpose : 'What ho, Mr. Speaker !' Denzil Holles, Walter Long, the resolute Hon. gentlemen, are upon him, each by a shoulder : 'By the Eternal God, you shall not go, Mr. Speaker ! you shall sit there till the House give you leave !' 'Shame !' cries Hayman ; 'you are a tool for tyranny !' 'Hold him down !' Such a scene was never seen in any House of Commons. They hold the Speaker down :—the House all piping like the whirlwind. Hear Eliot now.

Eliot says :² 'We have prepared a short declaration of our intentions which I hope will agree with the honour of the House and the justice of the King' ; 'and with that he threw down a paper into the floor of the said House' ; saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I desire it may be read !' Speaker starts up again ; is fairly out of his chair : 'What ho !' Valentine and Holles drag him in again. Hold him down ! 'I desire that paper may be read.' 'No,' cry some ; 'Oh,' cry all ; 'read, read,' very many. House much troubled. Mr. Coryton 'strikes' Mr. Winterton ; good Heavens ! Official persons

¹ Or Benjamin Valentine, say some.

² Rushworth, i. 667.

contemplate for a moment With faithful industry, refusing to be seized with locked-jaw, we fish out the details from Rushworth and Law indictments—slumberous lakes of Dry-asdust—and present them dimly visible to men

Monday, 2nd March 1628 9—The public emotion has not in the least calmed itself, the Parliament is hot as ever, smoking towards flame The whisper goes round his Majesty has decided to dissolve this Parliament straightway, such is his Majesty's resolution This Monday we are to be adjourned again, then straightway dissolved The Royal Proclamation is already drawn¹ Our Speaker will never put that question of Mr Rolle's privilege,—put any question more Speakers of Parliament shall not 'dare' to put questions Tonnage and Poundage will be levied without Bill, Neile and Laud will go on with Arminian rubrics, Treasurer Weston screwing men and merchants worse than the Turks do are the Laws of God and Man about to be violated with impunity in this England? Ye men and Hon Members that stand in the gap, it rests now with you! Of you now, as they do of us all, in a more than usually emphatic way, the past generations of England and the future alike ask 'Will you trembling steal from your post? Will you not trembling, stand by it?' 'We will stand by it,' answers Eliot, answer hot Denzil Holles, hot William Strode from the west, Walter Long and others Monday morning comes let us enter this far distant House of Commons, dim-visible, authentic across the extinct centuries, and see.

Speaker Finch, though he is on the wrong side, is a man one could pity this Monday morning, alas! whom could one not pity? They have arrived at the rending point, in this living social frame of England, fibre is to be torn from fibre—not without pain Speaker Finch's face, I think, is distressed with many cares Hot Denzil Holles is seated on his

¹ Rushworth, i. 661

The messenger returns to Whitehall with that strange tidings. 'Be quick, Holles!' Holles is quick; Holles is ready: but hark! Here is another knock. Usher of the Lords' House and Black Rod, James Maxwell, by his Majesty's command. 'House locked, key lost, can't get in':—Holles, standing by the Speaker, since the Speaker is speechless, will himself, in this very exceptional case, crave leave to put the following three Resolutions, of which the House will signify its sense, say Ay, say No:—the Ayes have it: there is nothing else but Ayes. Three Resolutions which the most fastidious modern reader shall not get off without reading. No! all men, to the latest posterity, who hope to be governed by realities, in place of accredited false formulas; by true living Gospels, instead of dead cobwebs and 'four surplices at All-hallowtide,' shall read these three Resolutions, and with thankfulness say Ay!

1. 'Whosoever shall bring in innovation in religion, or by favour seek to extend or introduce Popery or Arminianism, or other opinion disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth.'—Ay! four hundred ayes.—Twenty-seven million ayes!

2. 'Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking or levying of the Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage, not being granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the Government, and capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth.'—Ay, ayes, as above!

3. 'If any merchant or other person whatsoever shall voluntarily yield or pay the said Subsidies of Tonnage and Poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberty of England, and an enemy to the same.'

Ay! Twenty-seven million ayes, or three hundred million, from Europe, America, and the Colonies!

and such like want to go out Sir Miles Hobart, 'of his own hand,' locks the door, puts the key in his pocket. Read! Read! House much troubled Stode says openly 'Shall we be scattered like sheep, and a scorn put upon us in print?' 'Sir, I move that this paper be read stand up, you that would have it read!'—Many stand up—does not Mr Hampden, does not Mr Oliver Cromwell?—Still the paper lies unread Mr Selden 'Must the Clerk read that paper' Clerk does not read, how can a clerk, his Speaker being speechless? 'Keep the door shut, hold him down!' Since the paper cannot be read, Eliot will take the liberty to speak the substance thereof It is That Neile and Laud are disturbers of the church of England, that many of his Majesty's Privy Council are going on wrong courses, that Treasurer Weston walks in the Duke's footsteps, let us accuse Treasurer Weston, let the Commons of England declare as capital enemies to the King and Kingdom all that will persuade the King to take Tonnage and Poundage without grant of Parliament, and that, if any merchants shall willingly pay these duties without consent of Parliament, they shall be declared accessaries to the rest—That will have an effect, whatever become of it 'no man was ever blasted in this House, but a curse fell on him!'—Speaker shudders in his chair, he is chained there like Prometheus!—Yes! if he levy Tonnage and Poundage without a Bill, it may be the worse for him Walter Long says 'If any man shall give away my liberty and inheritance (I speak of the merchants) I note him for a capital enemy of the Kingdom' So the House pipes like the whirlwind, articulate, inarticulate, and Holles constraining the Speaker to sit, is redacting something, putting it in pen and ink.

Hark! a knocking at the door! 'Who knocks?' 'His Majesty desires the Serjeant to attend him' 'Silence!' 'His Majesty desires the Serjeant, Edward Grimston, the Serjeant!' 'Alas, the door is locked, and the key gone I can't get out!'

high females of the Buckingham kindred were troubled with tendencies to Popery; some of them were healed by pitched fights, others would not be saved, but healed evermore, and fairly canted at last into the lap of the Man of Sin. And many a gracious Lady Rich, and gracious Lady Poor de la Poor, —beautiful Appearances that graced the current of this world's history for a season,—gracious high dames not a few;—who would not try to save such souls, if it lay in him! Father Laud, for the Championship of England, had a three days' wrestle with Fisher, the Jesuit; and beat him into jelly, I would hope. Nay, the controversy, once world-celebrated, is in print; but no man henceforth to the end of the world can read it. Open it;—the print is clear, but there lurks in it mere torpidity. Guy Faux has ceased to be a Devil, has become a guy; rolls softly through the New Cut over the powdered ashes of Dragon's teeth and old dust of extinct Lions; begs merely for a few halfpence to buy beer.—

Puritan Chaplains and souls' Instructors have now changed themselves into Newspaper Leading Articles, dilettante Art and Artists, into George-Sand-Balzac Novels, and I know not what: the soul, as I apprehend, in this modern England, has learnt the way of dispensing with instruction, or taking that as it pleases to come; as Welsh Ponies do their corn,—when they can get it. 'Intellect once divorced from rank,' says my dark friend, 'signifies that rank is preparing for annihilation; that much is verging towards chaos!'—The last genuine relation between the two that has been seen in England, was this now forgotten one, of an earnest religious aristocracy to earnest Puritan Chaplains in the seventeenth Century. In the next, stern Samuel, with a stroke like Thor's, had to smite Patronage on the crown. Intellect stalks solitary, like an Angel of Destruction, through the world;—Rank, a beautiful idiot, rolls placidly towards its doom.

And now, having passed these Resolutions, vanish! Miles Hobart produces his key, Speaker is released, House of Commons disperses. King's Guard coming down with sledge hammers, finds the door wide open, House of Commons gone, vanished into infinite night—On March 2nd their Journal has no entry but that they were adjourned to the 10th March, the tenth has no entry at all, but stars. There was no House of Commons, then, on the 10th. The King speaks his Dissolution that day to the Lords,—no Commons there,—and calls the Commons 'vipers'. It is the last Parliament for eleven years.

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGIOUS ARISTOCRACY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

How the Country Gentlemen had Puritan Chaplains, Tutors, instructing their households in the way of heavenly Truth, how noble dames and high lords listened to the voice of Gospel Doctrine, and had real 'Spiritual advisers' as a lamp to their path, and all England got impregnated with the wisdom preached abroad in Judea long ago,—these facts, now fallen into oblivion with us, might give rise to reflexions. Pitched fights in Theology, lasting sometimes for a couple of days, were common in noble houses. James, Primate of Ireland, Lecturer for the present, in Covent Garden, is a main hand at such operations. He strikes your Jesuit on the hollow of the body like a real artist, knocks the wind out of him one good time for all, the Jesuit, with a gasp, says 'I am well punished for my presumption in arguing with such a man'. Beautiful souls, oftenest of the female sex, look on with more than curiosity, reward the victor with glances that mean mitres. Ought not he to have a mitre, and crosier, or shepherd's crook, who can save his flock from the wolves who can lead souls safe, and land them in heaven? Several

say; but in any case the sight was certainly wonderful enough. Convents and ancient Papal practices had passed before the eyes of Nicholas; awakening deep questions in his heart. The way to get to an eternal Heaven? Yes, that is the question. By what road shalt thou travel, O my soul? Surely the steepest road or the sternest, through Gethsemane fields, eremite Thebaid, through flaming death-portals and the abysses of creation,—any road in such case were easy! To Nicholas this world was all a dramatic shadow, infinitely important as symbolising heavenly higher worlds, not important otherwise. The money lucre, traffic and poor profit-and-loss of this world grew yearly more insignificant to Nicholas; and the question: Which way leads to the interior Sea of Light through these phenomena? growing ever more intense, childlike presentiments re-awaken on you in the pressure of serious manly affairs.

Nicholas returns to England, tries employment under the Virginia Company, becomes Member of Parliament (1624), soon retires from public life, sad, silent, unserene of aspect, revolving in him many thoughts. His mother living, a pious clear old lady; he has a brother pious, a sister or sisters pious; the question with them all is: Which way, O ye kind Heavens, which way?

The traffic of the elder Ferrars, all winded up, yields reasonable sufficiency of money; traffic protracted to never such lengths, can do no more. Not traffic henceforth; henceforth our childlike presentiment how to be realised? Alas, how? For the world, with its rolling wains and loud tumult, here in London City, is importunate and soul-distracting. In the Eastern mosses of Huntingdonshire, comes offering for sale, the decent Manorhouse of Gidding Parva; Little Gidding Manor, with due fields and competent rentals:—Church, Manorhouse, and solitary lands of Little Gidding all our own; —why not? The Ferrars, club: ' chase this Little Gidding establishment, ag and baggage, man and maid, and held of

CHAPTER IX

NICHOLAS FERRAR—THE NUNNERY OF
LITTLE GIDDING¹

ONE night, about the time when King James was progressing southward to take possession of his crown, stirring all England into incontrollable confluences, and giving a dissolving view to the young grey eyes at Hinchinbrook, a certain other infantine character, in the upper room of a merchant's house in the City of London, was busied praying at great length, and with the intensest devotion. Nicholas Ferrar was the name of this young person; a creature religious by nature and habit; and carried away on this occasion into altogether extraordinary heights. He prayed the whole night, it would seem, with ever increasing fervour, felt himself lifted up, as some of the Catholic Saints have been known to do; had a foretaste of heaven; had a presentiment, such as a young heart in its preternatural expansion was capable of, that he ought to devote himself, soul and body and endeavour, to the special service of the Highest, in this vale of temptations and tears. This night, in Nicholas Ferrar's history, has, amid the general dark oblivion all round it, become clear to me.

Much afterwards is dark and dim; the merchant and his fortunes went the common course; in the path of Nicholas, too, there had occurred the inevitable chances and changes. His father had died, his mother still lived; he himself, grown now to be a man, unable to execute his childlike presentiment as yet; had been at Cambridge; had travelled, for instruction withal; had got as far as Rome, looked with wonder on the face of Antichrist himself, the Holy Father so-called;—whether Antichrist or not, Nicholas could not

¹ There is a brief account of the Nunnery of Little Gidding in Carlyle's *Cromwell*, i. 73 4.

the one he answered : That a neighbour Minister, of another Parish, came on Sunday mornings and preached in their Chapell, and sometimes they went to his Parish. To the other : That their calling was to serve God ; which he took to be the best. I replied that for men in health, and of active bodies and parts, it were a tempting of God to quit our callings, and wholly to betake ourselves to Fasting, Prayer and a contemplative Life, which by some is thought to be no better than a specious kind of idleness. . . . He rejoined : That they had found diverse perplexities, distractions and almost utter ruine in their callings. But if others knew what comfort and content God had ministered unto them since their sequestration, and with what incredible improvement of their livelyhood, it might encourage others to the like course. I said that such an imitation [or innovation] might be of dangerous consequence, and that if any, in good case before, should fall into Poverty, few afterwards would follow the example.

‘ For their Nightwatchings, and their rising at four o’clock in the morning,—which I thought was too much for one of four score years, and for children ; to the one he said : It was not much, since they always went to bed at seven of the clock in the evening. For the other, he confessed there were every night two, *alternatim*, continued all night in their devotions, that went not to bed until the rest arose. For the Crosses, he made me the usuall answer :—That they were not ashamed of that Badge of Christian profession, which the first Propugners of the faith bore in their banners, and which we in our Church Discipline retain to this day. For their Chapell, that it was now near Chapell-time (for eleven is the houre in the forenoon) and that I might, if I pleased accompany them thither, and so satisfy myself best of what I had heard concerning that. . . . In the meantime I told them I perceived all was not true I had heard of the place ; for I could see no such Inscription on the frontispiece of the House, containing a kind of Invitation of such as were willing to learn of them or would teach them better. . . . He barring me from further compliments said, The ground of that Report hung over my head, we sitting by the chimney. On the chimney piece was a ms. Tablature ; which, after I had read, I craved leave to beg a copy thereof . . . which he forthwith took down, and commanded to be presently transcribed and given me. . . . The words of the protestation are as followeth :

“ H. M. S.

He that by reproofe of our errors and remembrance of that which is more perfect, seeks to make us better, is wellcome as an Angel of God,

He that by a cheerful participation and approbation of that which is good, confirms us in the same, is Wellcome as a Xian Friend.

them,—some twenty souls in all, waving the world and its traffic a long adieu¹

And so there establishes itself, amid the prose realities of that time, one of the strangest poetico devotional facts, such as only the earlier heroic times, under quite other circumstances, were used to, figuring now upon us almost as a dream. For Nicholas has been ordained Deacon, he is not head of the house only, but Pontiff of it, and the house is wholly as a Convent or Priory, there for devotion alone. Night and day in the little parish Church or Manor Chapel, the ritual goes on without sleep or slumber at all hours of the dark or daylight, you can say to yourself some portion of the Prayer Book is getting itself executed, the men and women divided into relays (like ship-watches), relieve one another by turns, and the praying and chanting slumbers not nor sleeps. Is not that strange enough in a country where all Abbeys are voted down, and Hinchinbrook Convent has become the dwellingplace of the Golden Knight? Cursory readers have heard of it in Isaac Walton and others, not without uncertainty, astonishment. But there is no doubt of it. Cursory readers, if they please to take a country excursion with a friend of ours, extant in those times, named ‘Mr G,’—shall see it with eyes,—with G’s eyes, almost as good as their own. Painful Thomas Hearne has been so good as print the narrative of Mr G,—stick it into strange neighbourhood, as is his wont, from which it is still extricable and extractable.

Who ‘Mr G’ was?² The gods and painful Thomas Hearne are as good as silent. A Gray’s Inn Lawyer, says Thomas Hearne, . . . a vanished name and man. A clear man nevertheless, of solid legal knowledge, business habits,

¹ Ferrar’s mother had bought Little Gidding some time before this, and Nicholas joined her there in 1625, as later accounts show.

² Hearne calls him Mr Lenton. The Narrative is in the form of a Letter from Lenton to Sir Thomas Hedly. See *Thomæ Cuius Vindiciæ Antiquitatis Academicæ Oxoniensis* (1730), ii. 702-94.

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'I came thither after ten, and found a fair house, fairly seated, to which I passed through a fine grove and sweet walks, latticed and gardened on both sides.

A man-servant brought me into a fair spacious parlour, whither, soon after, came the old gentleman's second Sonne (Nicholas), a bachelor of a plain presence, but of able speech and parts who, after I had, as well as in such case I could, deprecated any ill conceit of me, for so undutiful and bold a visit, entertained me very civilly, and with humility yet said that I was the first that had ever come to them in that kind

After deprecations and some compliments, he said I should see his Mother, if I pleased I, shewing my desire, he went up into a chamber, and presently returned with these, namely, his Mother, a tall straight, clear-complexioned grave matron of eighty years of age, his elder Brother married (but whether a widower I asked not), a short black complexioned man, his Apparell and Haire so fashioned as made him shew Priestlike, and his Sister married to one Mr Cooles, by whom she hath fourteen or fifteen children, all which are in the house, which I saw not yet, and of these, and of two or three Maidservants, the family consists. I saluted the Mother and Daughter, not like Nuns, but as we used to salute other Women And after we were all set circular wise, and my deprecations renewed, to the other three, I desired that, to their favour of entertaining of me they would add the giving of me a free liberty to speak ingenuously, what I conceived of anything I should see or have heard of, without any distaste to them Which being granted, I first told them what I had heard of the Nuns of Gidding, of the watching and praying all night, of their Canonical Houres, of their Crosses on the outside and inside of their Chapell, of an Altar there richly decked with Plate, Tapestry and Tapers, of their adorations and gemiculations at their entering therein, which, I objected, might savour of superstition and Popery Here the younger Sonne, the mouth for them all, cut me off, and to this last answered, First, with a protestation, that he did as verily believe the Pope to be Antichrist as any article of his Faith Wherewith I was satisfied and silenced touching that point. For the Nunnery, he said That the name of Nuns was odious, but the truth from whence that untrue report might arise was, that two of his Nieces had lived, one thirty, the other thirty two years virgins, and so resolved to continue (as he hoped they would) the better to give themselves to fasting and prayer, but had made no Vowes. For their Canonical Houres, he said they usually prayed six times a day, twice a day publicly in the Chapell, and four times privately in their house . . . I said if they spent so much time in praying, they would leave little for preaching or for their weekly callings. For the one I vouched the Text, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the Law," etc. For the other, "Six days," etc. To

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divers other things that a Dinner-time would have best ministered matter for. But instead of making me stay, he helped me in calling for my Horses,—accompanying me even to my stirrup. And so, I, not returning to the House, as we friends met, so we parted.

‘ . . . They are extraordinarily well reported of by their poor neighbours: that they are very liberal to the poor, at great cost in preparing physic and surgery for the sick and sore, whom they also visit often; and that some sixty or eighty poore people they task with catechisticall questions, which when they come and make answer to, they are rewarded with Money and their Dinner. . . . I find them full of humanity and liberality, and others speak as much of their charity, which I also verily believe, and therefore am far from censuring them, of whom I think much better than of myself. . . .’

Mr. G. thought, we see, they might perhaps invite him to stay to dinner; but they did not;—he rides forth at the gate again, bowed out by Nicholas Ferrar; and becomes, in soul as in body, to all persons henceforth, a vanished man.

Nicholas Ferrar spent much of his odd time in binding Church Books, in illuminating MSS., in writing Polyglot Bibles, making Commentaries, etc.:—a somewhat melancholy way of living, one would think. Alas, to penetrate into that Heaven’s-splendour, and live there by any method, is not easy: and many have to stop by the way, involved in briars and intricacies, and say to themselves: ‘Is not *this* it? I can go no further; this shall be it.’ The prayer-relays work steady, and for nine or ten years henceforth, at any hour from noon to midnight, and midnight round to noon again, you can say to yourself: There rises a chaunt or prayer from Gidding Parva now. That, after its kind, is a perpetual tattoo-firing of devotional musketry with the Tower stamp, Lambeth stamp,—calculated, you would say, to effect a breach at last, and take heaven by storm? O Nicholas, my somewhat sombre gentleman!—I respect all earnest souls, and am withal to see under what imaginations, hearsays, night-bewilderments, pressures of the Time-element piled high as the zenith, the soul of man has to live, and comfort it can.

But

He that any ways goes about to divert
or disturb us, in that which is and
ought to be amongst Xians, though it
be not usuall in the world, is a Burthen
while he stays, and shall beare his
judgement, whosoever he be

He that faults us, in absence, for that
which in presence he made shew to
approve of, shall by a double guilt, of
Flattery and Slander, violate the bonds
of Friendship and Christianity

Mary Ferrar, Widowe,
Mother of this Family,
aged about Four score yeares,
that bids adieu to all Fears and Hopes of this world,
and only desires to serve God "

But we passed from this towards the Chapell, being about
forty paces from the house Yet staid a little (as with a parenthesis) by
a glass of sack, sugarcake and a fine napkin, brought by a mannerly
maid . . . At the entering [of the Chapell] he [N Ferrar] made a
low obeysance, few paces further, a lower, coming to the Half pace,
which was at the East end, where the Table stood, he bowed to the
ground, if not prostrated himself, then went up into a fair large reading-
place (a preaching place being, of the same proportion, right over against
it) The Mother with all her Traine (which were her Daughter and
Daughter's Daughters, had a faire Island Seat. He placed me above,
upon the Half-pace, with two faire longe window cushions of green velvet
before me. . . The Daughter's four Sonnes knelt all the while at the
edge of the Half pace all in black gownes, and they went to church in
round Monmouth-caps (as my man said, for I looked not back),—the
rest all in black, save one of the Daughter's Daughters, who was in a
Fryer's grey gowne We being thus placed, the Deacon 'apestry
now call him)¹ with a very loud and distinct voice began w
read divers prayers and collects, in the book of Commo
Athanasius his creed, and concluded with the "Peace of G
ended, the Mother and all her company attended my comm
her sonne Deacon told her I would stay a while to view
So with all their civil salutations towards me (which I

(for so I must
with the Lady,
a prayer, and
ed etc. All
ve down, but
the Chapell

decorations, etc, with questions and answers thereon, fasting and pri of the Chape,
It being now twelve o'clock we ended, bures, he said
called for my horses, hoping that hereupon he woly in the Chape
stay dinner,—not that I cared for meat . . if they spent our discourse, and I
gained more time to have seen and observed nathing or for theuld have invited me to
whether the virgins and younger sort would. He that turneth but that I might have
other, "Six days," more of their fashions, I
I have mingled with us, w

¹ Nicholas had received Deacon

said. How many already swallowed, as Dr. Leighton, like snow-flakes on the sea. O, Oblivion, thou art deep and greedy; but Life, thou too art ever young and unsubduable! No man can expect to be rewarded by rounds of applause for every manful thing he does. Certainly not. And if he cannot content himself with either the gods for spectators, or no spectators, he will never play well I think. Empty benches are perhaps the best, and an audience frankly cat-calling, not the worst. Cat-calling, I say, for their rounds of applause when such do come have often proved the ugliest thing they had to give to a man. O Doctor, heal thou a little sickness; abolish a little misery in this God's Earth, and call thyself blessed in that thou canst do aught Godlike, —which alone is truly blessed and manlike! Thou art not come hither asking this poor blockhead of a world to do thee favours, pay thee due wages; thou art come, with or even without wages, to do the poor blockhead of a world favours. Thou wilt say to it, keep thy favours, hapless blockhead, give them to this quack, and the other, these legions of quacks in high places and in low. I have work in me, help in me for a poor bewildered blockhead such as thou art now grown,—and it is not with thee that I will chaffer about wages. Go *thy* way, I have *my* way to go! Enough: this Doctor finds, what is a real satisfaction, that he has never yet died of hunger, that he has healed or tried to heal a little sickness, burnt up a little sin and misery from man; and so, laying both ends of his lot together, that he ought to go on in a moderately hopeful frame of mind.

Courage, Dr. Leighton, and arch thy brows in private triumph over several things. A Greater than thou in far lower abasement than thine said once, Fear not the world. Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world,—I, the Nazareth Peasant, with a knit wool sack for my apparel, owner only, under the wide sky, of my own soul and body and this, I have overcome it. And do we not justly worship such a one, with love ineffable draw near to him, and in

CHAPTER X

DR. LEIGHTON

[1630]

AMONG the men of that generation Dr Leighton may in one point pass for a superlative so far as I know he is of all the then extant British subjects the ugliest,—if there be truth in brush or graver, if Granger and Print collectors have not entirely deceived us. A monstrous pyramidal head evidently full of confused harsh logic, toil, sorrow and much other confusion, wrinkly brows arched up partly in wonder partly in private triumph over many things, most extensive cheeks, fat, yet flaccid, puckered, corrugated, flowing down like a flood of corrugation, wherein the mouth is a mere corrugated eddy, frowned over by an amorphous bulwark of nose,—the whole, you would say, *supported* by the neck dress, by the doublet collar, and frankly resting on it, surmounted by deluges of tangled tattery hair such is the alarming physiognomy of Dr Leighton, medical gentleman travelling southward from the city of Aberdeen¹(?) with Wife and Family in wagons, sea craft, or such conveyance as the time afforded, with intent to settle in his Profession here in London. Doubt it not, this Doctor had thoughts in him, purposes very serious, cares of eating and of other sorts. Poor Doctor, how he toilsomely plodded about, seeking lodgings here, squatting himself into some attainable cranny, and assiduously hoping against hope, set himself to obtain practice by patience, valour, strong all forgotten energy. Good Heavens, it is all a history unrecorded, a history ever re enacted to these days, a painful valiant history such as oblivion swallows yearly by the million, and nothing more.

¹ Or more likely from Edinburgh, in the University of which town he had received his education. He is said to have sprung from an ancient family possessing a 'seat near Montrose.'—*Dictionary of National Biography*

Enough, if the men of that century or year read Leighton, rejoiced in the redolence of new paper and what other novelty there might be; men of other centuries or years must look out for themselves.

Swiftly however a new scene opens on me. Scene of the Star-chamber Court,—one of the lion's-dens in that menagerie of Westminster Hall, whither by the stern keepers of the place so many men, Daniels and others, have been cast. They say it arose in Elizabeth's time; . . . small matter with whom it originated, my wish is once to see it vanish and cease. Neither have I learned in what room it sat,—one hopes the room is long since burnt, and no ashes of it remaining recognisable. What I do see is a suitable human apartment, a room of good dimensions, of solid carpentry, with raised bench, with indistinct ushers, macers, apparitors, indistinct to the eye, and judges of grave aspect also very indistinct for most part,—if it be not one little man in lawn sleeves, in three-cornered hat, with wrinkly, short face, with a look of what one might call arrogant sorrow of a sort, reflexion of a sort, and assiduity and ingenuity which in this world has had many crosses, but doubts not to triumph yet as it deserves to do. It is he they call William Laud [soon to be] Archbishop of Canterbury; sometimes named in a vein of pleasant wit his Little Grace,¹ not on account of his little *stature* alone. His Little Grace has arched brows, horseshoe mouth, but

¹ Laud's small bodily stature seems to have been the source of many a jest in those days. To Archie Armstrong, the king's Fool, who like many others bore no goodwill to Laud, is attributed this *double entendre*: 'All praise to God and little *laud* to the Devil!' Archie's last joke at Court was made too at Laud's expense and bore bitter fruit. When Laud's attempt to press the new Service-book and Canons into use in the Kirk had resulted in an almost universal signing of the Covenant, and the unwelcome news of this had just arrived at Court (in 1638), Armstrong meeting Laud on his way to the Council called out to him, 'Whae's fool noo?' Laud was 'little' enough to take the matter so much to heart that he had the poor Fool brought before the Council and sentenced to have his coat pulled over his ears and to be at once dismissed from the king's service.

such poor dialect as we can, say, Thou art Godlike, thou art God! All brave men have to overcome the world; are born kings of the world, and never rest till they overcome it.

Dr. Leighton's old brown Book¹ is still found on the shelves of Museum libraries, but will never more be read by any mortal. Living mortal glancing into it here and there, falls chilled as with the damp of funeral aisles; says mournfully, It is dead—dead; and till the last day, if even then, will never live again. Most melancholy, dim, with mouldered margins, worm-eaten, its pages, letter-press, all so dim soot-brown. Alas, and the meaning of it not a whit more living, all soiled soot-brown, illegible as the letter-press. And we forget that it was ever otherwise; it was once new, clean-margined, bright white paper, bright black ink,—Book and Book's purport wholly new, comfortable to behold. Leighton's Book was eagerly purchased over counters, eagerly read in parlours, the very odour of the paper still new, new the odour of the doctrines and discoursing, wholly a new invigorating thing, redolent of comfort, instruction, hope to the mind of man! For in two centuries paper waxes old, and much that stands on paper. O ancient Pamphlets, soot-brown, mournfully mouldering Golgotha of human thoughts and efforts! Yet the thoughts did once live, and work, like the Thinkers of them. And only thoughts that go down to the centre continue long working, of which sort there are naturally few. Dr. Leighton's Babylonian Beast, etc., struggling to point out the difference between Fact and Semblance, in a superficial way, were not of this number.

¹ 'An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against the Prelacie'; etc. The book had been printed at Utrecht, in 1628, and copies sent to England while Charles's Third Parliament was still sitting. Leighton had gone to Holland to be pastor of a church,—the English College of Physicians having objected to his practising medicine further in London,—his qualification being only a Leyden M.D. Degree. He was ordained (March, 1629), and inducted into the charge of an English Church in Utrecht; returned to London in the autumn of that year, having, it would seem, received a call to some church in the city, and was seized in February following, cast into Newgate, tried in June in the Star-chamber, and sentenced as stated, *infra*, p. 246.

10,000*l.* and pack him up in the Fleet Prison for life. Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors, who sit there by appointment in the place of God above, punishing the ugliest of His enemies here below,—have you properly riddled [sifted] the general scoundrelism of England, and made out that this man is actually the chief sample? You do actually slit his flesh here with cold iron and hot; there is no uncertainty as to that. Rhadamanthus? But Rhadamanthus is always sure. Good Heavens, if this man were *not* the chief scoundrel? And what do you mean by answering to God? This man means a thing by it, and I mean a thing by it, a very fact: precisely such a fact as you mean by answering to Charles Rex this afternoon in Whitehall. Will the royal eyes look beneficently on you, will they look daggers and dismissals? One or the other, I suppose. Good God, and what will the divine eyes do with you?

Poor Leighton, the day before the execution of his sentence, sat meditative in the Fleet prison, revolving many things in his troubled soul. Many friends call to comfort him; texts of Scripture are rife. In the dusk of the evening there called two friends of an indistinct colour, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Anderson, both unknown to me, both Scotch I should judge, and of pious cautious mind. In the dusk of the evening Livingston put off his cloak, hat and breeches, all of a grey colour. Anderson put off his doublet; all put off and miscellaneously put on, and become of an indistinct, irrecongnisable grey hue; and all three as friends of Dr. Leighton, walked out into the foggy element, leaving the prison cell empty, and jailors to whistle for Dr. Leighton. Hereupon there is issued a ‘Hue and cry’: he hath a yellowish beard, a high brow, and is between forty and fifty.¹

Is there any reader now alive or likely ever to live, that does not wish poor Dr. Alexander Leighton may get off? O Sandy Leighton, my poor Sandy, wert thou up among the hills of Braemar again, within smell of the peat-reek, among

¹ Rushworth, ii. 57.

brows arched for another than Leighton's reason. On the whole, what a contrast, that small, short, wrinkly face on the bench, and this huge pyramidal one on the floor. The debate I do not give; why should I if I could? . . . This only transpired that Leighton in his Book called the Prelates by hard names, 'affirming that they did corrupt the 'king,' that he dared to call her sacred Majesty and royal Consort, as being of the Popish religion, 'a daughter of 'Heth,' and to pray for her conversion; that in fact he was a Scottish man without the caution characteristic of that country, a man resigned to God and not to the enemies of God, intemperate of speech, and also very unfortunate. . . . The judges were of one voice, each endeavouring to outbid the other, regretting only that he was not tried for treason, that they might have taught him what a gallows was. As it is, he shall learn what pillory, prison and the branding-iron are. Only first, as he is an ordained clergyman, and we would not for worlds do a shadow of dishonour to the Church, let him be taken across to Lambeth to the High Commission Court, and there be degraded. The Bishop of London, or the Commission acting with him, will not be loath to degrade him! Dr. Laud, with his eyes, if you look at him there on the bench, answers emphatically, No. Once well degraded at Lambeth, let him be locked up in the Fleet Prison, let him on the 10th of next November be brought into Palace Yard, whipped, set in our pillory there, have one ear cut off, one nostril slit, one cheek stamped with hot-iron letters, S.S., 'Sower of sedition': that will do for one day.—Ye Judges that sit in place of God, does this man deserve such slitting, such branding and butchery? Is this actually the ugliest scoundrel you can find in England, in this month of November 1630, that you mangle him in this manner?—On a day following, says the Court, let him be carted to the pillory at Cheapside, and there after a second flogging, have his second ear cut off, his second nostril slit, his second cheek burned S.S.: that will do for a second day. Then,—why then, fine him

happy that there was any refuge. So say the old Pamphlets, grinning in their broad manner. Think of this, what a Law Chamber does this learned coffin of a pie presuppose ! When the weather grew hot it is presumable the pastry, even to a Noy's olfactory nerves, became unsupportable. When the weather grew hot the pie coffin would descend to the dogs,—to be rejected even of the dogs ; and the learned gentleman's papers would fly refugeless, like Sibylline leaves. William Noy : *I moyl in Law*.¹ Human nature at this date has little conception of such an existence. By what alchemy was a soul of man ever fascinated to the study of English law ? It is inconceivable. This man has long ago no need of money, no benefit from money ; look at the coffin of his Christmas pie used as Drawing-room chiffonnier.

In 1628 Noy was a patriot Member of Parliament, as Wentworth, too, was. But Wentworth is gained to the Court ; now they decide also on gaining Noy. The King sent for him, says Weldon ;² said he meant him for Attorney. ' Attorney ? Humph ! ' said Noy ; and went his way again without so much as thanking the king. Nevertheless it was as seed sown, this word of his Majesty's. That Rhinoceros Noy could be fitted with Court housings, served with gilt oats, be curried into Courtly glossiness of skin and have the honour to draw his Majesty on public occasions,—the thought was new ; the thought gradually became seductive, became charming. In 1631 Noy is Attorney General. All his stupendous Law learning turns now to the king's side, he digs and pumps up from the abysmal reservoirs of Law such precedents as were never dreamed of before, pumps and pumps till his Law ditch-water submerges this Nation as Noah's Flood did the world.³

Of Attorney Noy's new taxes, benevolences, monopolies and oppressions of the subject, it were long to speak ; he was the hatefulest of all men to us ; not only unjust but decreeing injustice by a law. We mention two only : the first his

¹ An anagram on Noy's name.

² Cited in Wood, ii. 582.

³ Weldon, cited in Wood, ii. 583.

the free rocks and forests, the pouring floods and linns,—thou mightst skulk and double there among thy own kith and kin,—for here meseems there is small mercy going. Ah me, one has friends there, perhaps a poor old Scotch mother still there that will weep,—Doctor, I shall fall into tears if I go on. The Doctor had only got into Bedfordshire, when he was overtaken: had to suffer his bloody sentence, part first on Friday, November 16th, and then part second, that day week,—as Dr. Laud, the zealous little individual, has jotted down in his Diary, with surgical minuteness, being indeed a kind of spiritual surgeon. A St. John Long of the English Nation, who will burn the sins of it out by actual cautery and make it worthy of God's favour.¹

CHAPTER XI

ATTORNEY GENERAL NOY

[1631-4]

SHIPMONEY WRIT

IN the year 1631² Noy was made Attorney General. A 'morose man' says Clarendon, one of those surly Law-pedants, acute spirits of human intelligence cased in the hide of rhinoceros; kind of men extinct now. Used to get a pie from his mother at Christmas, ate the contents of the pie, but kept the crust and lid, the 'coffin of the pie,' as they then called it: this coffin of the pie used to serve for long months afterwards as a general waste-box for the papers of the learned Mr. Noy, Letters, law-briefs, wash-bills, a waste miscellany of learned and unlearned scriptatory matter found refuge here,—

¹ After this barbarity Leighton was taken back to the Fleet prison and kept a prisoner there till released by the Long Parliament in 1640. In 1642 he was made keeper of Lambeth House, which was then converted into a State prison. He survived until 1649. His second son, Robert, became the celebrated Archbishop Leighton. It is now said that the entry in Laud's Diary, above referred to, is a forgery.

² Wood, *Athenæ*, ii. 581.

‘old parchment proclamations, his brain was gone entirely to dust, and in his belly was found a barrel of bad soap.’ Frightful ! And the Attorney leaves all [or nearly all] to his son Edward, ‘*reliqua omnia*, etc., and the rest of my lands, goods, etc., I leave to my son Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about, *nec de eo melius speravi*, as I have always expected of him.’ Which indeed proved true ; for within two years, the Attorney’s son, busy as his father had anticipated, in running through his fortune, was himself run through in a duel : and the Attorney’s big Babylon that he had builded, vanished all like a parchment castle, and was not. The vintners drank and the commonalty caroused : but had they known what was coming ! The Attorney’s last posthumous feat excelled all that he had done while living. Here are some memorial verses which a patient reader may peruse with what admiration he can :

‘*Noy’s flood is gone,
The Banks appear ;
Heath is shorn down,
And Finch sings there.*’¹

Is it not beautiful ? It means that Noy died on the 9th of August, 1634 ; that Banks succeeded as Attorney General ; that Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Heath, was removed with disgrace from the Common Pleas,² and in his room appeared on 16th October Sir John Finch, the Speaker whom the Commons held down in his chair, and was Queen’s Attorney, but was not understood to know anything of Law ;³ gowned men inquired eagerly of one another, What can the meaning of this latter thing be ? Not long. The riddle was propounded on the 16th, and in four days, on the 20th October, 1634,⁴ it was solved—by promulgation of the Ship-money Writ. The City of London petitioned against it ; but the City had to submit.

¹ Wood, ii. 584.

² Clarendon.

³ Rushworth, ii. 253.

⁴ Rushworth, ii. 259.

monopoly of Soap. The King by Attorney Noy's advice¹ decides to become the great Soap-boiler of his people,—leases out the monopoly of making monopoly Soap to certain parties for a consideration. Potashes and oleaginous substances exist for you in vain ; you shall not make soap but in the king's way and by the king's permission. The Attorney will try you at Law ; fine you in 500*l.*, in 1000*l.*, in 1500*l.* apiece.² Eloquent, to endless lengths, in their dim way, are the old Pamphlets on this crying grievance of Soap : eloquent, doubtless, too, were the living housewives and inhabitants of England. For Soap is not only dear, it is bad, not lavatory but excoriating, and leaving the foulness, burns the skin. Who can live without soap ? And good soap,—you cannot get it for money ; it is hardly to be had. Your Majesty, must the human subject testify its loyalty by going in foul linen ! Are grease-spots a sign of being well affected ? I have heard of no monopoly more grievous to the universal human mind ; the old Pamphlets in their dim eloquence are almost heart-affecting. Pepper, too, is put under monopoly ; pepper, tobacco, etc. ; what is there that is not put under monopoly ? We speak only of Attorney Noy's second grand feat, his grandest and most famous, that of Ship-money.

In secret the Attorney being consulted studies long, pumps up from the Stygian well of old forgotten law, this right or practice that the old kings had of commanding ships from the Maritime Towns ; draws out a writ to that effect : the greatest feat of Attorney Noy and the last. Before the writ got published, the Attorney was lying down deep under Roe and Doe in his grave, safe with Empson and Dudley, with extinct extortioners, no more to decree injustice by a law. The vintners drank carouses ;³ and a published account of the Dissection of Attorney Noy testifies, that ' his heart was made of

¹ ' *Was it by Noy's advice,*' Carlyle has inserted in the MS. here.—I have not found a distinct answer to the question ; but as Noy was Attorney General he must at least have approved of the scheme, if he did not actually originate it.

² Rushworth, ii. 253.

³ Wood, ii. 564.

glimpse where we can; we must read some fraction of the meaning of it as we can.

On Saturday 15th June, 1633, by a singular chain of accidents, I obtain some view of the ancient city of Edinburgh; and discern a few things there in a quite visual manner, several of which it would gratify me to understand completely. But sure enough the June sun shines on that old Edinburgh, clear as it does on the new and newest; and men are alive and things verily extant there,—and even a state of excitation is discoverable among them. Curious to see. Westward on its sheer blue rock towers up the Castle of Edinburgh, and slopes down eastward to the Palace of Holyrood; old Edinburgh Town, a sloping high-street and many steep side lanes, covers like some wrought tissue of stone and mortar, like some strong rhinoceros skin of stone and mortar, with many a gnarled embossment, church steeple, chimney-head, Tolbooth, and other ornament or indispensability, back and ribs of that same eastward slope,—after all not so unlike some crowned couchant animal, of which the Castle were crown, and the life-breath those far-spread smoke-clouds and vapour-clouds rising up there for the last thousand years or so. At the distance of two hundred years or more this thing I see. Rhinoceros Edinburgh lies in the mud: southward a marshy lake or South Loch, now about to be drained; northward a marshy lake or North Loch, which will not be drained for the next one hundred and thirty years.

Faring westward from Dalkeith comes a cavalcade somewhat notable: a many-footed tramp of stately horses, a waving grove of plumes, scarfs, cloaks, embroideries; it is the choicest cavalcade that could be got up in these Northern parts; and in it ride Church and State, Charles Rex namely and William Laud, Archbishop, who in ordinary papers signs himself ‘Wil. Cant.’¹ Other figures I could particularise, but

¹ Laud, now Bishop of London, became (on the death of Abbot) Archbishop of Canterbury, 6th August 1633, immediately after his arrival home from this visit to Scotland. Although he was not nominally Archbishop of Canterbury at

CHAPTER XII

A SCOTCH CORONATION

[1633]

So many things are hidden in that dead abyss of Past Time; only here and there a glimpse of actuality recoverable from the devouring night. And of these few the meaning and meanings are so hard to seize! For so it stands in this dark Life of ours. The figure of the actuality you may see; but the spirit of it? How it arose, as all does arise, from the unfathomable Deep, old as the morning of Days, and tends onwards to this present day and still onwards to the ultimatum, so unknown, yet so indubitable, sure as very death, when the Last of the Days shall have become dark, and Human History have ended, and there shall be no other Day? This to the eye of Supreme Intelligence is clear; to God's eye, but to no man's and no angel's? And yet, did it not in very truth lie intelligible, had there *been* an Intelligence sufficient in the work of every man! Unconsciously the poorest mortal, in all acts and trivialities by which he consciously means so little, has a meaning deep as the primeval Death-kingdoms; and decipherable only by the All-knowing God. For the poorest mortal was present in embryo at the Creation, and will in essence be present at the Consummation. Of the unconscious meaning we can spell the pitifullest fraction: but in these past times even the conscious meaning, what the actors thought, what of their miraculous life the actors of personages had shaped into some articulation that they called thought, and gave utterance to in some futility of speech,—this, even this, has mostly perished. How can history be known? It is all a prophetic Sibylline Book; palimpsest, inextricable; over which hangs darkness and a kind of sacred horror.¹ We must catch a

¹ 'Not so,' T. C.'s note on the MS. here.

1633, would be for all ages a miraculous Plato's year: whereupon Mr. Thomas kneels at Majesty's bidding, and after due slap of sword is bid 'rise Sir Thomas Widdrington, 'Knight.' A knight really worshipful enough, of learned middle-aged face, in decent Vandyk beard, white collar and black gown; for he is of Gray's Inn, and Recorder here. One of those famed Border Widdringtons,—posterity, like enough, of the Chevy-Chase Widdrington who fought upon his stumps. Understand next that close on Berwick, at the place they call the Bound-road, or limit of the Kingdoms, the Scotch chivalry waited in gala-dress, carrying their estates on their back. And then understand further,—— But no, thou unhappy reader, I will not strain thy patience till it crack. Widdrington speeches, ceremonial upholstery and blaring of trumpets, and indeed all large bulks in the inside of which is small or no reality, have in these latter days grown wearisome even to blockheads, and have to me ceased to be wearisome, and become something more. Noise with no meaning in it, bulk with no substance in it: is there, in truth, if one will consider it, a more sinful, I might call it insolent, blasphemous phenomenon easily discoverable at present? True, therefore, to the antecedencies of this same Royal Progress,—sufficient that thou see'st the Progress itself; and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. —Ambling along by the South-western roots of Arthur's Seat; through the green June country toward: Edinb'gh, tower-crowned, blue-clad,——whither, as extreme, compressed agitation is redoubling there, may not we as well run and announce that at last the King is coming?

At the West Port of Edinb'gh there is no entrance except we overlap the wall,—which indeed for the genius of History, is easy. But the huge plank'd gate we find is shut there; and within it—way, dining, do but look! Solenn, on each side of the way, three firm ranges of wooden walls, whence it, in awful expectancy, darts in velvet, darts in white silk-gown, Mr. Archibald Colclough, Lord Provost of the City.

of what avail were it? James, Marquis of Hamilton, home from the German Wars, is there, and the Earls of Northumberland, Arundel, Pembroke, Southampton, and Holland, and many other persons of quality.¹ They have lodged all night in the House or Palace of Dalkeith, which, within the memory of old men, James, Earl of Morton, built,—prior to losing that strong cunning head of his for privy to Darnley's murder, for accumulated enemies, accumulated hatreds and other causes. His Majesty on Progress travels with a large retinue, harbingers, heralds, etc., and in one word no fewer than two-and-forty scourers and bottle-washers. Two-and-forty human souls spend their days in scouring dishes for his Majesty to eat from; what must the other higher items be! Proclamations have been published to keep down the markets on his passage, lest, like the locust swarm, he might create famine of horses' meat and men's meat. I could tell thee where he lodged each night, how the Lord of Newcastle, at Welbeck, laid out on one dinner for him the matter of 1000*l.*, equal to, perhaps, 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* now. How he was wetted at York, and the Archbishop 'Wil. Cant.,' Primate of England, was witty.² How already in Huntingdonshire, he had called at Little Gidding, and collationed there with Mrs. Mary Ferrar and her noteworthy Protestant Monks and Nuns.³ All this I could tell thee, and more; but it would be dull, dreary; and indeed a crime in me to do it. Solely, at utmost Berwick-upon-Tweed I noted the elegant Recorder, Mr. Thomas Widdrington, in a style sublime and beautiful haranguing him; how the ancient decayed Town, lying like a decayed warhound in time of peace, disconsolate between its hills, grew young to see the face of Majesty; and this year,

the time of this Scottish visit, he had long performed practically all the duties of Primate.—'Wil. Cant.' is of course an abbreviation of *Wilhelmus Cantuariensis*.

¹ Kennet, iii. 69.

² 'May 24th. The King was to enter into York in State. The day was extreme windy and rainy, that he could not all day long. I called it "York Friday."—*Laurel's Diary*.

³ See *ante*, p. 234; and Carlyle's *Cromwell*, i. 73.

bare,—Queen of England and Janet Geddes, maid-servant, all one. O Janet, thou in thy long-eared mutch (which the Germans still call *Mütze* and we mob-cap), in thy humble linsey-wolsey woman's dress, what doest thou today? Busy, belike, with broth-pot and dinner-stuff, like a hardworking servant, hoping only to catch some glimpse of Majesty hastily, from a front window? At this day, among the 753 portraits that there are of Charles Rex, I could wish there had been one of Jenny Geddes! Dimly I have seen her, poor woman, in deep closes [lanes], in high garrets; scouring, sweeping, as a poor servant-wench; reading her old Bible by a candle-end when all the house lay quiet; closing the day of drudgery with prayer to the Highest God. Authentic prayer, my friend, which is not so common a thing. Her grandfather, I doubt not, heard Knox preach; and to Jenny also a great Gospel has come. Gospel,—what Gospel ever equalled it? That in poor and poorest Jenny, too, under her coarse mutch, under her dusty coarse gown, there dwells an Eternity; strangely imprisoned so, a gleam of God Himself? Believe it, Jenny; believe it as thou canst; for it is true, and was, and forever will be; and in comparison there is no truth worth believing at all! Hardworking Jenny has exchanged glances with various handsome lads of the neighbourhood, but yet made no wedding. She seems to me, quiet as she is, of quick, deep temper: perhaps infirm of temper. Other scandals, reported by the crew of dragons, I have read, and then found reason to consider lies. Scrub away, poor Jenny; this day thou mayest see the King as he passes,—and shalt not fail another day, to do the King an errand, send the King a message of its sort, unlikely as that looks at present.¹

Strolling along these holiday streets of Edinburgh, a number of questions suggest themselves. Some answerable, too many of them unanswerable. For, see, not only at the West Port, where Mr. Archibald Clark with his Bailie retinue sits,

¹ See the chapter on 'Jenny Geddes,' *infra*, p. 299.

with his Bailies, with his Councillors, in full complement, names entirely unwritten, if not in the universal Doom book, figures that were and are not,—waiting what will betide. O Mr Archibald, brother shadow of the seed of Adam, whom I never saw before, and hope never to see again, what an hour is this! The King is coming, thou hast a speech to make, multiplex ceremonies to do, and see well done, today Thou sittest there, thy shadow Bailies, Councillors, all round thee, that blue Castle rock and battlements frowning over thee, and shortly thou shalt make a speech and genuflexions, thou hapless, happy civic functionary, here at the West Port, all Edinburgh looking on, and Scotland, and three kingdoms,—and thou waitest for the shadow of the King's Majesty! The Heavens send thee well through it, say I, for the moment is great Mr Archibald sits with thick drawn breath, and all mortals draw their breath thick I mark however, that the middle street is sanded smooth, the sides railed in with wooden fences, with due Town guards and Lochaber axes, to debar the profane vulgar O, ye vulgar, whom I see as with eyes, yet know no face of! bone of my bone, you and your fathers, who are my fathers, all unknown to me from the beginning of days! A fair good morning, nevertheless! Sturdy Scotch figures in breeches, beautiful Scotch figures in petticoats,—honest men and bonny lasses,—there ye are. And those heads are full of thought, and those hearts, of joy and sorrow,—and it has all finished, where is it? All gone silent, an inarticulate hum as of the big Ocean moan of old Eternity A fair good morrow to you,—with thoughts for which there are no words!

Thirteen score of volunteer guards royal, the handsomest youths in Edinburgh, wait somewhere, I think, in the Grass market, all in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, beautiful in pyet plumage of these I reckon not specially Alas, all plumage is soon shed, swept bare,—all plumage is stript, I say,—cloth plumage, flesh plumage,—the very bones and dust are stript to nothing,—and all souls are

marriage: either thou wilt with faith and true labour build an Ark, or the floods due by Law of Nature will wash thee out of the way. For which reason, when thou seest cloth-worship going on, quit it, I advise thee: it is not safe, it is far from safe.

An historical secret that will interest,—this pageantry has all been got up by Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden, a gentleman of much genius who lives ‘vacant for the Muses,’ as he calls it, out at Hawthornden. By him and by fit upholsterers has all this pageantry been got up.¹

This then, is what Mr. Drummond could contrive to make of it, this miscellany of skyblue Muses, on their Tron Olympus, begirt with Scotch Lochaber axes, authentic Mr. Clark and the astonishing etceteras that we see? Drummond

¹ Jamesone, a portrait painter, had come up from Aberdeen to superintend the scenic part of this Coronation pageant. Drummond, in consultation with Jamesone, wrote the Speeches in ornate prose and the Poems in still more ornate poetry. These may now be read in Drummond’s Works, under the title of ‘The Entertainment of the High and Mighty Monarch Charles, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, into his ancient and royal City of Edinburgh.’—These are: *In Prose*,

‘A Speech intended to be spoken at the West Gate,’ beginning, ‘If nature could suffer rocks to move and abandon their natural places, this town,’ etc.—offering ‘hecatombs of happy desires,’ etc.

And *in Verse*:—‘Speech of Caledonia, representing the kingdom:’ followed by a ‘Horoscopical Pageant by the Planets,’—opened by Endymion ‘apparelled like a shepherd, in long coat of crimson velvet . . . had a wreath of flowers on his head, his haire was curled and long, and in his hand he bare a sheep-hook; on his legs were buskins of gilt leather.’ After his address come Speeches from Saturn, Jove, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon: which last, after praising ‘the fair Queen and her Golden Maids,’ prophesies to the King:—

‘Beneath thee reign Discord (fell mischief’s forge,
The bane of people, state and kingdom’s scourge),
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice’s eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die):
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garaments shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordained the Fates.’

These delivered, Endymion perorates with a flourish: concluding thus: ‘All shall observe and serve this blessed King.’

thick-breathing ; but here, at the West Bow, an inner closed gate, at the head of that tortuous street, stand orators, nay, I think stand Allegories, judging by their personations ;—and then again, as we emerge into the High-street, what are these in sky-blue cloaks and plumes, various as the rainbow, as sky messengers newly alighted to congratulate the king's Majesty ? The old Tolbooth and all St. Giles's Cathedral never looked so brave. In the bowels of the High Cross fountain there circulates, impatiently demanding egress, a lake of Claret. Judge if this decoration is a popular one ! And a little farther on, at the public Weigh-house,—what the Scotch call Tron, not yet a Church, but a public Weigh-house,—see, the blunt edifice, by plaster, planks, draperies and upholstery, is changed to an Olympus, on which hover—the Nine Muses of Antiquity, and much else ! These too, are to congratulate the King's Majesty ; in verses as melodious as possible, apprise him that he is King by 108 descents, counting from the First Fergus, and prophesy that 108 or more shall descend from him in like manner. Of a new set of Allegories at the Nether Bow or lowest gate, of all that is going forward in the interior of Holyrood, and chapels with tapestry, bed-hangings, and furnishings, etc., and the cooking and furbishing that goes and has gone on there, my patience fails me to speak. For, on the whole, what is it but a scenic phantasm, rather helplessly adumbrative of somewhat, not of much ? Adumbrative, as indeed all ceremony is, of men's worship for heroes or even for the cloaks of heroes ; but, alas, in how helpless a manner ! For in truth, *O reader, the cloak of a hero cannot by any industry of man be worshipped at all ; and at intervals the dreadfulest contradictions ensue from attempting and pretending to worship it.* Good Heavens ! it is like a veritable bolt of Heaven striking through a resinous torch and pasteboard thunder-apparatus at Drury Lane : the lamentablest accident ; which, nevertheless always at intervals occurs. For when a Noah's Deluge by Law of Nature is due, there is no remedy in May-games, in careless dalliances, in marrying and giving in

that they are false. Pity that there should be any *grimace*: a gesture that means nothing is an unverity which man should avoid. Thy very horse scorns it. The neigh of the horse is sincere, and his kick is sincere.

Pageants are of small moment to us: nevertheless we must look on this occasion how it stands with Mr. Archibald Clark at the West Port. The heart of the man beating thick with painful expectancy, his breathing fluttered into a series of sighs. Edinburgh waits, with Mr. Clark at its head, in painful expectance of the King's Majesty. Hark, see far overhead: the old Castle has heard his Majesty's trumpet, and answers from her metal throats, in thunder, in rolling smoke-clouds barred with long spears of fire. Fifty shots of their great ordnance: 'fore Heaven a very handsome salute. And there, aye there, Mr. Archibald; loud knock at this thy West Port door, Majesty knocking for entrance: thou must rise, bestir thee, for the hour is come!—Pageants are a thing valueless as dreams; records of Pageants are like the dream *of* a dream. Nevertheless, as this old Edinburgh Gate opens, flung back by old Edinburgh beefeaters, the Lord Provost kneeling, presents his oration, and the keys of the City in a silver bason, having first shaken into it a purse of a thousand gold coins; which Marquis Hamilton as Master of the Horse and Grand Chamberlain of Scotland, receives; and the King's Majesty listens, and Earth is attentive, and Heaven; the June sun looks down on it, and two centuries have fled since then; while all this goes on, I say, and the plumed cavalcade fares slowly through the Grassmarket, West Bow and along its upholstery orbit, looked on by a hundred thousand eyes, the light of which is gone two centuries ago,—I could like to institute a few general reflexions. A few passing glimpses even, were not without interest to us. For this Pageant, spite of all the velvet mantling, fustian oratory and other Drummond furbishment, has a reality in it, though a small one. There verily are certain two-legged animals without feathers under it. Strip it bare as thou wilt, these do result. These;

meditating in his elegant melodious mind the God's fact as it stands between this Scottish Nation and its Charles Rex, found nothing so adumbrative of it as even this, this puffy monstrosity, rich in silk velvet and such like, but in all else most poor. Not beautiful, not true, significant of little, comparable to the huge puff breeches of the time, and within them no limbs, at which the human mind two centuries removed stands stupent,—not condemnatory, no. And Mr Drummond was a genius? I expect his singing will differ a little from that of the old Iliad Homerides,—merging direct with fiery veracity towards the fact, melting into music by the very truth and fire of it. Alas, yes, from the Greek Homerides, from the Norse Skalds, from the English or Scotch ballad singer, from all men that ever at any time sang truly. The true singer hurries direct—towards the fact, intent on that alone, melts into music by the very fire of his veracity. Drummond's genius one would say is that of an accomplished Upholsterer rather¹. Different from Homers—as a pair of the costliest slashed puff breeches, stuffed broader than a bushel with nothing in them, may differ from a pair of Grecian Hippolytus' limbs with nothing superfluous on them. But good Mr Drummond is a type of his age. His monstrous unveracious puff breeches ovation is the emblem of so much other unveracity. Mr Drummond, had I been there, I had bowed almost silently to this King's Majesty, and thought within myself, O King's Majesty, I know not, the Scottish Nation knows not, what thou art,—half phantasm, half reality, God only knows. The Scottish Nation bends its head respectfully in the meanwhile, will cheerfully find thee victual and lodging of its best for the time being. What a pity there were *any* pageant and ceremony not full of meaning! They are all false, and they cannot all, like the Lord Major's coach, be safely trusted to the children to see

¹ In later years, especially after reading Professor Masson's 'Drummond of Hawthornden,' Carlyle formed a higher estimate of Drummond's genius than he has expressed here.

nevertheless. Pretension and ability seem far out of proportion. He is descended from some one he calls Fergus the First by 108 generations, and at some later point of the genealogy, from Elizabeth Muir of Rowallan, in Renfrewshire, whom some assert to have been an improper female. Falsely, I hope,—but indeed, what matters it? We have all some 108 descents, or more, counting from Adam, or even from Japheth, downwards, and at some step it is odds but some improper females and not very many proper males have intervened. From Elizabeth Muir, at all events, the Steward of Scotland, begotten by poor Robert Bruce, second of that name, did issue, and became king and took his Trade's name for surname, and had descendants and adventures, and so we have now royal Stewarts, who reign over both nations, by divine right, by diabolic wrong, or probably by a mixture of these two. Mixture somewhat difficult to disentangle.

Of Marquis Hamilton riding at the King's right hand, who has just received the bason, keys and gold coins, I ask thee, Whether he too has not something of fatal in the face of him? A man favoured by his Majesty, the old playmate and constant familiar of his Majesty, who has slept in his Majesty's bedroom, and yet has had misventures, and is like to have. Where, O Marquis, for example, are the 6000 men thou leddest to the relief of Protestant Germany and Gustavus, Lion of the North? Six thousand went, a fiery miscellany of British valour and adventure. wasted, yellow with disease, not many units return! Even death in Battle was refused them. They had to die inactive, mostly of famine and heartbreak, and Gustavus or Protestantism never saw the mark of their swords. Hoping to purchase a little glory, thou hast paid the money, thou hast *not* got the ware! Jacobus¹ Cunctator, I consider thee a very questionable

¹ *James*, third Marquis of Hamilton. He was created Duke of Hamilton in 1643. His last exploit was the leading of a Scottish army of 20,000 into England; he was defeated by Cromwell at Preston, taken at Uttoxeter; and, after escape and recapture, was condemned and executed in 1648.

and whatsoever in themselves and in their mutual relation these may mean and be. Reader, it is withal a most abstruse, and if well seen into, a most astonishing reality; compared with which this Hawthornden upholstery and Nine sky-blue Muses, etc., are very paltry. Nay, did nine real old Muses, with a real Apollo, light here on the Tron Weigh-house, and Drummond fly home shrieking, even that were not more wonderful. These unfeathered bipeds, could I rightly say whence these came, whither they are bound, and whence they got this gear they have within them and upon them,—these laces, Genoa velvets, still more, these thoughts, beliefs, imaginations, expectations,—I were a Thrice Greatest and Mercurius to thee.

Observe, for example, him they call King's Majesty, Charles Rex, by one hundred and eight descents, who sits stately on his brown barb, footcloth of black embroidered velvet, bits golden, stirrups silvern, crupper and headstall glittering with gems of Ind,—is not that a proper man? What thinkest thou of him? Of the white taffeta cloak, of flat-brimmed Spanish hat and white plume, I say nothing: except that all is suitable to each; that it is a king's Majesty very handsomely done. The long deep-browed visage, shaded with love-locks, terminating in delicate moustaches and peaked beard, is not without elegance and an air of pride or royal superciliousness, shaded you would say with sorrow. There is in it a solemnity partly conscious that it ought not to be solemn—that it is not solid or really solemn, rests not on solidity or energy, depth, or inward faculty of any kind; but solely on the white taffeta cloak with etceteras. Wholly the great man except the soul of him,—like the *Tragedy of Hamlet*, the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire. To me it has a certain fatality of aspect. This man has not achieved greatness; he has been born great,—in gesture, decoration, place and bearing. His elegant thin hazel eyes seem very rapid and very deep, and turn up occasionally as if Heaven would make all good

to us all this has grown most dim, small and as it were extinct. By how feeble, neglected a ray, does Thomas Earl of Arundel still glimmer visible to thee, O reader of the Nineteenth Century and me? Neglected in his garden in the Strand lie certain mutilated blocks of foreign-hewn stone: These, Thomas Earl of Arundel found lying for sale at Rome, on his foreign missions or travels; these, the price seeming reasonable, he purchased and brought home; some unknown Greek man (1500? years ago) had got them hewn, sculptured with dates of old-world deeds and epochs, in which state they long stood read by curious dark Greek eyes, then lay tumbled, devastated by the Turks, no black or grey eye heeding them, —except the salesman who persuaded Thomas Earl of Arundel to purchase them. Thomas purchased them, laid them in his garden in the Strand. They lie there neglected while Thomas rides the streets of Edinburgh with king Charles. But now in this present year [1843], these Parian hewn stones, —what of them escaped being set in grates by masons, rescued by the illustrious Selden,—stand in the door-way (?) of a College at Oxford, and are a Parian Chronicle, and fly abroad printed in Books, and are the Arundel Marbles, known to all mortals,—shedding some faint veritable ray into the otherwise Cimmerian night of early Time.¹ Such virtue was in English Thomas Howard's guineas well given—in the stroke of that Greek's Parian chisel judiciously laid on. Thanks to Thomas Howard, whom we name, that he purchased these marbles; but thanks also to that invisible but indubitable Greek who quarried and sculptured them, whom we cannot name. By this faint ray shed into the far night of Time, shall Thomas Howard be long memorable; when all else of him is forgotten. O money - capitalists, Earls, Dukes, persons of capital and

¹ The marbles of which the 'Parian Chronicle' is the most interesting item, were presented to the University of Oxford in 1677, by Henry Howard, grandson of the above Thomas Howard. The marbles are now, nearly all, deposited in the basement of the Ashmolean museum.

general. Better to stay in green Clydesdale by the Falls of Corra, in that palace of thine. But the old Lady Mother is fond of glory, is fond of Protestantism; and on the whole a young Marquis is still a young king, and neither kings nor Marquises have yet reached the stage of Donothingism, *Rois Fainéans*, which is the penultimate stage. This young Marquis, if you saw him on foot or at Court, has the strangest, slouching, crouching, luridly bashful attitude and ways; something really sinister, and painful even, as Mr. Hyde assures me: alas, a deepfelt disproportion between place and power to fill it, between what you expect of yourself, and what you will ever perform; this is painful enough! this untempered by heroic humility, heroic self-suppression, self-killing, far too hard a process for the most, this is sinister enough! I pity this poor Marquis, a man of keen anxious feelings, keen attachments even, not unkindly, not unconscientious, were they not so dashed by egoist terrors which he cannot well help: there are thousands of worse men. See what a viperous glow in those otherwise frightened eyes of his, as of the viper and poor innocent frog. I do not like such eyes. The Cunctator's brows are already waxing heavy, in a few years more of such conspicuous misventures, futile seekings of glory, by paying his cash and not getting the ware, the corners of his mouth will palpably descend, and one shall find him a man of horse-shoe mouth and frog-viper eyes, a conspicuously sinister man. For the present in much sunshiny weather, close to the King's Majesty, cheered by the Scottish bason and gold, and genial sunshine, he rides in moderate comfort, hoping better things.

One glance, too, at him on whom all eyes are glancing, Thomas Howard, Lord Marshal, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, first nobleman of England, who rides in state here richly caparisoned, the cynosure of many eyes. A luminous, distinguished man, to us still recognisable though faintly. Processioning, at home and abroad, on embassies, solemn missions in foreign parts, the first nobleman in England:—

thousands deep ;—not to be abolished, thank Heaven ! And in all times and places, the Present cannot get existed except by adopting all that is true of that, and honestly growing out of that. Shambling Charles Stuart is king, and firm-footed, fire-souled James Graham aspires but to be an accepted implement of his. Accepted, how thrice happy were he. Alas, the poor youth's estate, squandered in France, too, and foreign travels, etc., lies mainly on his back, I doubt : and he has wild wishes within him, a wild deep soul, insatiable as fire and noble too and fierce and bright as that. I like that lion-lip of the young Earl, that massive aquiline face, that broad brow, and the eyes, in which I discern smoke enough. He rides sumptuously but unnoticed, King's Majesty would take no notice of him, wherein some say Marquis Hamilton, speaking of broken fortune, ambitious, vehement temper, did him no good. Pass on, my Lord Marquis ; possibly we shall meet again.

Dr. William Laud, now Bishop of London, Privy Councillor to his Majesty, Member of the High Commission Court and Star Chamber, etc., rides too in that procession, gazes somewhat over the high edifices and street phenomena, trying to remember them again, after an absence of sixteen years. Yes, my Lord Bishop, those old stone houses are there, but in your Lordship's self many things have changed : your hair which was then black is now getting grizzled, and you are a man of sixty ; the church, too, has changed, and the world. English Solomon who never loved you, is gone to his glory, old age and strong Greek wine having done their part. He grew at last so stiff, that when they set him on horseback, he would stick unaltered through a whole stag-hunt, merely demanding liquor, from time to time ; and come in with the hat sunk a little into the hollow of his neck, but otherwise unaltered in position,¹ swearing Scotch oaths, and not in the

¹ James was not always so fortunate as that in his riding. It is on record that, as 'he was riding on horseback abroad' (after dinner on the day in which he had dissolved his Third Parliament, 6th January, 1621-2), 'his horse

honour, striving to purchase a little glory, my advice were that you went to the right shop for it, that you did some actual thing, or fraction of a thing. Glory is purchasable if you want it; but the tailor, upholsterer, coachbuilder, etc., have it not to sell. Palaces, valets, and caparisons, the whole honour and splendour of this Thomas are clean gone; the mountains of venison and beef, the oceans of Burgundy and *vino secco*, sherries, sack, he poured through his thousand throats, to the admiration of contemporary flunkies, where is all that? By the few guineas he gave for the Arundel Marbles does Thomas Howard, like a farthing rushlight in a galaxy all tenebrific, assert some feeble honourable visibility. Glory? my right honourable friends, it is not by sumptuous expenditure and sumptuously consuming, that man, had he the throat of Bel's dragon,¹ can rise to the immortal gods. No! nor even by dressing Parliamentary cases, rising to the head of Ministries, and victoriously guiding the spigot of taxation, what we call the helm of Government. My right honourable friends, might the heavenly wisdoms illuminate you; for failing them, I think the Tartarean Fatalisms, are not far, which never fail to prove didactic though a little too late!—

Meanwhile I ask thee, good reader, hast thou seen many prettier youths than this young Earl of Montrose?² Mugdock, beyond the Forth Meadows, is unluckily a hungry house; but here it has sent forth a proper man. Cardinal de Retz, a judge in such matters, finds a resemblance here to the heroes of Plutarch. So do I too, as realities of the human kindred all resemble one another. If King of Scotland mean strongest or largest soul of Scotland, why were not this man King? Alas! such thought be far from us; from him how altogether far is it! For the Past exists too, some four or five year-

¹ See the story of 'Bel and the Dragon' in the *Apocrypha*.

² James Graham, the 'great Marquis,' born 1612. He deserted the Covenanters at the close of the Second Bishops' War, espoused the royal cause, and, after a glorious but ill fated career, died on the gallows, May, 1652.

limits, could no longer live, felt that it must be delivered or die,—and with endless tribulation and confusion, did verily deliver itself, and get new freer limits to live in! What is in the Future we know not; but know well it will be of blood-relation to the Past. Wouldst thou know the coming grandchild, look in the portrait of his grandfather. The clothes will be different, how different: but the features, never doubt it, will have a resemblance.

Landor has written ‘Imaginary Conversations’; but the *real* conversations were an entirely different matter. Much more is required for men’s understanding one another than their speaking the same vocables of language. The Edinburgh man brought suddenly into a London circle feels himself, in spite of Newspapers, so much of an alien. The topics of his new neighbours are not his topics, they think too, in quite a different style about them: What the neighbours say to him, what he says to the neighbours, is alike in good measure unintelligible, conversation frustrate, speech that cannot be heard.

Fancy a figure from one of our extant soirées, suddenly carried back 200 years into the dark past, and set down face to face in a social evening party of Cromwell’s time. Pause a little over this. No doubt at all our ancestors *had* evening parties; there in apartments swept, heated, lighted, cheery with the hum of human voices they do meet together; certain as if we saw it, there they are. Of stature, figure, structure bodily and spiritual, altogether like our own; nothing but the outer tailor’s work dissimilar. Their faces in all lineaments are as ours: behold the English noses in their shapes and unshapes,—the due proportion of them tipt with carbuncular red: the surly square English faces, alas, sorrowfully truculent perhaps, sorrowfully thoughtful, loving, valiant, sorrowfully striving to be glad. For the basis of their life is earnestness; too apt, in such a world as this, to have itself made into sorrow, silent, mournful indignation and provocation, noble or ignoble spleen,—what you would call a radically sulky

worst humour. A right religious Sovereign he, and true father of the Church, whose loss would have been irreparable, —had we not here, by Heaven's blessing, got a new and better! What king James but meditated king Charles will do.

Alas, all changes, all grows, decays, and dies. We were then a poor subaltern of an underfoot chaplain, busy packing, in a subterranean way, Scotch General Assemblies, under the cold shade; and we have been since then a pretty way. Dean of Huntingdon, Bishop of St. Davids, Dean of Chapel Royal, etc., and are now third Bishop of the realm, within sight almost of being first,—for poor old Abbot cannot hold out long. And the church—what a reformation; which then we durst hardly dream of! Altars, in most places, built into the East wall, surrounded with a decent rail; the priest in dispensing the elements going through his genuflexions in many places with propriety. Chinese Mandarins, heathen Bonzes, Talapoins,¹ shall they surpass us in fitness of gesture? And they but Idolaters! By Heaven's blessing, we shall surpass them.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TIME OF PURITANISM

Is it not worth our while to look back for a moment at the last great expansion of England? We will look at Puritanism and the time of Oliver Cromwell. A time of darkness, straits; when the soul of England pent within old

stumbled and cast his Majesty into the New River, where the ice brake: he fell in, so that nothing but his boots were aseen. Sir Richard Yong was next, who alighted, went into the water, and lifted him out. There came much water out of his mouth and bodie. His Majesty rode back to Theobalds, went into a warme bed, and, as we heare, is well, which God continue!'
Harleian MS., 389.

¹ Bonzes and Talapoins are Buddhist Priests and Monks.

fronting the East, or Communion Tables which are not Altars nor railed, and stand either East or West as it chanced. Ah me, and of Grace, Predestination, Goodworks, Faith, and of the Five Arminian Points condemned at Dort. A dim hum of these things reaches our ears; but they are become un-momentous, undelightful,—unintelligible, like the jargoning of choughs and rooks!—We shall never get into that old *soirée*; neither let us lament that we cannot. And if in these circles one spoke a word of Parliamentary Reform Schedules, Sir Robert Peel and the prosperity of Trade? German Literature, Almack's Toleration, Railway miracle, or the Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world? Time was, but the time that was is not any more; has no more the right to be.

CHAPTER XIV

BASTWICK, BURTON, AND PRYNNE

[1637]

ON the 30th of June, 1637, I see a crowd in old Palace Yard: Old London streaming thitherward through King Street, by boats at Lambeth ferry, through all streets and ferries, with various expressions of face, with thoughts—who can know their thoughts? Dim through the long vista of years, and all foreign, though domestic, nay, paternal, has the whole grown to me: men and women many thousands, in hoods, in long lappeted cap and gown, in steeple hat and Dutch-looking breeches,—of indistinct costume,—close packed together—stand gazing there; but the features I see are English, a sea of English faces,—a miscellaneous sea of English souls with such most indistinct miscellany of thoughts as the scene brings. My Fathers and my Mothers! For behold, the three prisoners come out, guarded by due tip-staves, by long-skirted persons in authority; mount aloft to

kind of people. In whom nevertheless lies laughter and floods of honest joy; the best and only good laughter,—as rainbows and all bright pictures shine best on a ground of black. Faces altogether such as ours; and figures, the broad-shouldered Herculean, the taper-limbed Apollo figure, and other varieties, not to speak of bow-legged, squat, with pot-bellies. Neither in spite of time can their curls, wimples and fantastic dresses and head-dresses hide from me that here are true daughters of Saxondom, bright as the May month, beautiful as the summer dawn. Behold them. The face a beautiful, improved, transfigured, female version of the male face, a thing really worth beholding. Truculent sorrow, where is it now? Become a noble dignity, sunny grace made lovelier by a shade. These are the daughters of England, the mothers of England. Beautiful enough for that matter. Complexion as of milk with a tinge of roses; shapes as of the wood-goddess with her nymphs;—and in those blue eyes, as quiet as they look, have I not seen festive radiances, lambent kindlings; brighter far than the glance of diamonds. It was the flash of their minds that had life, that was soul, and had come from Heaven. Properly the brightest of all weather gleams in this lower life. Alas! they go out so soon in dead darkness, and all that vision is away, away!

Such figures in their silks, in their cloth habiliments, bright-dyed enough, are veritably there, alive, and lights burning round them, and the modern figure entering with the truest wish to commune, what a stranger is he! Talk goes of my Lord Marshal and his Parian Chronicle that lies mouldering in Arundel House, by the Strand of Thames, and how the masons have broken part of it, and sacrilegiously set fire-grates with Marmora Arundeliana. Of Lambeth and his Grace, by some called his Little Grace, so overwhelmed with Star chamber and High Commission business,—Bastwick's ears to be cropt in Palaceyard; obscure sectaries getting loud everywhere; of King's right to Tonnage and Poundage without Parliament or not without; of Altars railed and

fronting the East, or Communion Tables which are not Altars nor railed, and stand either East or West as it chances. Ah me, and of Grace, Predestination, Goodworks, Faith, and of the Five Arminian Points condemned at Dort. A dim hum of these things reaches our ears; but they are become un-momentous, undelightful,—unintelligible, like the jargon of choughs and rooks!—We shall never get into that old *soirée*; neither let us lament that we cannot. And if in these circles one spoke a word of Parliamentary Reform Schedules, Sir Robert Peel and the prosperity of Trade? German Literature, Almack's Toleration, Railway miracle, or the Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world? Time was, but the time that was is not any more; has no more the right to be.

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[1637]

ON the 30th of June, 1637, I see a crowd in old Palace Yard: Old London streaming thitherward through King Street, by boats at Lambeth ferry, through all streets and ferries, with various expressions of face, with thoughts—who can know their thoughts? Dim through the long vista of years, and all foreign, though domestic, nay, paternal, has the whole grown to me: men and women many thousands, in hoods, in long lapped cap and gown, in steeple hat and Dutch-looking breeches,—of indistinct costume,—close packed together—stand gazing there; but the features I see are English, a sea of English faces,—a miscellaneous sea of English souls with such most indistinct miscellany of thoughts as the scene brings. My Fathers and my Mothers! For behold, the three prisoners come out, guarded by due tip-staves, by long-skirted persons in authority; mount aloft to

kind of people. In whom nevertheless lies laughter and floods of honest joy; the best and only good laughter,—a rainbows and all bright pictures shine best on a ground of black. Faces altogether such as ours; and figures, the broad shouldered Herculean, the taper-limbed Apollo figure, and other varieties, not to speak of bow-legged, squat, with pot bellies. Neither in spite of time can their curls, wimples and fantastic dresses and head-dresses hide from me that here are true daughters of Saxondom, bright as the May month beautiful as the summer dawn. Behold them. The face a beautiful, improved, transfigured, female version of the male face, a thing really worth beholding. Truculent sorrow, where is it now? Become a noble dignity, sunny grace made lovelier by a shade. These are the daughters of England, the mothers of England. Beautiful enough for that matter. Complexion as of milk with a tinge of roses; shapes as of the wood-goddess with her nymphs;—and in those blue eyes, as quiet as they look, have I not seen festive radiances, lambent kindlings; brighter far than the glance of diamonds. It was the flash of their minds that had life, that was soul, and had come from Heaven. Properly the brightest of all weather gleams in this lower life. Alas! they go out so soon in dead darkness, and all that vision is away, away!

Such figures in their silks, in their cloth habiliments, bright-dyed enough, are veritably there, alive, and lights burning round them, and the modern figure entering with the truest wish to commune, what a stranger is he! Talk goes of my Lord Marshal and his Parian Chronicle that lies mouldering in Arundel House, by the Strand of Thames, and how the masons have broken part of it, and sacrilegiously set fire-grates with Marmora Arundeliana. Of Lambeth and his Grace, by some called his Little Grace, so overwhelmed with Star chamber and High Commission business,—Buttwick's ears to be cropt in Palaceyard; obscure sectaries getting loud everywhere; of King's right to Tonnage and Poundage without Parliament or not without; of Altars railed and

‘pale.’ All people might naturally ask themselves, Whitherward is all this; what will it end in? Bastwick’s wife caught his ears in her lap, and kissed him without tears. Brave dame Bastwick, worthy to be a Mother of men!¹ In Burton’s case, who had preached all the time of the pillory-penance, they cut an artery, and the blood came leaping; his face grew pale, as all faces did; ‘I am not hurt,’ he cried. Prynne’s ears, which had been sliced before but sewed on again, were now grubbed out beyond surgeon’s help; the executioners rather sawed than cut him; Prynne said with emphasis: ‘Cut me, tear me, burn me; I fear the fire of ‘Hell, but none of you.’ Burton when they carried him into a house in King Street, the execution being done, and laid him on a bed, was heard to say, the June temperature too being very high, ‘This is too hot to last.’ Words which circulated through the London multitude and through all England, with something of a prophetic application.—O, my brothers, my poor maltreated Bastwicks, Burtons, and Prynnes, never so rude of speech, so obsolete of dialect and logic, it is you withal whom I will honour. If no triple-hatted, shovel-hatted or other chimera do now oppress us, if the attempt to do it would raise England, Europe and America as one man and explode such mad chimera into limbo,—whom have we to thank!

This was the last and greatest of the High Commission and Star-Chamber performances in the way of slitting and branding. We may give it as the culminating point and apex of a large unrememberable mass of pilloryings, finings, and ignominious severities inflicted on Englishmen for scrupling

¹ ‘But thus too the poor Scotch woman, John Brown the carrier’s wife, at that cottage door in Clydesdale, bound up her shot husband’s brains, and sitting down in silence, laid it on her lap, bidding her orphans not weep, but wait this stern blessed morning the farther will of God. And when the Claverhouse trooper asked tauntingly, “What think ye of your husband now?” she answered, “I thought always mickle of my husband, and I think more of him now than ever!”—May it please your Grace, this seems to me better than altars in the East.’
From another Paper in this MS., headed ‘Prynne and Bastwick.’

their scaffold, into the general eye of day, of that day,—and of many days, onward even to this day and farther. Indistinct murmur, thrill of manifold fellow-feeling runs through that crowd. They were seditious men, these three, or they were not seditious but speakers for the rights of Englishmen? They shall lose their ears this day, be heavily fined and take farewell of liberty in jail till death: so much is certain. They are of a sort not usually seen on Pillories; Reverend Henry Burton, of Friday Street Chapel; William Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, and John Bastwick, M.D. Burton was a Graduate of Oxford, had at one time been Tutor to the King, a man held in great estimation, and chargeable with no fault but a certain anti-Laudism which could not then, and cannot now, either in the matter or even in the manner of it, be regarded by the public as a crime very heinous, but as the reverse of one. W. Prynne whom we are accustomed to picture to ourselves as a dingy unwashed, contentious, writing-sansculotte, was far other in reality: a gentleman by birth and breeding and behaviour, a Graduate of Oxford; laborious conscientious Student of Law, a man of much learning which to his own generation was very far from looking crabbed and obsolete as it does to ours. John Bastwick, too, is a gentleman and scholar; has studied at Cambridge, learned medicine at Padua, and practised it at Colchester. These three persons disreputable to nobody, warmly esteemed and even venerated of many, appeared on this 30th June, 1637, on what might be called a new stage, and exhibited a very strange spectacle to England. They were conducted from prison to their scaffolds in Palace Yard; fixed in their pillories for two hours, as if they had been pickpockets: at the end of two hours the executioners with attendant surgeons, with braziers, branding irons, and due apparatus, stept forth and shorn their ears off them, staunching their blood with the actual cautery of red-hot iron hissing in their flesh,—the people looking on, not with noise, with a silence which we find had grown



Archbishop Laud.

to become inane China-men, and worship God in the Laud manner by bowings and beckings towards the East, etc. 'Is 'the living God a buzzard idol,' asks Milton,¹ as with eyes flashing empyrean fire: Darest thou worship Him with grimaces, and Drury Lane gesticulations? I dare not, and must not, and will not! You shall! said little Laud, with his shrew voice elevated, and his red face still redder; and so the matter went on, and had grown 'too hot to last.'

CHAPTER XV

LAUD'S LIFE BY HEYLIN²

LAUD's Life has been described by Peter Heylin, D.D.; the man known usually in Presbyterian Polemics by the name of 'Lying Peter.' He is an alert, logical, metaphorical, most swift, ingenious man; alive every inch of him, Episcopal to the very finger-ends. This present writer has read the old dim folio, every word of it, with faithful industry, with truest wish to understand. A hope did dawn on him that he of all Adam's posterity would be the last that undertook such a trouble: some one of Adam's sons was fated to be the last; why not he? It had been too sad a task otherwise. For if the truth must be told, this unfortunate last reader found that properly he did not 'understand' it in the least, that though the thing lay plain, patent as the turnpike highway, no man would ever more understand it. For the mournful truth is, that the human brain in this stage of its progress, refuses any longer to concern itself with Peter Heylin. The result was, no increase of knowledge at all. Read him not, O reader of this nineteenth century, let no pedant persuade you to read him. Spectres and air-phantoms

¹ ' . . . Who thought no better of the living God than of a buzzard idol.' *Eikonoklastes*.

² *Cyprianus Anglicus; or the History of the Life and Death of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, by Peter Heylin* (London, 1663).

of altars in the East, half-paces, communion-rails, shovel-hatteries, and mummeries and genuflexions; I for one, O Peter, have forever lost the talent of taking any interest in them, this way or that. As good to say it free out. My sight strains itself looking at them; discerns them to be verily phantoms, air-woven, brain-woven; disowned by Nature, noxious to health and life,—dreary as an aged cobweb full of dust and dead flies. Peter, my friend, it is enough to sit two centuries as an incubus upon the human soul; thou wouldst not continue it into the third century? Thou art requested in terms of civility to disappear. Incubuses have one duty to do: withdraw. Were Peter's Book well burnt and not a copy of it left, this therefore were the balance of accounts: human knowledge where it was, and two weeks of time and misery saved to many men. On these terms, this last reader will not grudge having read.

In these present years, much to the wonder of the world, considerable phantasmagories of theoretic logic as to Church and State and their relation and subordination and coördination, figure, once again, like ghosts resuscitated from a past century, through the heads of certain English living men. Into such conflict of phantasmagories thou and I, O reader, have not the faintest purpose to enter. By Heaven's blessing we belong not to the seventeenth century; we are alive here, and have the honour of belonging to the nineteenth! What concerns us is to discern clearly across mitres, coifs, rochets, tithes and liturgies what is a Church and what is no Church at all. The Church is the messenger from the world of Eternity to men who live in this world of Time. What credible message she delivers in this visible Time-world as to our possessions, relations, prospects, in the unseen world which lies beyond Time; this for the while is the religion of men. How the *true* Church will relate itself to the practical State, this is ever the interesting question, the question of questions. How the *seeming* Church will do it, is, if she be no true one, a most unimportant question. Church and State are *Theory*



structive and venerable thing. Were its root gone to nothing, sure enough *it* were still there. Alas, if its root do give way, and it lose hold of the firm earth, what, great as it is, can by any possibility become of it, except even this, that it sway itself slowly or fast, nod ever farther from the perpendicular, and sweeping the eternal heavens clear of its old brown foliage, come to the ground with much confused crashing and lie there a chaos of fragments, a mass of splinters, boughs and wreckage, out of which the poor inhabitants must make what they can! Do not forget your root, therefore, my brothers! I have comparatively a most small value for your biggest magic-tree when the root of it is gone.

Certainly among the characters I have fallen in with in history this William Laud has not been the least perplexing. Pyrrhuses, Pizarros that fight, kill and truculently cut their way to promotion in that manner, one can understand; mighty hunters who live to kill foxes, we have likewise seen; missioned Cooks, Columbuses who cannot rest till they have discovered continents; Spanish Soldier Poets writing Araucana Epics on leather; Tycho and Keplers searching out, in weary night watches, in bitter isolation and hardship and neglect of all men, the courses of the stars: but what this man means by cutting off men's ears, branding their cheeks S.S., and chaining them to posts under ground, and keeping the whole world in hot water, for the sake of getting his altars set in the East wall? Good Heavens, suppose the altar were set in the West wall, or in any or no wall, so that the living hearts of men would be turned towards the God of the altar! Their ears might then stick on their heads, one would say, and all go well and peaceably. But no; the Puritans, it appears, are turned but *too* intently towards the God of the altar; and that is no excuse for them with William Laud,—nay, as probably begetting an impatience with East-wall altars, and other Episcopal Upholstery, it is

and Practice. Church is our Theorem of the invisible Eternity, wherein all that we name world in our earthly dialects, all from royal mantles to tinkers' aprons, seems but as an emblematic shadow. Emblematic, I say; for thou wilt discern that the real Church of men does always transfigure itself in their temporal business. Of many a man that signs the Church credo *without* either smile or sigh, what were the *real* Thirty-nine Articles, could we, or even could he himself, poor stupid insincere man, contrive to get them out of him? One huge Note of Interrogation: Is there any unseen world? What is it? Some say there is? 'That were his 'Thirty-nine Articles—the homily from which we may likewise see dimly drawn, and, if not preached, daily cited. Man's soul is his stomach; thou son of man, have an eye to victual; in victual, from pudding up to praise, how rich is this earth! A Note of Interrogation: Others I have known whose 'Thirty-nine Articles were one huge zero.—It must be owned King Charles's Kingship, and Archbishop Laud's Archbishopship were extremely on a par.

Church: look, 1800 years ago, in the stable at Bethlehem, an infant laid in a manger! Look, and behold it; thou wilt thereby learn innumerable things. The admiration of all nobleness, divine worship of Godlike nobleness, how universal is it in the history of men.—But mankind, that singular entity mankind, is like the fertilest, fluidest, most wondrous element in which the strangest things crystallise themselves, spread out in the most astonishing growths. Bethlehem cradle was one thing in the year One, but all years since that,—1800 of them now, have been contributing new growth to it;—and see there it stands: the Church! 'Touching the earth with one small point, rising out therefrom, ever higher, ever broader, high as the heaven itself, broad till it overshadows the whole visible heaven and earth, and no star can be seen, except through it. Whatever the root and seedgrain were, thou dost not call all that enormous growth above ground nothing? Surely not; it is a very wondrous thing, nay, a great in-

with warm red blood in him consent to live in that manner? It is, and continues, very difficult to say! Future ages, if they do not, as is likelier, totally forget 'W. Cant.,' will range him under the category of Incredibilities. Not again in the dead strata which lie under men's feet, will such a fossil be dug up. The wonderful wonder of wonders, were it not even this, A zealous Chief Priest, at once persecutor and martyr,¹ who has no discoverable religion of his own?

Or why not leave Laud very much on his own basis? Let the dead bury their dead. Laud is little to me. Yet as the straggling bramble which you find suspended by many a prickly hook to the noble oak tree, to the fruitful fig, so high and protrusive is the bramble you are obliged to notice it.—The present is like boundless steam or gas; boundless, filling the Earth and the Solar System: wait a little, it will from gaseousness become liquid, become dried and solid, sink into the quiet thickness of a film. Large epochs lie in one rock-stratum of that deep mass that lies piled up from the centre of Beginning. Under feet of the living lies as soil and as rocky substratum, the ashes of the dead. Organic remains, it is all organic residues, and was once alive and loud as you are. It lies now so quiet, growing mere corn for you, supporting your partridges, game-laws, and much else!—

How then shall we name this singular Wil. Cant.? Name him Arch *Præsul* of the so-called 'Nag's-head Church.' A Church evidently of the temporary kind, which could exist only in certain centuries, and in all other centuries will be sought for in vain.—In the times of Anselm and the Vatican, it was a life-and-death question, Shall Europe become wholly a Church, its Kings mere administrative deacons therein, the universal Sovereign of it sitting aloft at Rome, crowned in his three hats, a kind of human God? Or shall the Heathen

¹ Articles of impeachment against Laud for having attempted to subvert religion and the fundamental laws of the realm, were unanimously voted by the House of Commons in Feb., 1640-1. He was soon afterwards sent to the Tower, and beheaded on Tower Hill, 10th January, 1644-5.

part of their offence. They are too religious; and a Christian soul's Arch-overseer has the strangest care laid upon him,—that of making his people *less* religious! The trouble this soul's Overseer has taken in promulgating the Book of Sports¹ and such like, with penalties and admonitions, is considerable in that direction. If the Divine Powers favour, the Earthly ones have done their part; and this people on the Sabbath day shall not indulge themselves in praying, but come out to sport and drink ale. And the man reads the same Bible still printed in this country, and is Archiepiscopus, Primate of all England. Stranger Primate of all England I have never in my life fallen in with. And it is a clean-brushed, cultivated man, well-read in the Fathers and Church history; a rational, at least much-reasoning, extremely logical man. He will prove it for thee by never-ending logic, and the most riveting arguments, if thou hast patience to listen. What he means, what he can possibly mean?

There have been many *Præsules* of England, Arch-overseers of Canterbury, and some of them through Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, *Lives of Saints*, and such windows as I could discover or attain to, I have looked at with attention, affliction, admiration, generally with amazement: but this *Præsul* of England amazes me more than all, afflicts me more than all. Eadmer's Life of Anselm in the rough Norman days, one can still survey with interest; his old Anselm one can still discern to be a living man, a kind of hero, and reverently salute him as a sublime though simple old Father, through the dim eight centuries that intervene; but this new *Præsul*, distant but two centuries, did he ever breathe, and step about on black leather? Already poor William Laud is too inconceivable. Not among the heroes of this world . . . is he to be ranked. Human scepticism will not go the length of disbelieving that he lived; and yet alas, in what way; how could a human figure,

¹ King James's 'Book of Sports' (see *ante*, p. 135) was reissued by Charles and Laud in 1633.

CHAPTER XVI

LAUD'S REFORMATION

EARLY in the Seventeenth century, Dr. William Laud, this small man of great activity, had formed the wish, which, as dignities accumulated on him and occasion offered, became the purpose, to introduce a Reformation into England (Reformation is what Peter Heylin names it)—into England and her affairs. England has never since I first heard of it, been without need of a reformation; every man too is called to introduce his bit of reformation into his corner of this earth while he sojourns in it: that is properly the meaning of his appearance here. Let him by all means introduce his reformation; nay he will do it, and cannot help doing it; ugly clay will grow to square-moulded hard-burnt bricks, to perpendicular, rain-tight houses, in his hands; untanned skins of cattle to mud-proof elegant boots; brutal putrescent Poperies to rugged Lutheran Evangelisms;—according to the trade and opportunities of the man, let him by all means give us what reformation is in him. It is his contribution to the general funded capital of this God's Earth, and shall be welcome to us.

This small William Laud with the great activity, is now ever since the year 1633 Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, favourite chief counsellor of his Majesty Charles the First of the name, and feels himself in a situation to undertake reforms. In a position, and surely not without a call; for he is chief Spiritual Overseer of England, responsible more than another for the eternal welfare of the souls of England. Let him ascertain well what reformation he can make, and in Heaven's name proceed to make it. The Reformation introduced by this small Archbishop Laud brought along with it such a series of remarkable transactions and catastrophes, conspicuous to England and to all

secular element of it, withal, not be suppressed, since it too was made of God? Psalms and Litanies being everywhere chaunted to the utmost perfection, there will remain yet innumerable things to do,—cotton to be spun in Lancashire, for instance, grain to grow in the Lothians, and much else! Everywhere cities are to be built, swamps to be drained, and wastes to be irrigated, savage tribes and places to be drilled and tilled, whole continents to become green, fruitful with life and traffic. The Heathen element, as you call it, ought withal to assert itself, and will Jesus of Nazareth and the life he led and the death he died, through which as a miraculous window the visions of martyrdom, heroism, divine depths of sorrow, of noble labour, and the unspeakable silent expanses of Eternity disclose themselves—he, the divinest of men, shall be the alone divine? The vision of Eternity, such vision hid from the outer eye, yet real and the only reality to the eye of the soul, shall it assert itself in man's life, and even alone assert itself? The vision of Eternity shall be all, and the vision of Time, except in reference to that, shall be nothing. My enlightened friends of this present supreme age, what shall I say to you? That essentially it is even so. That he who has no vision of Eternity will never get a hold of Time. Time is so constructed, that is the *fact* of the construction of this world, and no class of mortals who have not, through Nazareth or elsewhere, come to get heartily acquainted with such fact, perpetually familiar with it in all the outs and ins of their existence, have ever found this universe habitable long. I say they had to quit it soon and march,—as I conjecture, into chaos and that land of which Bedlam is the Mount Zion. The world turned out not to be made of mere eatables and drinkables, of Newspaper puff, gilt carriages, flunkies, no, but of something other than these! . . .

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prickers and climbing will train itself aloft and be found at the tops of the highest trees : you shall judge thereby if it was not a strong shrub that bramble ! Dr. William Laud has pricked a man or two that handled him, and he has clung withal to this and the other rising forest tree, to Bishop Williams and King James, to the Duke of Buckingham, to King Charles ; and his black berries such as they are now cluster the forest, like the noblest fruit that is to be found there. A conspicuous bramble, judged by some to be a shrub of proud strength. O Charles Rex ! the royal Cedar that has not the art and health to eject brambles from it, but carries brambles up along with it, as if pricklers were strength and black berries a noble fruit—such royal Cedar is in no good way: The first proof of a king or a man is the question, What men does he esteem ; the man I choose will be the counterpart and complement of my own self ; what I loved in myself as a possession, and doubly loved as a wish and ideal which I longed to possess, but could not : the embodiment of this will be my loved one. Kings and Cedars that carry up brambles along with them are themselves bramblish.

In this way thinks Dr. William Laud (Wil. Cant., as he is now better called¹) may England be reformed. All England ranked up into drill order ; bowing towards the East, becking, gesticulating, with W. Cant. for fogleman : in this way the drill exercise were perfect, and we were a happy people. Infatuated W. Cant. Wilt thou make the English into a nation of Chinese Mandarins, adequate merely to bow towards the East, and pay First Fruits ? The respectable English Nation, always alive hitherto, shall now wither itself into dead dry lath and wire, a nation of lath clothes-screens, and go jerking, sprawling and gesticulating as thou fuglest ! There will then be the wonderfullest uniformity ; at the turning of thy rotatory calabash, they shall all go like the keys and stops in one vast barrel organ ; and a thing that can be called music rise to Heaven. Thou infatuated mortal, dost thou think

¹ See *ante*, p. 253 n.

lands, as could not at that time have been anticipated by him. For in truth, if we consider it now with these modern eyes of ours, it claims to rank among the most singular reformatations ever introduced into human affairs by any son of Adam; whereby singular results could not fail to follow from it.

Laud as by office and duty bound, turns naturally his first attention to the spiritual state of England,—the spiritual is clearly enough the parent of the practical in every phasis of it, the spiritual given, all is given. Well, wherein is the soul of England sick? What is wrong in the spiritual state of England? Much every way. Much,—the origin and condition of which would lead us into boundless developments.—The Spiritual is wrong, the Temporal is wrong; much has gone wrong; but shall if it please Heaven be rectified.

The candid human intellect if it study intensely for five years under constant danger of locked-jaw, will still in this nineteenth century detect a busy inquisitive original faculty in William Laud, but a faculty imprisoned deep as the world's centre in such element of world-wide obsolete delusions as renders it, when never so well detected, of no use to us except for scientific purposes. A fly, once so busy, imbedded in amber, which by much manipulating becomes translucent. The fly once so busy is now quite quiet, dead totally; the amber is—one knows not what.

A busy logical faculty, operating entirely on chimerical element of obsolete delusions, a vehement shrill-voiced character, confident in its own rectitude as the narrowest character may the soonest be. A man not without affections, though bred as a College Monk, with little room to develop them; of shrill tremulous partly feminine nature, capable of spasms, of most hysterical obstinacy, as female natures are. Prone to attach itself, if not from love, at least from the need of help, a most attaching creeper-plant, something of the bramble species in it. The bramble will prick you to the bone, while the oak to your handling is sleek; the bramble by its very

prickers and climbing persons called of the Church of England the tops of the highest surplices, linen cloaks, or in no Surplice was not a strong shrub. P. P. Clerk of this Parish has in too pricked a man or two, other neglected to iron the Surplice and withal to this and the Priests are not select in their tailoring as Williams and King, or obedient to the rubric. How are the King Charles; and 'ts desecrated: the bread cut with a knife cluster the forest, lilt, knife which perhaps in the next instant there. A conspicuousutton or spread butter. Good Heavens! of pre-~~sumption~~. And the Chancel of Churches is a place in not &alous neglect: have I not seen dogs, stray dogs, in brambles time rambling in the sacred precinct as if God blackmighty were not particularly There any more than He is way-are! What are we to think?

W) For the truth must be confessed, there is a generation of cor-en, affecting to strive after personal communion with God, m/who undervalue all those things, nay, despise them. Puritans; w/d disobedient generation, of sour, gloomy aspect, irreverent of the tailoring of priests,—to whom the highest lustre of it, even the crown itself if on an addle-head, is little other than a miserable piece of gilt tin!—O Dr. Laud, it is impossible for posterity anchored never so stedfastly to that ranktorical fact of thine, and fishing never so desperately for gestile meaning in thee, to comprehend a Dr. William of the drill teenth century even from afar. Thou art and remainest a fatuat to us, my thrice reverend friend, a personage chimerical, nationceivable, and as it were impossible. No posterity never the Estant, will ever again comprehend thy soul's travail in Nationworld,—nor perhaps in any other. Thou wert a fact, dry lat most fatal tragic fact, and now thou art become an jerking, al cobweb, and our lazy imaginations pronounce thee will then-ble.—Charity will perhaps demand that one be brief thy rotatory.

in one vast n-en's blessing Dr. Laud will reform this. 'All rise to Hea- monical cloaks, commonly called priest's cloaks, themselves before Allhallowtide next, on pain

lands, as could not at that time have been anticipated by him. For in truth, if we consider it now with these modern eyes of ours, it claims to rank among the most singular reformatations ever introduced into human affairs by any son of Adam, whereby singular results could not fail to follow from it.

Laud as by office and duty bound, turns naturally his first attention to the spiritual state of England,—the spiritual is clearly enough the parent of the practical in every phasis of it, the spiritual given, all is given. Well, wherein is the soul of England sick? What is wrong in the spiritual state of England? Much every way. Much,—the origin and condition of which would lead us into boundless developments — The Spiritual is wrong, the Temporal is wrong, much has gone wrong but shall if it please Heaven be rectified.

The candid human intellect if it study intensely for five years under constant danger of locked jaw, will still in this nineteenth century detect a busy inquisitive original faculty in William Laud, but a faculty imprisoned deep as the world's centre in such element of world wide obsolete delusions as renders it, when never so well detected, of no use to us except for scientific purposes. A fly, once so busy, imbedded in amber, which by much manipulating becomes translucent. The fly once so busy is now quite quiet, dead totally, the amber is—one knows not what.

A busy logical faculty, operating entirely on chimerical element of obsolete delusions, a vehement shrill voiced character, confident in its own rectitude as the narrowest character the soonest be. A man not without affections, though and his College Monk, with little room to develop them, a busy logical partly feminine nature, capable of spasms, in England these do bear fruit. Prone to sport but stern curf. Laud something of the bramb's support if we would fish for him. Prick you to the bone, while Dr W Laud and contr. the cheek, the bramble by its very

when the ravens fed him; and His who was carried of the Spirit to be tempted forty days in the wilderness,—far from all human episcopal help and drill, alone with God and His own sore struggling nigh sinking soul. Consider it, your Grace, to have the heart of a man, by what means soever, so kindled from Heaven that its earthly dross be consumed, is the meaning of all worship. The heart of one man so kindled is more venerable to me than all the St. Peter's High Masses, than all the most perfect devotional drill serjeantry of Lambeth or elsewhere. Your Grace forgets. If the heart have not some kindling in it, the great want will be fire to kindle it. The embers being not dim, but black, dead, what steads it on what grate you gather them? They are dead, black; all grates, all bellows and bellows-blowers are vain, and the proffer of them in such circumstances a sorrowful mockery to me. In fine will your Grace please to inform me where Jonah, when sunk in the whale's belly, found his prayer-book?

Dr. Laud was in Scotland in 1617, and again in 1633; but in Scotland he could find no religion. Their religion, he says, I could see none they had! Their churches are little better than barns or dove-cotes; in their worship no fixed order, all left to option. What religion had they? If they had a religion where or what was it?—Really, your Grace, it might be hard to say. But could not you perhaps give them one, the unfortunates? The Dr. has his own thoughts that way; time will try.

How much has grown indifferent to us in all that, valueless as the dust of worn-out clothes. The laystall is the place for it, let no man reprint it again, present it to be read again, let it lie in the laystall to be mingled gradually as freshening manure upon the general soil of human things. There are dead shell-fish which have pearls in them; yes—and there are others which have no pearls, but mere hydro-carburetted gases to fatten the soil as manure. Indifferent,—unspeakably in-

'of Ecclesiastical censure.'¹ All ye that labor and laden come unto me and I will—order you to buy cloaks.

There will then be the wonderfullest uniformity! From the East to the West the united English people, ducking, becking,² going through their devotional drill exercise, under their respective drill-serjeants, one great General at Lambeth in the centre of them, a sight which cannot but be gratifying to Heaven.

In fact Dr. Laud's ideas of religion are peculiar. Whatsoever people ranks itself in line and goes through the specified parade-movements, has a religion; whatsoever people does not, has none.

. . . The reader of our time will perhaps gain a glimpse into W. Laud if he take this discernible fact along with him. That Laud meant by worshipping, not the turning of one man's heart towards God, or the turning of many or of all men's hearts so, but first and foremost a turning of faces towards the altar at the East, done simultaneously by many men, with a certain decorous symmetry, of the military sort. This, thought his Grace, will be the method, if method there is, of getting all hearts turned towards God, that they turn first in a symmetrical drill-serjeant way towards God's altar built into the Eastern wall. Sharp serjeantry and drilling must civilise these awkward squadrons into symmetry, simultaneity. 'Worship is a social act.' 'When two or three are gathered together.' In all which is there not something of truth: simultaneous worship is desirable,—if it can be had. Lay the dim embers together, they will glow into white fire. And yet, may it please your Grace, I have known worship transacted well by solitary men too. Nay, the best worship ever heard of: Elijah the Tishbite's for example,

had my eye upon a weaver, nay, upon two weavers. Richard Farnham, that is the chief one; let us in these days, while the Scotch Assembly is sitting, cast a glance into Colchester; and look, for by miracle we can still do so, we with our modern eyes, into the dingy shop and ancient earnest existence of Richard Farnham. Methinks his establishment is somewhat dingy, redolent of suds, weaver's batter and Gallipoli oil,—for Richard, I conceive, works Colchester serges, hanks and spools, which with their reels and reel-bobbins are scattered confusedly around. And Richard with sallow, unshaven face, unkempt hair or greasy nightcap, plies the shuttle with a multitudinous, monotonous jangle adding thread to thread. O Richard, Richard, and it is thou in very deed, no dream of any Fabulist's or Novelist's brain; but a production of the Universe's brain, a very fact, there jangling its daily yards of serge cloth in a certain lane of Colchester in the year 1638?

Many persons I find are in the habit of visiting Richard, to ask most serious questions of him, for his fame as a knower of Scriptures has spread out of his lane into the main streets, nay, into adjoining parishes. The wrestlings of Richard have been deep as those of a Luther or an Augustine; down to the depths of being has this poor soul been forced to dive and bring up tidings. This and the other worn soul, ready to perish, has he comforted, given guidance to,—for he knows the pathways, and the impassables; he has been there, he. To many has Richard Farnham been a comfort, but to none so much as to a brother weaver, John Bull, whom he often consorts with, whom in these days he has raised from darkness into the most surprising light of wisdom or delirium,—or of both in one; or quasi-light, one part of Heaven, nine parts of Bedlam. Richard Farnham and John Bull, the two individuals weaving serge two centuries ago in the Town of Colchester, will deserve a moment's notice from us.

Many persons visit Richard; question him as men do an oracle; but he answers not alike to all. Is your questioning a mere profane curiosity, Richard swiftly by a counter ques-

different to me, is the controversy with Fisher the Jesuit, masterly as it was. What have I to do with Fisher the Jesuit? He is indifferent to me, as the temple of Upsala; his arguments as the seventy horses' heads stuck up there, gone all to nothingness now. O Fisher the Jesuit, once for all I do not believe thee; not a jot of fact has turned out for me in all that hypothesis of thine: it is not true, Fisher; begone, and let me have done with it and thee. Can I dwell forever in the old spectral night with its vampires and foolish hobgoblins, because there are shovel hats there? With a sacred joy I hail the eastern morning—anthem once again of God's eternal daylight, and request and even command all Fishers with their trumperies to get behind me.—Something eternal in Puritanism, nothing but temporary in Laud. One grows yet in part; the other has gone wholly to the laystall, nothing but an inheritance in Puseyism to pick up again, and plant it again.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COLCHESTER PROPHETS

[1638-41]

WHAT Hampden, Cromwell, and other educated men may be I know not; but what a cloud of bodiful meditation, as death, is spread over England in these dark days, teach us to know. The melancholic English in such a turbid twilight of things, intensely gazing as the one sure transcript of God's purposes and comes to very strange conclusions. For it is a character of endless seriousness, carrying gravity and by these Reformation contrivances the lowest lees of it, made it very serious.

Colchester Town in Essex County, on its
the kind embrace of the river Colne;
of that city, I have for some time

dead-lift endeavour of all thy artistic faculties (bless the mark !), and imaginative faculties, and all the half-dead dilettante faculties thou hast, wilt never know what a splendour of highest Heaven mixed with the gloom of lowest Bedlam is in the soul of that poor weaver. But let us not be profane, let the divine temple of a human soul, even a poor Colchester weaver's, be still a kind of temple. Richard has no mind to write Epics, which is apt to be a low trade compared with acting them ; he has no artistic faculty but that of making serges. He sits there, asking of men, whether they do not know the Two Witnesses, the Two Olive Branches, etc., whether these death-deeps of the Hebrew soul call not with something of a divine voice to all English souls. — — He that lives in this dead generation when Reform means more victual to eat with less work to do, and all soul of man is, as near perhaps as can be, sunk into a stomach of man ; he that lives in this generation, and is not only with it but of it, will never know, nor in the remotest manner conceive, what passed in England in that living and heroic one. What brotherhood have we with inspired Hebrews ? To catch the attitude of them for artistic purposes in Drury Lane and elsewhere. Like some brutish Roman populace holding up their thumbs when the gladiator died, and saying, ' How well ' he does it ! ' A miserable rabble ; doomed either to new veracity of conduct or to swift destruction. Do we not sit round the blaze of old Heroisms, as apes do round a fire in the wood ; chattering, ' Aha, it is warm and good ! ' — and have not the gift or possibility, any ape of them, to add a new stick to the fire, but sit till it has all gone out, and the very ashes are cold, and they chatter to themselves, ' Hoohoo, how warm it *was* ! '

But as for this poor Richard Farnham, I find that for long years the mystery has been deepening in him ; which on repeated visits, if you are found worthy, Richard cautiously discloses, to the astonishment of all hearers. The Two Witnesses, it would clearly appear, are these two Colchester

tion or two detects you, takes up his shuttle again, and dumb, with a shake of the head, recommences his weaving. On the other hand, do your answers please, and seem to indicate to Richard that you have an awakened soul capable to apprehend divine truth, the shuttle pauses, there come hints, come utterances, frequent words exciting meditation enough, compelling you to new visits and ever new. Of his ideas about the Holy Ghost, perseverance and the sin against the Holy Ghost, I say little. ‘Have you not read Revelations 11th and 12th? Few read with understanding. Woe to the land that is sunk in idolatries, in falsities, in whoredoms with the Scarlet woman. Darkness rests over it. Destruction draws nigh to it. And yet, observe, are there not Two Witnesses spoken of? Have you not read Hosea? How the grim Hebrew soul darkened down almost to despair and death by the wickedness of a world following falsities and blasphemous fatuities of speech and act, certain of the wrath of the Most High, blazes by fits into supernal glare of brilliancy, sees shapes, prefigurements, admonitory messengers, pillars of fire? The darker your gloom of earnestness, the more supernal your illumination,—through the portals of Death shall issue Angels whose face is as the Sun. Few read with understanding.’ We oftenest cannot read at all in these wretched dilettante days. Richard has read, in Richard’s soul there are sorrows like that of Hosea, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, as deep as any man’s, no terriblest glare in their rapt phantasy but awakens due glare and shadow in the phantasy of Richard,—a soul of man is like the souls of all other men, and everywhere in Nature deep calls unto deep. The wickedness of England, the billet money, the martial laws, injustices in high places, the backslidings, unbeliefs, perversities, the rejected Gospel, the vain mummery of Altars in the East and four surplices at Allhallowtide, have sunk down on Richard, made him dark as a very Hebrew, kindling here and there with supernal glare of brightness intolerable to the Colchester eye.—O reader, thou with the utmost stretch and

history; an incident at which the profane world cannot fail to cavil; by which it is like the catastrophe will be precipitated. Richard, a prophetic bachelor hitherto, is not made of brass; no, and all fires, it is said, are of kin to one another. One of Richard's chief disciples, the knowingest in the Scriptures of them all, is of the female sex,—her husband at sea; one Haddenton, gone far enough, 'to the Indies,' or I know not where. Richard, driven by strange impulses prophetic and other, is whirled in the strangest chaos, clutches with avidity at this fact, that he ought to 'marry a wife of whore-doms,' as the prophet Hosea did?¹ Very probable. He marries Mrs. Haddenton, her husband far off in the Indies; this is the wife wanted: she, a religious professor, knowing in the Scriptures, of good life and gifts, is contented to be that same peculiar kind of wife for Richard, whom I think she probably loves and indeed worships. Greater scandal has not happened in my time. But it lies in nature. Who could refuse a celestial for a husband, even though he were a weaver of serge? As we are now approaching the Doctors Commons and the Abyss of everlasting Night, and hear in the distance Bedlam and the grinding of the Treadmill, we may as well quit Richard for the present? One little prophetic rushlight shedding a faint ray over many things. An England reading its Bible as Richard Farnham did, how can such an England be obedient to the fugal motions of a W. Laud?

Farnham and Bull have ceased to weave in Colchester, we know not by what stages, whether voluntarily sallying forth to prophesy, or compulsorily haled forth by Sheriff's officers to go to judgment; but their shuttles have ceased to vibrate, the multitudinous jangle of their serge-looms is heard no more. Compulsory Sheriff's officers, I believe, have haled them both to prison. Haddenton has returned from sea, has claimed his wife: there are charges of Bigamy, charges of Blasphemy; in brief, Farnham is in New Bridewell Prison,

¹ See Hosea i. 2.

weavers, Richard Farnham and John Bull! Even they. These are the two Anointed ones,—purified in great suffering, they are also called Olive trees, and Candlesticks, in figurative language. Bull and Richard Farnham, these are the two. They prophesy on earth very wondrous things, out of their mouth proceeds fire, for a certain length of time they can turn the waters into blood, can smite the earth with what plagues they will, and have power, for one thing, to shut the heavens that it run not for 1260 days. What will become of the agriculture in Essex? Savest thou, O Richard! The obscure public listens with upturned eyes.

Yes, continues Richard, and it is withal a fearful pre-eminency, not to be courted by the natural man. For when they have finished their testimony in the world, this Bull and Farnham, the Beast that ascends out of the Bottomless Pit is to kill them outright, and they are to lie dead in Jerusalem for three days and a half and the nations will not suffer their dead bodies to be buried. If there is truth in Scripture, says Richard, these things I think must be so. But they are 'things of a high nature'. For after three days and a half, the spirit of life is to return to Bull and Farnham, and, to the amazement of all their enemies, they are to stand on their feet there in Jerusalem again, and Farnham is to be king on David's throne and Bull priest in Aaron's seat, and they are to reign forever.—In my experience of prophecy I have heard nothing stranger. And persons of good gifts, very knowing in the Scriptures, give credit to Richard,—for there looks out of his sallow visage and glaring eyes a belief which you cannot disbelieve. Neither is he mad, he is there composedly weaving serge at sevenpence a day, and patiently, not in haste to encounter these glories and terrors till the time come. O Richard, Richard,—in an ambient element of Babylonian fog and Egyptian mud! stupidity unconquerable by the gods does poor human walk abroad in this world!

A questionable incident however here emerges in

is first; Bull, from an adjoining truckle-bed, calls on him to hold fast, to trample the Devil and his terrors under foot, and ford steadily the devouring death-stream with his eye on the other shore. Farnham is dead, in ten days more Bull also dies and is buried, steadfast to the last. And now there remains but Mrs. Custin, Mrs. Ticknall from Wapping, and the wife of aberrations, with a future as obscure as three good women ever had.

For they consider that the Two Prophets do indeed, as the Scriptures must be fulfilled, seem to lie dead, having been three days in the belly of the earth; but that according to other Scriptures they are not dead but living, and gone on a far voyage, far beyond Haddenton of Colchester,—gone in vessels of bulrushes to convert the Ten Tribes, wherever they may be. Beyond the gates of Æthiopia and the chambers of the morning! They are to come back from the rising of the sun, these Two Prophets, and then, mark it ye proud ones of this world, they shall tread on Princes as mortar, as the potter treads clay having perfect command of it. What then will become of King Charles, Mr. Hyde, and Sir John Culpepper? And Archbishop Pashur?¹ Pashur girt-with-trembling, and his surplice, will have a poor outlook! If there be truth in Scripture, say these three women, this is true. Did an intelligent Christian ever hear the like? I grieve to add that these are understanding women, women of fine parts for knowledge in the Scripture, of seemingly devout ways, even the wife of aberrations has the air of a pious person who has obeyed prophecies merely. But words and arguments are vain; vain even that you offer to dig into the graves of these Prophets and show their very bodies still there, not gone to the gates of Æthiopia in vessels of bulrushes; but there: ‘Of course they will seem to be there,’ the women answer; ‘to your carnal unbelieving eyes they will be there;

¹ Pashur, *i.e.* Laud. ‘Then said Jeremiah unto him, the Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor-missabib.’ Jeremiah xx. 3. Magor-missabib=Girt-with-trembling; literally ‘Fear-round-about.’

Bull in Old Bridewell in the City of London 'Colchester Jack' (Haddenton), claimed legally to have his wife again, legally had her restored to him after solemn trial. She is not to be hanged for Bigamy, being to appearance a good, deluded woman. She is reprieved, given back to Haddenton, —and there ensued passages between them in the New Bridewell Prison which a refined history had rather not report. For she was a wife of aberrations, appointed so to be. Nor, in brief, can the law ultimately avail to restore to Jack of Colchester his wife of aberrations, these three, Richard Iarnham, the Prophet Hosea, and her own female will, all conspiring to the contrary. So Jack having set sail again for the Indies, she is Richard's once more, for it was written in Hosea, she should 'abide for him many days,'—as in the New Bridewell Prison, under the thralldom of Haddenton and the Sheriff's officers, she has now done. A scandal to religion, much to be deplored! But as I said the Prophets themselves are in prison, their prophecies and bigamies having given offence, and safe under lock and key, let them get to Jerusalem as they can.

And now in these sad winter days, they have fallen sick, as many do of a grievous sickness which is killing many, and the humane officials permit them to go out occasionally, and at the house of Mr Custin, Rosemary Lane, I have often seen them interpreting the Scriptures to one another. With Custin and Mrs Custin and other believers, especially a Mrs Ticknall, a carpenter's wife in Wapping, a creditable woman skilled in spiritual things—O reader, thou canst not laugh at this thing, thou art ready to weep at it,—under such nightmare obstructions struggles the agonised soul of man, climbing the slippery precipices, stumbling at every step, if haply he may reach the sacred mountain tops, and bathe in the everlasting dawn—Custin dies, the women weeping over him, bidding him keep the faith. In this dim house in Rosemary Lane January 8th, 1641 2, lies another ready to die, he two others, the Prophets themselves. Iarnham's hour

worth's *Religion of Protestants, a safe Way to Salvation*. Especially Divinity: frightful Dutch Divinity of Vorstius, Anti-Vorstius, the Synod of Dort, Five Points, and one knows not what or whose; for it was matter of eternal moment in those days. King James was heard to thank God that the Prince could manage a dispute in Theology with the learnedest clerk of them, so thoroughly grounded was he. Cockfighting, gambling, duelling, loving and hating;—the daily household epochs, three hungers and three satisfings daily: that, at all times, is a resource for human nature. Alas, at bottom, what would become of human nature without that? Our mean wants and the necessity of satisfying them: they are as ballast for the soul of man,—the soul of man without these would soar and sail away very soon into the inane. Acorns fall, oak trees are felled; men bake fresh bricks, hew ashlar stone; and huts and manor-houses, bright in their first colours, dot the green face of the world. The Tron Kirk of Edinburgh is getting built since his Majesty was there, is shooting out its white steeple higher and higher into the sky this very year.¹

It is the enormous Tissue of Existence never yet broken, whereof we, too, are threads; which is working itself then as now, with low-voiced, jarring tumult, wide as our dwelling-place, the Universe, through that unimaginable and yet indubitable, miraculous, enormous Loom of Time. The Loom of Time,—it is no flourish of speech, strange to say, it is a fact very imperfectly so spoken. Wide also as the Universe is this Loom, higher than the Stars, deeper than the Abysses. O, cultivated reader, hast thou ever contemplated in thy soul the thing called Time, and yet sayest thou the age of Miracles has ceased? ²

¹ The building of the Tron Kirk was begun about 1637, but, for want of money, proceeded so slowly that the kirk was not ready for occupation till 1647, and was not completed till 1663.—See R. H. Stevenson's *Chronicles of Edinburgh*, p. 293.

² Cf. *Sartor Resartus*, Book iii. cap. viii.

‘it is the penalty of your unbelief. This wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign,—to them no sign will be given; to such as them how can or could any sign be given: leave us alone here, ye profane!’ Adieu, my ancient sisters; adieu then, since it must be so: I part from you with thoughts for which the English and other modern languages have at present no word. May ye reach the sacred mountain-tops whither we too and all that tend any whither are painfully tending and climbing.—O Heavens, ye much endeavouring, much enduring, ye shall reach them to bathe a sick soiled existence, and wash it clean from all its darkness!

CHAPTER XVIII

LOOM OF TIME

(OCCUPATION OF THE ENGLISH GENTRY)

How do the English gentry employ themselves in this age? They ride abroad with hawks and hounds, speculate on the flying of their hawks, on their hounds; pay visits with high ceremony; at the very least they can fight cocks. They read a good deal, especially in divinity, Sidney’s *Arcadia*, and high-stilting Romances, if not Shakspeare’s glowing Histories, yet Spenser’s frosty Allegory, with Davila’s Civil Wars [of France],¹ Holinshed and the great historical compositions, not to speak of Acts of Parliament, Spelman, etc., up to Ployden and Fortescue *De Laudibus [Legum Angliæ]*. Not once to mention what is the staple article of all serious men, immensities of Sermons, Bishops’ Charges, Chilling-

¹ Henri Catherin Davila, son of Antoine Davila, a member of an extensive Spanish family. Antoine came into France in 1572, and was befriended by Henri III. and Catherine de Medici. In acknowledgment of their kindness he called his second son Henri Catherin Davila. Henri Catherin was born near Padua in 1576. His great work, *The Civil Wars of France*, was first published at Venice, 1630, in 15 volumes 4°. It was translated from Italian into French, and published at Paris in 1642; and an English translation of a large part of it appeared at London in 1647. *Biographie Universelle*.

with lead in the bottom of them do, and all beck and bow when the little red-faced Grace of Lambeth pulls the check string. No, Mr. Oliver; speak not so. This people's patience is among its noblest qualities, in respect for the constable's baton it is easy to be deficient, not easy to exceed. Patience, patience, till you can no more. Time with its births and deaths is rolling on. Help in this universe comes often one knows not whence; this universe, to the just man, is in all fibres of it, feracious of help. The just man's cause is the universe's own cause; what the universe always through all its entanglements and superficial perplexities means, has meant, and will mean: ever amid all the thousandfold eddies and back currents which bewilder eye and soul, this is the grand interior tide-stream and world-deep tendency which must and will succeed.—Look up to the highest as thou dost and study to be of good cheer. 'I to the Hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid.'

To the Hills indeed;—and look what is this that is befalling in the remote North Country in these days? History will hasten thither.

CHAPTER XX

'JENNY GEDDES'

[1637]

PURITANISM throughout the English lands lies crushed down, driven into silence, and, it is thought, into annihilation. Parishes of respectability have their altars at the East, their Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, and hope they have embraced Dr. Laud's Reformation, and terminated Dr. Luther's. So far as officiality can go, the disobedient spirit of Puritanism is abolished.

Nevertheless there are things that cannot be annihilated, let respectable officiality do its best and worst. Whatsoever

CHAPTER XIX

PATIENCE AND HOPE

[1637]

THE Shipmoney has been solemnly argued, and Hampden's cause is lost.¹ By monopolies, forced loans, fiscal extortions, we are punished in our purse; by scourgings, slit noses, cutting off of ears, in our persons and consciences: what is an Englishman coming to? Would we fly to New England for shelter in the wildernesses beyond the ocean, even this is not permitted us: Saybrook is building itself in Connecticut; but the Lords Saye and Brook shall not be permitted to go thither. Eight ships lie embargoed in the Thames; the Puritan Emigrants forbidden to depart; ye shall remain here, ye Puritan insubordinates; we want your ears on our pillories here.—And the dull people endures it all; this people sunk under *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus* in dreary enchantment seems incapable to help itself, seems ready to endure all things. Do not God's Gospel ministers lie dark in dungeons; Mr.² — with a collar round his neck? God's Gospel silenced and blasphemously trodden down at altars in the East, hateful chimeras in their copes and tippets are becking and gesticulating as if the living God were a mimetic mummer and conventionality and man were an Imitation and Hearsay and had no soul in him but an ape's. And the people resist not; since they held down the Speaker, nothing emphatic has been done by them. Fiery Elhot lies dead and cold, Strode reads his Bible, rugged Pym his Bible and briefs, etc., etc. We shall grow all, I think, into a Nation of mimes and Chinese automations; living quietly with a witness,—standing quietly as the wooden Chinese tumblers

¹ See *Letters and Speeches*, i. 93.² Name omitted in the MS. See *ant.*, p. 224.

man than this same, nor a more benign one for the world: properly it is the light of the world, found here and there in a human heart; it is the sacred element which keeps this world from becoming all one horrid charnel-house. Doctor, you had better let these feelings alone. Observe too, how quiet the people is; this half century it has generally held its peace, leaving it for most part, as Hampden says, to the Almighty. The Scottish Church is under a fatal cloud. King James's Prelates, like winged roched harpies, hovering to devour it; they have not devoured it, God's Gospel is still preached among us; and the faithful man can save his soul alive; let us trust in God for this cause of His. To God we may complain in prayer; against supreme royalty and sovereign powers that be, what man can rebel? No quieter people, more reverent towards the Highest King in heaven, or towards its lower kings on earth, exists anywhere.

Dr. Laud has been in Scotland twice over; he drove with unheard-of peril to himself and coach to various districts of the country, inaccessible except to zeal, looked with his own eyes on the nakedness of the land and its religion. Religion? he says, I could find no religion. Their Churches were little handsomer than barns; their worship no worship, mere unmethodic confusion, according to the notions of particular men. Any particular man rose up, prayed, without book, whatever lay in him. Drill exercise, done in a more slovenly way, I will thank any man to show me in this world. When a Right Reverend Father in God gives the word to a Nation, 'Shoulder arms,' and the Nation does not do it, but one person stands at 'attention,' another stands 'at ease,' another 'draws ramrod,' and some even 'present,' threatening to fire, —what kind of manœuvring is that! I put the question, Is that people and its devotional Drill exercise in a good way? What fatal dim owls of Minerva do perch themselves with authority in a Nation's Holiest of Holies, from time to time, and scratch and hoot there, 'Too-whit Too-whoo, No worship 'Hoo, till—till people's patience with them is exhausted!

holds of the Eternal in man, addressing itself to the eternal sense of justice, conscience, implanted in us by the Maker, it is born anew with every new man into this world, and can never be suppressed. The more you press and compress attempting to suppress it, the more fiercely will it recoil against you one day, with heavy compound interest for all it has suffered. Especially if it have suffered quietly;—dread these quiet sufferers, there is a strength in them beyond what they themselves know! Dr. Laud, with his rubrics, formulas, and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, is playing a heavier game than he wots of.

For example it is now some half century that the Scottish people have had to suffer the saddest obstructions: their beloved National Church, founded we may well say in the travail of their souls, and the true emblem to them of God's presence in this Earth, has for half a century been obstructed, and at times threatened with suffocation under the nightmare of foreign Prelacy. The naked vigour of Knox and his heroism, which prefers the humblest real coat to wearing one of cobwebs, shall now be covered up and decorated with rubrics, formalities, and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, what the spirit of Knox feels to be unveracities, and will once for all have no trade with, betide what may. For long a baleful death-shadow has hung over the Scotch Church; true Assemblies prohibited, exploded canonicals permitted,—Episcopacy, in its rochets, tippets, and rotten rags of an extinct Popery, abhorred by Heaven and Earth, actually walking abroad in the country. O Dr. Laud, it is cruel, if thou knew it; but thou wilt never know! These men, in such poor rude way as they can, protest against deliriums and delusions; they say, Our life is true and not a lie, an eternal fact, no shadow or tradition, but a God's fact:—dare we pretend to believe manifest incredibility, to serve the living God with things sacrificed to dumb wooden Idols? We dare not, we dare not; and, as God is our witness, we will not! Doctor, there is not a holier feeling in the soul of

pious thousand years to accumulate the like for spiritual uses, and as yet in these two centuries the process has not begun.

It was a step of extreme delicacy this demanding back the Church-lands, or seeming even afar off to demand them back. Possession for two generations is something in this mutable world; all men when you touch them in the purse are likely to be sensitive. These old National Church properties, had they been demanded back for a Church which was never so National, rooted in the hearts of the whole Nation, would not have come softly back; now that the better part of a century had fixed them in their new places, with their new holders, not without a violent series of wrenchings, backed by the sacred determination of the whole people, could that spoil have been regained. But to demand them back for a Church which was not National at all, which was disliked and fast growing detested by the nation, and in broad Scotland had no hearty partisan, that one can see, but Dr. Laud and our royal self? King Charles is thought to be looking this way; and surely this is not the way to facilitate the getting in of his Service-book.

Galvanic Dryasdust, generally very offensive, becomes as it were intolerable when he gets to treat of any matter that has a soul. Being himself galvanic merely, he cannot believe that there will be, is, or ever was, in man or his affairs any soul, — any vital element whatever, except the galvanic irritability, Greediness of Gain. This, according to Dryasdust, is sufficient in common cases; in uncommon cases, Protestant Reformations and such like, he superadds some *quantum suff.*¹ of delirium, calling it enthusiasm, the passions, or such like; and considers the phenomenon explained in that way. Cost what it may, he will not, and cannot, admit any soul. When a Luther rises Godlike to defy the powers of Earth and the whole created Universe in behalf of God's truth once more, the purblind Dryasdust sees in it some shopkeeper grudge of a grey monk against a black one.

¹ *Quantum sufficit*, a sufficiency, enough for the purpose.

Dr Laud in 1617 as king James's Chaplain, and still more when he went with Charles to his Coronation in 1633, failed not of one thing, to regulate the Chapel royal according to the true model. Heathen Scots without any religion, if they stept down to Holyrood might have the satisfaction to see religion. Here you observe due Altars in the East, the Four Surplices just lifted out of lavender foldings, an honour to the laundress, men bowing at the name of Jesus, bowing at many things, response, re response, and Collect of the day, men answering like clock work to the fogle motion, so that when you say, 'Ground arms,' they make one simultaneous rattle of it, and the manœuvre is perfect. Ye unhappy Scots without religion, does it not charm you at all? The unhappy Scots look on with vinegar aspect and closed lips, on their grim countenances no sign of charming is yet legible.

And yet good example is contagious and persuades the hardest hearts. Dr Laud thinks clearly this fifty years' expectancy should become fruition,—and real Scotch Bishops, which are as yet little better than Ghosts, should take shape and substance. King Charles, sensible, by instinct and conviction, of this truth, 'No Bishop no King,' is easily persuadable. The real Liturgy shall be introduced into all churches, the Prayer book printed, and not without due, gradual, oft-repeated admonition impressed into all parts of Scotland on a given day. What good is it to trample down Puritanism in England, if a whole Scotch Nation is allowed to practise it?

Nay, it would appear King Charles is about endeavouring to recover the Church lands, at least taking steps that way. In the disastrous times of Knox, a hungry nobility, with the promptitude of cormorants, swallowed the Church property, as it were in one day, and poor Knox when he demanded it back to make Schools with it, build Churches with it, teach and spiritually edify and enlighten the people with it, found that it had become a devout imagination. To his sorrow, to the sorrow of many men since that. It will require a new

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of black stones, and Edinburgh with its chimneys is called 'Auld Reekie' by the country people. Smoke-cloud very visible to the imagination: who knows what they are doing under it! Dryasdust with his thousand Tomes is dumb as the Bass Rock, nay, dumber, his Tomes are as the cackle of the thousand flocks of geese that inhabit there, and with deafening noise tell us nothing. The mirror of the Firth with its Inchkeiths, Inchcolms and silent isles, gleams beautiful on us; old Edinburgh rises yonder climbing aloft to its Castle precipice; from the rocks of Pettycur where the Third Alexander broke his neck, from all the Fife heights, from far and wide on every hand, you can see the sky windows of it glitter in the sun, a city set on a hill. But what are they doing there; what are they thinking, saying, meaning there? O Dryasdust!—The gallows stands on the Borough Muir; visible, one sign of civilisation; and men do plough and reap, and weave cloth and felt bonnets, otherwise they could not live. There are about a million of them, as I guess, actually living in this land; notable in several respects to mankind.

They have a broad Norse speech these people; full of picturesqueness, humour, emphasis, sly, deep meaning. A broad rugged Norse character, equal to other audacities than pirating and sea-kingship; and for the last 1000 years, in spite of Dryasdust's goose-babble, have not been idle. They have tamed the wild bisons into peaceable herds of black-cattle; the wolves are all dead long since; the shaggy forests felled; fields, now green, now red, lie beautiful in the sunshine; huts and stone-and-mortar houses spot for ages this once desert land. Gentle and simple are there, hunters with Lincoln coats and hawk on fist, and flat-soled hodden-grey ploughmen and herdsmen. They have made kings this people, and clothed them long since in bright-dyed silk or velvet with pearls and plumages, with gold and constitutional privileges and adornments. Kings? Nay, they have made Priests of various kinds, and know how to reverence them,

When Protestant Reformations take place, it is chess moves of Diplomacy, it is hungry barons greedy of Church spoil—look at Germany, look at Scotland, in the pages of Dryasdust. Nations when they flame up with fire once more as if from the centre of the world, are to Dryasdust nothing but heaps of flagrant madness, meaning at bottom, so far as there is any meaning left, to fill their pockets or stomachs. In all which, O reader, if thou reflect on it, is there not something infinitely fatal not to say nefarious, and if it were not pitiable, detestable? Blasphemy is the name it ought to go by. You can't sue Dryasdust in any court of law, yet who is there that has injured you as he? Elymas, the base sorcerer, who perverted men's hearts and minds from God's Gospel, God's splendour struck him blind—was it not a merited punishment? Dryasdust was punishable in those days. But indeed the Apes by the Dead Sea, they still chatter without any soul, having disbelieved in souls,—that is a punishment which in no time can be abrogated. Thank God for it, and mark it, and shudder at it. My readers and I will not believe that German Reformations, Scottish Reformations, Scottish Presbyterianisms, French Revolutions, ever did or can proceed from the hungry avidities or despicable penny wisdoms of Jack and Will, Dick and Tom. Such slaves are there present in all Heroisms, as ashes in all fires, but the ashes are not the fire.

Poor old Edinburgh, it lies there on its hill face between its Castle and Holyrood, extremely dim to us at this two centuries' distance, and yet the indisputable fact of it burns for us with a strange illuminativeness, small but unquenchable as the light of stars. Indisputably enough, old Edinburgh is there, poor old Scotland wholly, my old respected Mother! Smoke cloud hangs over old Edinburgh,—for, ever since Æneas Sylvius's¹ time and earlier, the people have had the art, very strange to Æneas, of burning a certain sort

¹ Æneas Sylvius was born in 1405, sent on a mission to Scotland, etc., in 1432, and became Pope Pius II. in 1458.

which means use of symbols that are no longer symbolic, is it not, in the Church and out of the Church, verily the heaviest human calamity? In the Church, and out of the Church, for all human life is either a worship or it is a chimera, Idolatry may be defined as the topstone of human miseries and degradations; it is the public apotheosis and solemn sanctioning of human unverity, whereby all misery and degradation physical and spiritual, temporal and eternal, first becomes rightly possible; the deliverance from it rightly impossible. Admit honestly that you are naked, there is some chance that by industry and energy you may acquire a coat; clothe yourself in cobwebs, and say with your teeth rattling, How comfortable am I, there is no chance of ever being clothed, there is no wish for or belief in the possibility of ever being better clothed. Men say with the drop at their nose, and teeth playing castanets (as you may hear them anywhere in these sad days), How comfortable are we!

With Jenny Geddes it has fared as with Pompey and others: there remains the shadow of her name. As Hercules represents whole generations of Heraclides and their work; as Marat in our compressive imagination did all the Reign of Terror;¹ so Jenny is the rascal multitude, by whom this transaction in the High Church was done. Her name is not mentioned for twenty-five or thirty years afterwards in any book; nevertheless it remains lively to this day in the mouth of Scottish tradition, and a Poet Burns in such mocking apotheosis as is permitted us in these poor days, calls his mare Jenny Geddes. Good Jenny, I delight to fancy her as a pious humble woman, to whom, as in that greatest Gospel is the rule, the Highest had come down. In her kerchief or simple snood, in her checkered plaid and poor stuff-gown she is infinitely respectable to me; reads that Bible which she has in her hand, a poor bound Bible with brass clasps, and

¹ See Carlyle's *French Revolution*, iii. 256.

and actually worship with them. For they are of deep heart; equal to still deeper than Norse Mythologies, and the gilt Temple of Upsala has for a thousand years lain quite behind them and beneath them. The Nation that can produce a Knox and listen to him is worth something! They have made actual Priests, and will even get High-priests,—though after long circuits I think, and in quite other guise than the Laud simulacra who are not worth naming here. This is the people of Scotland, and Edinburgh is the capital of it; whom this little red-faced man with the querulous voice, small chin and horse-shoe mouth, with the black triangle and white tippets on him, has come to favour with a religion. He, in his black triangle and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, will do it,—if so please Heaven.

Who knows, or will ever know, what the Edinburgh population were saying while the printing of Laud's Service Book went on? For long it threatened; the Scotch simulacra (of Bishops) were themselves very shy of it, but the little red-faced man whose motto is 'thorough,' drove it on. And so, after various postponements, now on Sunday the 23rd day of July, 1637, the feat is to be done; Edinburgh after generations of abeyance shall again see a day of religion.

'The times are noisy,' says Goethe, 'and again the times sink dumb!' How dumb is all this Edinburgh, are the million and odd articulate-speaking voices and hearts of Scotland of that year 1637! Their speech and speculation has all condensed itself, as is usual, has sunk undistinguished into the great Bog of Lindsey. He were a Shakspeare and more that could give us, in due miniature, any emblem of the speech and thought of Scotland during that year. No Shakspeare was there; only Dryasdust was there; and it is now grown silent enough. The boding of fifty years is now to realise itself, the thing, that we greatly feared has come upon us. The heart of this Scotland pauses aghast. A land purged of Idolatry shall again become Idolatrous?—Really, O modern reader, it is worth taking thought of. Idolatry,

tippets and rochet, with a Laud's Prayer Book in its hand. At sight of Dean Hanna in this guise, imagination hears a strange rustle in the St. Giles's audience; sees Jenny Geddes's lips compress themselves, her nose become more aquiline; and the general rustle as our Dean mounts the reading-desk sink into silence as of death. One can fancy the Dean's heart palpitating somewhat. Opening the Prayer Book he breaks the silence.—Hm—hm—hum! ever louder hums the audience, each taking courage and example from the other, the hum mounting in rapid geometric progression, till it breaks out into interjections, castings-in, as we call them, of a most emphatic sort. Some do make responses; inserted probably by Sydserf or Lindsay, as 'clackers' are in the first night of a play. Hired 'clackers' if so be they may save the play from being damned. Hired clackers,—or any not uncharitable soul to reinforce a poor Clerk in these circumstances? Service cannot be heard; the Dean growing redder and redder in the face, reads on; inaudible for hums, for growls, for open obstreperous anger of all men. Jenny Geddes (it appears from Dryasdust) has risen to her feet, many persons have risen. A hired clacker, close at Jenny's back endeavouring to make the response, her righteous soul able to stand it no longer, she flames into sheer wrath and articulation with tongue and palm; and exclaimed, says Dryasdust, smiting the young man heartily on alternate temples, 'Thou foul thief, wilt thou sing a Mass 'at my lug?' What a shrill sharp arrow of the soul! We have had long battles with the Mass; black nightmares of the Devil like to choke us into Death eternal; and they are gone and going, and we are awake to God's eternal sunlight, and the Devil's nightmare is to return? All women, all men and children feel with Jenny. The tumult rises tenfold. 'Out, 'away, off, off!'—So that Lindsay in regular pontificals is obliged himself to mount into the Pulpit. Poseidon in the tempest raises his serene head, to calm all billows. 'Let us 'read the Collect of the day.' 'Collect? Collect?' cry many. 'Let us read'—reiterates he. 'Deil colick the wame o' thee!'

sits upon a folding stool. It is the belief of Jenny that God's grace is in store for her, or God's eternal judgment, according as she behave well or behave ill: respectable Jenny!

Dim through the pages of Dryasdust we notice conclaves of Scottish Puritans, dignitaries, nobles, honourable women, taking earnest counsel on the matter; meeting for conference in Edinburgh and elsewhere. The old Duchess of Hamilton, says Dryasdust, rode about with a pair of pistols in her saddle. Like enough; with pistols in her saddle, and a variety of thoughts in her mind. Dim, owlish Dryasdust, as is his way in such cases, imputes the whole phenomenon to those conclaves: it was all a wooden puppet-play, constructed and contrived by these higher personages, the wires all fitted on, the figures all whittled and dressed, the program all schemed out;—and then some Duchess of Hamilton pulled the master-wire, and a dramatic representation was given. Disastrous Dryasdust, is human life dead, then? Art thou entirely an owl and tenebrific ray of darkness, then?—Enough, the 23rd morning of July, 1637 has risen over Edinburgh city; a silent Sabbath morning, not to be a silent day and evening; the dissatisfaction of long years will perhaps give itself voice today. But the Bailies and Officialities are getting towards St. Giles's Church,¹ and many mortals with speculation in their eyes; right reverend Sydsersf² is there, and Dean Hanna, etc., all in due rochets and pontificals; the miscellaneous audience sits waiting, nothing heard but here and there the creaking of some belated foot, slight coughing of some weak throat, and generally in all pauses, an irregular chorus of sighs. Dismal enough. They are going to worship here it would seem?

See, the Dean enters, a man irreconisable to us at the distance of 200 years, recognisable only as an aggregate of

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tippets and rochet, with a Little Prayer Book in her hand. At sight of Dean Hanna in this garb, she started, and to a strange rustle in the St. Giles's Church vestment, Geddes's lips compressed themselves into a firm line, reflecting aquiline; and the general rustle of dresses and gowns reading-desk sink into silence. The Dean's heart palpitating somewhat more miserably; yet he breaks the silence.—Hum—hum—, humming miserably on wainscots, audience, each taking courage and a young Clergyman came upon the hum mounting in rapid garret, came upon a hidden box or out into interjection. Aside there, with an immensity of papers in it. emphatic sort was clear, they were letters of the seventeenth by Sydserfry; and at last another thing became clear, that Chancellor Somers, the patriotic collector, would give a consideration for them. With Chancellor Somers, very busy otherwise, they turned to little account; nor with others into whose hands they fell. By and by Mr. Birch, however, subsequently of the British Museum, putting on his historic spectacles, easily discovered that here was a correspondence of the seventeenth century, abounding in the highest historic names, and turning up his Dryasdust repositories, easily remembered that a certain John Thurloe, Government Secretary, in his latter days resided here;—discovered therefore that this was Thurloe's secret hoard of official correspondence; which, unwilling to lose it, yet in evil times afraid to keep it, the good man had buried there in that box in the wall, and now after about a hundred years, it had unexpectedly come to light. Mr. Birch with enlivened hope, with alacrity, with persevering industry, proceeded to copy, decipher, arrange and commit to the press, that mass of dead letters; and so in seven folio volumes we have to this day a Thurloe Correspondence which he that runs, and is not afraid of locked-jaw, may to all lengths read.

Life being short and Art long, few or rather none, have ever read this Book, but all of us pry into it on occasion. Historic Art gratefully skims through it on a voyage of discovery,

upon a folding stool
 and's grace is in store
 ling as she behave

rough the pages of the *Scottish* and *English* history, regardless of the Devil and his
 what *Scottish* dignitaries, *English* and *Scottish* vociferation can be snatched, fly con-
 verging to counsel on the matter, *Scottish* point, which no Bishop, unless he be a
 cast-metal one, and elsewhere. *Scottish* Birmingham, can pretend to stand
 Official Bailies with the *Scottish* with pistols in menace, push, they and their
 conjure with outspread hands, *Scottish* mind. *Scottish* Din, *Scottish* or at least good
 beefeaters, who I hope have Lochaber imputes the *Scottish* drive out the
 truncheons,—gradually with confused effort *Scottish* person, *Scottish*
 rascal multitude, leaving only the hired clackers or *Scottish* the
 men bent to reinforce a weak clerical. The rascal multitude we
 patter on the windows, vociferate, shriek and howl
 Collect of the day cannot too soon terminate, I wish every riot
 had the Bishop well home.

Imaginative readers can conceive the rest. How terrible;
 spread over Edinburgh, over broad Scotland at large, clackers,
 element, getting read, being all so inflamed, and
 no man, or hardly a
 having any real des
 words and clergy, m
 sides to Edinburgh
 eral things, and
 what a
 Deborah

CH.

poisonous eclipse be lifted from the whole Past, the whole Present and Future time! O Dryasdust! Expediency, Wind-bag and Co. will march, the gates of native Chaos yawning for them, and the public thoroughfares will be clearer for a while. Consider, O intelligent reader, if by beneficent chance thou knewest that there was in verity after Death a Judgment and Eternity, that all the Earth and its business were but the Flame Image of a great God, his throne dark with excess of light, and Hell pain or Heavenly joy were forever in few years sure for thee. Thou wouldst fly to the mountains to cover thee, to Christ, to whosoever brought a hope of salvation for thee. Thy life were then a perpetual sacred prophecy, or, through the obstructions of the terrene element, a perpetual effort to be such. Prayers, tears, never-ending efforts, the sacrifice of very life, all this were a light thing for thee. Thou too, and all thy life and business, like the Earth thy mother, wert a kind of flame-image through which, now in bursts of clear splendour, now in fuliginosity and splendour overclouded, the presence of a God did verily look. Thou too wouldst write passionately for Dr. Wells to Mr. Story at the Sign of the Dog.¹ But thinkest thou this depends on Dr. Wells or Mr. Story, on any printed Book, Hebrew or other, or on any man or body of men, Hebrew, or other? That Dr. Wells or Mr. Story can make it or unmake it? My friend, when Dr. Wells and Mr. Story and all that was in the brain or memory of either of them shall have vanished like dreams never to be in any human memory more, this thing in its essentiality will remain true.

Here however, there are two courses that open themselves for the human species, leading to the notablest divarication, with the results of which History is full. The poor human genius is wrapt in traditions inwards to the very soul of it, and never comes out except wrapt in clothings, what it well calls habits. Did not Adam of Bremen see a gilt Temple at Upsala totally different from St. Catherine's

¹ See Letter I., *Cromwell*, i. 90.

hangs with outspread pinions for moments in the strange twilight, in the strange silence, of that wide-spread City of the Dead, descrying what it can,—little of moment for most part. For in truth the region is most awful, of a leaden quality, a leaden colour, guarded by basilisks, inhabited by ghosts, and the living visitor is in haste to return. We, at the very door of it, have snatched the following morsel

[Here follow directions to copy Oliver Cromwell's Letter of the 13th October, 1638, to his beloved Cousin, Mrs. St John. It stands in the *Letters and Speeches*, as Cromwell's Second Letter (i 100)]

Much remains obscure, lost beyond recovery. Alas, and the very spirit of the writing, how it is lost too, and the abstract words become meaningless to us, as are the proper names. The appellations and ideas, we say, are not less obliterated than the proper names and persons. Who knows what to make of dwelling in Meshec, which signifies *Prolonging*, or in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*? How could a man supposed to be of vigorous sense write down such imbecilities, or what did he mean by them? Dryasdust is terribly at a loss, the living intellectual circles wait with blank eagerness, some word of explanation from him, and he as good as feels that he has none to give—'Cant, Hypocrisy', the intellectual circles have rejected these,—well then, 'Enthusiasm, Fanaticism, some form of the grand element of cloudiness?' 'Yes,' with a kind of nasal interjectional 'Hm—hm,' as if still all were not right. But they are fount to rest satisfied with this. The square jawed, rugged looking individual, with massive nose, with keen gray eyes, and wart above the right eyebrow, was partly in a distracted condition. If it should ever by chance, as there is passing need otherwise, be disclosed to the intellectual circles that they have souls to be saved, then the last hypothesis of Dryasdust will go like the rest, I think, then woe in general to Dryasdust: his hypotheses and soul Hecate eclipses will fleet away with ignominious drumming in the rear of them, the very street urchins approvingly looking on, and a most

poisonous eclipse be lifted from the whole Past, the whole Present and Future time! O Dryasdust! Expediency, Windbag and Co. will march, the gates of native Chaos yawning for them, and the public thoroughfares will be clearer for a while. Consider, O intelligent reader, if by beneficent chance thou knewest that there was in verity after Death a Judgment and Eternity, that all the Earth and its business were but the Flame Image of a great God, his throne dark with excess of light, and Hell pain or Heavenly joy were forever in few years sure for thee. Thou wouldst fly to the mountains to cover thee, to Christ, to whosoever brought a hope of salvation for thee. Thy life were then a perpetual sacred prophecy, or, through the obstructions of the terrene element, a perpetual effort to be such. Prayers, tears, never-ending efforts, the sacrifice of very life, all this were a light thing for thee. Thou too, and all thy life and business, like the Earth thy mother, wert a kind of flame-image through which, now in bursts of clear splendour, now in fuliginosity and splendour overclouded, the presence of a God did verily look. Thou too wouldst write passionately for Dr. Wells to Mr. Story at the Sign of the Dog.¹ But thinkest thou this depends on Dr. Wells or Mr. Story, on any printed Book, Hebrew or other, or on any man or body of men, Hebrew, or other? That Dr. Wells or Mr. Story can make it or unmake it? My friend, when Dr. Wells and Mr. Story and all that was in the brain or memory of either of them shall have vanished like dreams never to be in any human memory more, this thing in its essentiality will remain true.

Here however, there are two courses that open themselves for the human species, leading to the notablest divarication, with the results of which History is full. The poor human genius is wrapt in traditions inwards to the very soul of it, and never comes out except wrapt in clothings, what it well calls habits. Did not Adam of Bremen see a gilt Temple at Upsala totally different from St. Catherine's

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or memory ; it too, so to speak, begins in Eternity. To the first men, they that with fresh virgin eyes looked forth into a Universe on which as yet no thought or sight had tried itself, all was new and nameless, was wonderful, unnameable, was godlike or God ; the first stratum of Tradition is the life of these First Men ; Tradition begins with the beginning of Time, it abuts on Eternity, is as a thing shed forth by the Eternal. Thou shalt worship Tradition too ; thou dost well to recognise a divineness in the Past. If Human History is the grand universal Bible, whereof almost all other Bibles are but synoptical tables, illustrative picture-books, then I reckon that what has hung suspended in the general human memory will be well worth gathering. Nay, worthy or not, it has to be gathered. We are born into a shaped world, not into a world which is yet to shape. What went before is a fact not less inexorable than what will follow. How the world is shaped and how farther it is shapable,—these are in a manner the two sole questions for a man.

Tradition is as the life-element, the circumambient air. We unconsciously live by it ; the rabidest Radical is penetrated by Tradition to the innermost fibre of him, at all moments of his existence, even when he is loudest in denouncing and gainsaying it. His denunciation of Tradition is itself in how many ways traditionary ! He demands Electoral Suffrage, Frée Parliaments, Ballot-box, etc. ; him too the wisdom of his ancestors taught that. Tradition ? Does he not speak English, a kind of English ? That of itself, if he reflect on it, is as the azure element that towered up boundless over Phosphoros, filling immensity for him, and fixed him down as with the weight of mountains under perpetual chains, perpetual beneficent leading-strings as we may call them withal. Imprisoning weight as of mountains reaching to the zenith, says one ;—beneficent roofing, household accommodation and security, says another.

Poor Zacharias Werner, in a rhapsody not intrinsically of much meaning, gives this account of the emblematic indi-

Church, with festooned gilt chains round it, and horses' heads set high on perches, some seventy in various stages of decomposition? The modes of Divinity are properly endless among men but they reduce themselves mainly into these two¹

Under the green Earth, so flowery, cheery, shone on by the sun, lie dismal deeps, dwelling places of we know not what misshapen gnomes, Rushworths, Dugdales, Rymers, dark kingdoms of the vanished Dead. He that would investigate the Past must be prepared for encountering things unpleasant, things dreary, nay, ghastly. The Past is the dwelling of the Dead, the pale kingdoms of Dis and the *Dii Manes*. Ulysses did not descend to the Dwellings of the Departed without struggles and sacrifices, nor when there did he find the region cheerful. Achilles, Prince of Heroes, is right mournful as a Shade. 'Do not extenuate Death to me, illustrious Ulysses. 'I would wish, as a field labourer to drudge for another man, 'though a mean one, to whom there were small substance, 'rather than be king of all the vanished Dead.'² How faithfully this old Greek notion of Achilles in *Llysium* represents his condition in the human memory,—his relation to the living Biographer! He is vanished, or nearly so, a thin, melancholy shade. Speak of the meanest day drudge who is yet alive and visible to me, speak not of the Dead, for I behold them not.—It is like thou beholdest them not! 'The Old Anecdotes of a Jabesh Windbag, how much more interesting to us than all that the Philosopher and Poet can say or sing of an Oliver Cromwell!

TRADITION

Tradition, too, is to be commended, in Tradition, too, is something of divine. Tradition is the beatified bodily form of all that once was, of what our Fathers from immemorial time have tried and found worthy. It begins beyond record

¹ *I.e.* Paganism and Christianity

² *Odyssey*, xl. 437, 91

the Maker? The Lawgivers of most nations, including our own, if we go out of Westminster Hall into Westminster Abbey, are esteemed still very clearly to be gods.

CHAPTER XXII

HAMPDEN AND LAUD—REALITIES AND PHANTASMS

How many voiceless men ride busily with hawk and hounds, sit studious, sit bibulous, refectory and requiescent within doors, fare busily on highways and fieldworks, on their several errands, smite upon the anvil and malleable hot iron in their rustic smithies, ride fruitlessly abroad with idle hawk upon their fist, and hounds and valets following them, at this same hour. All voiceless now, at that hour all loud and celebrated. Oblivion come to the aid of memory! How can we remember you all? In this city where I write in my garden, are some 1,800,000 human souls, to every soul of whom do not the heavens vault themselves into an arch with its crown right over *his* head, as if *he* were the most important man, to produce whom all things had hitherto been tending? There is no remembering of you all! I will beg some 999,999,999 of you to let your selves be forgotten peaceably that the unit may find room for himself. Alas, in the human memory as on the stage of Life, one set is ever crushing out another, and Godlike silence and evanition into serene azure is sooner or later the lot of all men and all gods.

Black walls of oblivion, like dark cloud coulisses must bound our small illuminated theatre. Wherefore History, though with reluctance, will be silent.

Amid the valleys where the Ouse languidly like an aristocratic river, collects its brooks, folded up among the green valleys, sheltered by the Buckingham beeches, is the Hampden Manorhouse and Church, the mansion of John Hampden; is John Hampden himself, a man of grave but cheerful affable

vidual, Phosphoros, the Light bringer, meaning evidently by him the soul of man, or perhaps, as some now speak, the soul of mankind.

' And when the Lord saw Phosphoros his pride,
Being wroth thereat, he cast him forth,
And shut him in a prison called Life,
And gave him for a garment earth and water,
And bound him straitly in four Azure Chains,
And pour'd for him the bitter cup of Fire ' ¹

This rhapsodic imagery has truly a resemblance to the fate of Man under Tradition

The air in small portions is transparent, of no colour or noticeability, but take it in totality as an atmosphere, it is azure, beautiful, almost divine looking, and encircles us everywhere with a Dome which we well name Heaven. Infinitude does so in all senses, in all cases. Tradition is properly the 'Totality of the memorable acts and thoughts of all mankind.' We are alive because we have an atmosphere round us, we are socially alive (we are in so many senses spiritually alive) because we have, and have long had, brothers round us, and the memory of *their* relations to the Universe. This, too, is an atmosphere, builds an azure heavenly world round our terrestrial one.

The laws of spiritual as of physical optics act here too. Masses of the Past get compressed by distance, compressed and transfigured to sapphire colour, and one highest peak becomes the name of a wide district. From the Greek Homeric Songs, to Longobard Paul Deacon, there rhymes itself a kind of order out of past human things, and arid History becomes a rhythmic Mythos. Hercules prints his name on long centuries of Herculean work and enterprise. Past events are deified. Does not every people, looking at its language, consider that the first Grammarian was God,

¹ For the remainder of this, the Legend of the Old Man of Carmel see Carlyle's Essay on Werner, *Works* 4 vols. I. 1.3 of 1777

dumb, even as they did Herr Kant of Königsberg, as they did John Hampden of that ilk, as they have done all men that had an open eye and soul, since soul and eye did first open on this world: Two things strike me dumb, the Starry Firmament, and the Law of Duty in man. Infinities both. Do they set thee talking?

But now suppose an earnest Mr. Hampden searching with his whole soul into those beautiful and divine depths had heard it confidently affirmed by all credible persons, and never dreamt of doubting it, That God the Eternal Lawgiver did once break the silence of Eternities, and speak; that here in this Hebrew and Greek Book was his authentic voice, here and not elsewhere at all? That as you learned His law here and did it, or neglected to learn and do it, Eternity of Blessedness, or endless Night of Misery, awaits you for evermore. That all this were a truth, true as sunrise and sunset, terrible as Death and Judgment. Certainly it were a fact of some importance, this, to Mr. Hampden. Certainly the impatience of Mr. Hampden with Vatican Popes, and Lambeth Pontiffs, and Phantasms with Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, were considerable. Ye audacious Phantasms in Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, what is all this? How dare you parade yourselves in such Guy Faux mummeries before the Eternal God! and address Him in set words that mean almost nothing for you! Are you sure of your way here? Has God commanded saying, This is pleasing to me; or was it only Dr. Laud that commanded?—Mr. Hampden, we had better not articulate ourselves farther on these subjects; but study to possess our souls in patience, or at any rate in silence. Mr. Hampden, the noble speaker, has a talent of silence too. Like his people, Mr. Hampden is of silent nature; prepared in so imperfect a world to put up with many things. Much is uncertain. Much is wrong; but all will be manifest; all will be perfect, and no grievance more forever, very soon.

And the Phantasms on their side have not the slightest misgiving about it. They answer: Good Mr. Hampden, we are

ways, as I judge by the look of him, not without Teutonic fire in his heart, but deep hidden, whom it were delightful to look in upon, did time permit¹ Authentically, sure as I am now here, he is then there, riding abroad to look up his tenants, to visit some neighbour, or the green earth and azure beeches at least, sitting at home reading Davila on the Civil Wars,¹ reading Chillingworth and Dutch Divinity,—looking earnestly into an ocean that his eyesight cannot bound, which is indeed bottomless, deep, which the sharpest human eyesight only seems to itself to reach the bottom of In the bottomless ocean there does ever appear to be a bottom, where the light fails and the eye can reach no farther, there the eye rests contented as on the primeval basis, there is the bottom so reckoned it is the law of optics for men here below Mr Hampden's eye reaches down farther than most, discerns as the deepest primeval fact, that in the heart of this world a God dwells verily, that man, poor imprisoned creature does of a felt truth reach up to Heaven and down to Hell, that the question how he demeanes himself in this poor life, is actually of infinite moment to him There, intrinsically, is the bottom for John Hampden,—as it is indeed for me, and for the clear sighted reader. Hast thou heard of any deeper depth yet reached by telescope or otherwise? I have heard of extremely shallow depths trumpeted abroad, as the wonderful wonder and real bottom found at last, in these enlightened days how there dwelt no God but a mere steam engine and clock mechanism in the heart of this world, and man's real duty was but to find due Jamaica treacle for himself, a finite duty, not infinite, with other most mournful matter, which, for the credit of the house, I will not enlarge upon Such extremely shallow depths have I been vociferously invited to contemplate in these days,—but a deeper than this of Hampden's no man ever saw,—nor will see, I imagine. Two things strike me

¹ 'Hampden was,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'very well read in History; and I remember the first time I ever saw that of Davila of the Civil Wars of France. It was lent me under the title of "Sir Hampden's *Life Memoirs*."'

CHAPTER XXIII

WENTWORTH (STRAFFORD)

As a lake of discontent it¹ spreads and stagnates these eleven years over England, swamping all England more and more into a sour marsh of universal discontent, without hope, without aim. England is slow to revolt; that is the reason why England has been successful in revolting. This man² has no notion to revolt, what hope is there for a man? The King is strong, the King is given over to his Lauds, his haughty fierce Wentworths, his sworn Attorney Noys, their belly full of parchment, where for press of Law no Justice can find audience. One must be patient, one must be silent. God's true messengers shall be cast into dungeons, set on pillories, with branded cheeks and ignominious slashes, their true voice smothered by the hangman. We must fly far, to America, New England, crouch low and be silent; waiting God's good time. In the end, ah yes, full surely yes, in the end God's will shall be done, not Dr. Laud's.—And now if out of so much smoke there did arise fire, what a blaze, sudden as continents of dry heath, fierce as anthracite furnaces, would it probably be!—It is the crowning moment of a man's life when he does take up arms, in the name of God, against an evil destiny, resolved to better it or die. Crowning moment of a man's life and also of a Nation's. The nation that never yet did so is still in the pupil state, and wants for present and coming times the noblest consciousness of a nation.

Sir Thomas Wentworth of Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, Baron Wentworth, my Lord of Strafford that is to be,³ was busy in the north of England at Council of the North, is busy still in Ireland, Tyranny's strong right-hand man. But the uninitiated reader, though the Strafford Papers have been

¹ The policy of Laud and Charles.

² Hampden.

³ See *post*, p. 323 *n*.

not entirely Phantasms, we are partly human too after a sort! It was in this way that the earliest Fathers from beyond human memory taught us, and in the Book itself is said, Do all things decently and in order, this is the order, we fancy, this is what the earliest Fathers, etc. We rest on Tradition, ring after ring round our horizon, the outer ring of which lies seemingly in contact with God himself and Eternity,—seemingly as the vapours over Paddington heights and the hills of Norwood lie in contact with the stars and are part and parcel of the firmament. Infinite star firmament, law of human duty, direct voice of God, opened human soul—we know nothing of all that, our own souls, it appears, must be shut to us, suspect to us,—though we received a University education. We never saw any opened human soul, heard within us or without us any direct voice of God,—heard only the direct voices of the spectral Archbishops, saw with such eyes as we had the eternal firmament rest firmly on Paddington and the heights of Norwood and Dulwich! And so they provide their Four Surplices at Allhallowtide with ruffled temper, chaunt ancient metre, and go on nothing doubting.

Good Heavens, when I look at these two classes of men, the Phantasms partly human after a sort, with their temper getting ruffled, and the Realities with their patience getting exhausted,—I could fancy collisions coming to pass between them. And what a business will it be, getting at the considerable heart of truth which consciously and unconsciously does lie in both, and having it presented in pure form. Due reverence for venerable human forms, due reverence for awful divine realities which transcend all forms—it will be centuries before we see these two made rightly one, and a wide glorious blessed life for us, instead of a narrow contentious and cursed one.

thee any more. It shall be so, it is so. Am not I good to thee; why persecutest thou me? Gratitude, sunburst of unexpected limitless hope and heavenly radiance, will have effect on the heart of man. Sir Thomas sees a new shorter course open to him; much that looked ugly under the winter twilight and shadow of intolerable old Savile, is grown beautiful when illuminated by such light from the king's throne. O my high struggling soul, see, by this way too, thou shalt get on high, be recognised by thyself and others for a high soul. Privilege of Parliament, Petition of Right, much that was ugly under the shadow of old Savile and cold obstruction, is now grown far less ugly under the summer sunlight. Privilege of Parliament, much may be rationally doubtful to the mind of man; but this that thou art President of the North,¹ and hast dissolved old Savile and all Yorkshire gainsayers from thy path, this is not doubtful, this is certain, a most blessed indisputable fact. Sir Thomas sees a new shorter course not doubtful but indisputable opening to him; sees gradually a new heaven and earth; all old things are passed away, behold all things are become new, even a shrill hysterical chimera in Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, even he, since his spasms pull my way, and he cheers me on to the top of my bent, is not unlovely to me.

Look not in the Strafford Papers, O reader, unless thy nerves be strong, thy necessities great. They are grown enchanted Papers, as we said; dim as Ghostland, and have a torpid quality, agreeable only to the soul of Dryasdust. We see Dr. Laud and Viscount Wentworth with much of the King's Majesty's business, the interests of Supreme Justice and Dr. Laud's and Viscount Wentworth's in this world; in a highly unsatisfactory manner;—and shall observe only that Wentworth, as well as Laud, is for '*Thorough*.'

Wentworth is a man of dark countenance, a stern down-

¹ Wentworth became President of the Council of the North, Dec. 1628; he was made Earl of Strafford and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in January, 1640. His Trial and execution took place in the spring of 1641.

printed these many years, will inquire vainly about that. They are enchanted Papers, those Strafford ones, shed a torpid influence, benumb into languor, into tetanus or sleep, all motion in the souls of men. O Radcliff, Heylin, Hacket, Rushworth, Nalson, Burton, Whitelock, Heath, and Vickers, why does posterity execrate you? Were ye not faithful in your day; and drove jocundly your waggon-loads of contemporary printed babble, jocundly shot it there, not calculating that it would be rubbish? Posterity did nothing for antiquity: posterity must take contentedly what antiquity was pleased to bequeath it: casket of gold grains precious in all markets, mountain heaps of gravel and indurated mud in size like the ruins of Babylon; no Pactolus¹ rolls metal alone, but metal and gravel mixed.

Wentworth, Strafford that is to be, a man of biliary, choleric temper, of fierce pride and energy, is busy in Ireland and England, and has long been. I knew him once as a Reformer; in those days when we were about to hold our Speaker down, he was among us, resolute as the rest; but when we actually held our Speaker down, when we had obtained our Petition of Right, he was not with us any more. He had gone away from us, gone over to the Four Surplices, to Whitehall and the gilt Formulas. Canst thou not conceive an honourable soul seduced? I have known such, more than one. The elevated soul seeks advancement, seeks to see itself an elevated soul;² the smile of kings, like radiance out of Heaven, says to them, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Sir John Savile,³ long a pestilent eye-sore to thee, lo! my glance shall dissolve him from thy path; in no County meeting shall any Savile, or man of them, outshine

¹ A river of Lydia, famed for its golden sands.

² 'It is a chaste ambition if rightly placed, said Strafford at his Trial, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good in the place where a man lives.' Rushworth, *Trial of Strafford*, 146.

³ The office of *Castos Rotulorum*, in Yorkshire, was through Lunningham's influence taken from Wentworth and given to Sir John Savile in 1623; the writ for Wentworth's removal being handed to him as he sat in open Court presiding at Sherb.

Psalm-books, and munitions of temporal and spiritual warfare,—advanced hither to their own Border, to petition his Majesty, in a most respectful but emphatic manner. Many lie there encamped; Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Commonalty, each Earl or Lord with his tenants and dependants round him, a Colonel he, a hardy drilled regiment they; on every tent flies this bandrol, ‘For Christ’s Crown and Covenant,’ and at evening and morning tide, as the drum rolls, there rises the voice of prayer and of psalms. Alexander Leslie of Balgony, a little crooked Fieldmarshal in big cocked hat, presides over it all, with supreme natural discretion, and military vigilance and experience; a man equal to all emergencies, whom years, hard German service, and example of Gustavus Adolphus, Lion of the North, have taught wisdom; who has looked in the face of Wallenstein before now, and rolled him back from Stralsund ineffectual after a siege of many months with all his big guns. Little Alexander in his big cocked hat, is thought to understand these matters. His Majesty looks at the phenomenon through his spy-glass on the other side of the river from Birks near Berwick, where his royal army lies encamped. Your Majesty, we are come out to petition, at the Borders of our poor country here, if your Majesty before invading us with sword, Service-book, and actual execution, would but hear our humble loyal desires! Men loyaller to your Majesty, breathe not under God’s sun. We kiss the hem of your Majesty’s cloak, and fling our hair under your Majesty’s feet, and indeed are inclined to be flunkies, rather than rebels, but we dare not worship the living God with Drury Lane gesticulations, Prompter’s Service-book, Chinese beckings to the East. Alas, we dare not and must not; and upon the whole we will not. We are here as your sacred Majesty sees, the representatives of a whole Nation, driven to petition at last with muskets in our hands. May it please your Majesty, reverse that Prompter’s Service-book, we will not have it, we will be cut in pieces sooner!

To such height has the matter come in two years. Mat-

looking man, full of thoughts, energies,—of tender affections gone mostly to the shape of pride and sorrow, of rage sleeping in stern composure, kept strictly under lock and key: cross him not abruptly, he is a choleric man, and from under his dark brows flashes a look not pleasant to me. Poor Wentworth, his very nerves are all shattered, he lives in perpetual pain of body, such a force of soul has he to exert. He must bear an Atlas burden of Irish and other unreasons: from a whole chaos of angry babble he has to extract the word or two of meaning, and compress the rest into silence. A withered figure, scathed and parched as by internal and external fire. Noble enough; yes, and even beautiful and tragical; at all events, terrible enough. He reverences King Charles, which is extremely miraculous, yet partially to be comprehended; King Charles, and I think, no other creature under this sky. Nay, at bottom, King Charles is but his Talismanic Figure, his conjuration Formula with which he will conjure the world; he must not break or scratch that Figure, or where were he? At bottom does not even reverence King Charles; he looks into the grim sea of fate stretching dark into the Infinite and the Eternal, and himself alone there; and reverences in strange ways only that and what holds of that. A proud, mournful, scathed and withered man, with a prouder magazine of rage lying in him.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SCOTS AT DUNSE LAW—PACIFICATION OF BERWICK, OR THE FIRST 'BISHOPS' WAR'

[1639]

IN the early summer days of 1639, there was seen at Dunse Law near Tweedmouth on the left bank, a notable thing: some 30,000 Scottish men all encamped on the conical Hill or Law, with tents, trenches, with pikes, muskets, Bible and

is considered to have been of a very superior description. This was the Pacification of Berwick, not destined to hold long.

CHAPTER XXV

PUBLIC BURNING OF THE SCOTTISH DECLARATION

[1639-40]

ON [a day in]¹ August 1639 at Cheapside the hangman is again busy with braziers and kindled coal fires, escorted by halberdiers and mounted or walking constables, presided over by long-gowned Sheriffs and official persons,—doing stern execution by fire, happily on Papers only: He is conflagrating publicly in this solemn manner, a printed Paper called Scots' Declaration;² sending up in flames and down as black powdery ashes, so many copies as he can procure of it; how many, I have nowhere learned. There rises the flame, crackling aloft, there fall the ashes, at Cheapside; emblematic of royal indignation;—the history of which transaction looks forward and looks backward. Backward it is as follows:

The Pacification of Berwick was drawn out fully on official paper, for anything I know, on sheepskin and vellum, but there were some subsidiary corollaries and annotations, which in the great hurry and anxiety it was only found possible to carry off by word of mouth. For example, his Majesty in the written Pacification could not well depart from the phrase 'Pretended Assembly,' as applied to the Glasgow General Assembly of the

¹ Blank left in the MS. for the day of the month, which was probably the 11th,—the day on which the Proclamation for burning the papers was issued by the King and Council.

² The Papers burnt were: 'The Scottish Exposition of the Treaty of Berwick, entitled "Some Conditions of his Majesty's Treaty with his subjects in Scotland, before the English Nobility, set down here for remembrance." To which is subjoined the Scottish Army's Declaration concerning their acceptance of the King's answer.'—*S. P. Dom.*, ccccxxvii. 14; Rushworth, iii. 965.

The order for burning these Papers was made at a meeting of the Council, 4th August, 1639.

ters long compressed rapidly expand themselves when they do burst forth. On signal of Jenny Geddes's stool, the whole Scotch Nation rose,—not in violence and musketry, very far from that, their fire we hope lay deeper in them than that. By skilfullest management, guidance, wise, gentle as the dove, walking always by the old law, or gently stretching it so that it never broke, by petitions, legal protestings, by Convocation Tables, by National Covenant, Sacrament, and General Assembly, here we are, peasant and peer of us, man, woman and child of us, a whole Nation gone forth in the name of God to protest against this thing, and have the happiness to be represented by 50,000 armed men under Fieldmarshal Leslie here — His Majesty looking close at it sees good to accept the Petition, or seems to accept it, *Soit droit fait*, and we all go home again, each in a whole skin for the present. Not a stroke was struck in this 'Bellum Episcopale'¹ Earl Holland, he that built the extant Holland House, and lost his own head at last, poor man, he, as Master of the Horse in this royal army, did ride across in a warlike manner, towards Kelso as if he had meant something, but the steel beginning all to glitter on the hill sides as he came near, and Scotch trooper regiments to rendezvous themselves in a deliberate manner, his Lordship saw good to call Halt and ride back again, without blood drawn. The glittering steel masses followed him, not chased him, Heavens, no!—escorted him rather, as a guard of honour, and saw him safe over Berwick Bridge again. The truth is, this English army had not the slightest disposition to embark in butchery with these poor Scots on any such quarrel. They wished them well rather, said in their hearts very many of them, God speed you, poor Scotch people, and deliver us from the heat of the weather in Palace Yard² and elsewhere. You are in the van, the forlorn hope, we also seem to stand amongst you, in the rear of the same host. The management of the Scots in standing firmly on their guard, yet offering on the great and on the little every conciliation to their individual brethren of England.

¹ The 'First Bishops' War,' so called.

² See ante, p. 273.

version of them: hateful they and all versions and reminiscences and accidents and qualities of them, worthy of the Hangman alone. For his Majesty has now got other game afoot than those word-of-mouth assurances, or any version of them true or untrue. He has got Strafford over from Ireland, prospect of Irish subsidies, Clergy subsidies, benevolences, and an English army: War and *ex victis* to the treasonous Scots rebels. We will summon a new Parliament for the fourth time,—an English Parliament,—we will ask them for supply against Scotch rebels: if they refuse, your Majesty is absolved before God and man, and must have recourse to other methods. Your Majesty has an Irish army to control that country,—‘that country,’ or was it ‘this country’? Sir Henry Vane the Elder’s recollections are uncertain, nor could the world ever yet entirely decide.¹ Backward such is the history of that transaction of the Hangman at Cheapside.

Forward, it issues in what the following Chapters will show.

CHAPTER XXVI

MEETING OF OLIVER ST. JOHN AND EDWARD HYDE²

[1640]

THESE two Barristers happen to meet one another in Westminster Hall on 5th May, 1640. Hyde is a firm-built, eupeptic Barrister, whose usual air is florid-hopeful still; a massive man; unknown depths of impetuosity kept down under mountain rock-strata of discretion, which yearly pile themselves higher and higher and are already very high for his years. The other is a slouching, lean, long man, seems

¹ ‘The Earl of Clare and others debated with Vane (the elder Vane) sharply, What “*this* kingdom” did mean; England or only perhaps Scotland? Maynard quickly silenced him: “Do you ask, my Lord, if this kingdom be this kingdom or not?”’—Baillie (cited by Carlyle, *Miscellanies*, vi. 60).

² Edward Hyde was created Earl of Clarendon in 1661.

year before, which the Scots believed and asserted one and all of them by tongue and pen, and were there to assert by pike and gun, and every organ of soul and body, to be a most true irrefragable Assembly;—the Acts of which his Majesty indeed, as the basis of the whole Pacification, had consented to accept and substantiate by a new Parliament and a new Assembly to which there should no objection lie. Why did he not then retract the phrase ‘Pretended’? Well, perhaps it had been better. Our haste is great, our anxiety to get the matter done. Two hungry armies lying within wind of one another, hovering and parading round one another: judge if this is a time to spend hours, any hour of which may produce explosion, on mere points of form: but his Majesty’s temper, none of the sweetest, had been sorely tried in regard to essential points; why fret him and get into new discussions about points seemingly more of form than substance? You know what his Majesty meant; his Majesty with his royal lips in our hearing gives assurance that he means it so. The Scotch Commissioners, as anxious as the English to have done, accept the word-of-mouth assurances, leaving the writing as it is, report in their own camp, redact and publicly sign the word-of-mouth assurances as expository of the Treaty:—and so with mutual civilities, public dinners, speeches, prayers and great waving of caps and friendly gesticulations, retire Northward, their brethren of England retiring Southward, as from a business of powder magazine and lit matches,—a business that could not end too soon. And so the new Scotch Assembly have met, and the new Scotch Parliament, and have done or are doing what was consented on, and the word-of-mouth assurances put to paper on Dunse Law in the year 1639, are put to print in Edinburgh; these with the needful developments are put to print, and come forth as the Scotch Declaration;—which his Majesty, revolving in his altered soul the past and the present phases of things, is now getting burnt by the Hangman at Cheapside. That is his Majesty’s resolution touching those same word-of-mouth assurances, touching this

his stewardship to the Freeholders and corporation there. And his Majesty is now intent on raising supply by other ways, which in the course of that summer he does, by private subscription, by clergy benevolence, by every devisable method. Not in the successfulest way. Official men indeed subscribe. Strafford dashes down his name for 20,000*l.* at one stroke, the decisive Strafford. His Grace of Canterbury keeps his convocation sitting, passing canons, an Etcetera Oath,¹ much noised of then; granting clergy subsidies. Walter Montague and Kenelm Digby urge the Papists to come forward in a body, now or never, in his Majesty's extreme need; Scotch rebels hanging on him and refractory English Puritans hanging back from him. Down with your dust now! Alas, it comes to little. The City of London, requested to favour Majesty with the loan of 100,000*l.*, grimaces in the painfulest way, and at length answers, 'Cannot, your Majesty'! We have not the sum convenient, just at this juncture. Whereby the Commission of Array and Second *Bellum Episcopale* cannot have a fair chance, I should doubt, War and no sinews of war. For all England is as the City of London; answers in every way, 'Cannot, your Majesty';—our hearts are in no way set to this second Episcopal War; they are set totally against it, your Majesty. Why should we shoot the poor Anti-episcopal Scots for the little shrill Archbishop's sake? It were sheer suicide; shooting our own forlorn hope. We wish the Scots right well in this business. Distressed to say we have not the sum; we have not any sum or thing in the shape of help convenient just at this juncture! The apprentices of London, what we should now call the City Shopmen and such like, five hundred of them, not without firearms, roll down in tumultuous assemblage to Lambeth, grimly inquiring after Laud, his

¹ An Oath imposed by the Canons of 1640: 'I,' A. B., 'do swear that . . . I will never give my consent to alter the government of this Church by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, etc.' 'A prodigious, bottomless and unlimited Oath,' as a writer of that period calls it. The people protested vigorously against being required to swear to an etc., hence the name of the Oath. It is printed in Rushworth, iii. 1186.

of atrabilious humour, deep-eyed, internal fire enough, but burning as in a reverberatory furnace, under thick iron covers, only gleams of it shining through in crevices, rather questionable-looking. The man is of immense legal toughness and talent, gained immortal or quasi immortal law laurels the year before last pleading for Mr. Hampden in the Ship money case. The two Barristers as they meet in Westminster Hall this day, seem to have changed characters. the florid, hopeful Barrister looks sad, the gloomy lean Barrister looks joyous, the dark-lantern visage of St John shines almost like a light-lantern. 'How now?' says Barrister Hyde. 'You do not seem 'sorry that his Majesty has dissolved us all, and rashly smitten 'his good Parliament' in pieces today?'—'Yes, our good Parliament, as you call it, could never have done the business. 'We shall get a better Parliament before long. 'Things are in 'the wind that will bring a really good Parliament. We must 'be worse before we can be better and well'—I or his Majesty has this day dissolved his Parliament, in a very short style he asked them for supply against Scotch rebels, that he might first chastise rebels, and then redress all manner of grievances that it had entered into the heart of man to conceive. The Parliament after due humming and hawing, signified that it would prefer the other method,—grievances redressed first, or at least grievances and supply going *pari passu*. Are you serious, are you inflexible? asked his Majesty, in the official dialect, yet with haste, haste indorsed on all his questions. The Parliament with much humming and hawing managed to grunt out decisively, We are serious, we are inflexible. Then disappear, hastily answered his Majesty—

And so the Barristers, Ex members, meet in Westminster Hall, as above said, and all Ex members are busily packing up their goods to be gone from Town again, and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Ex member for Cambridge, is packing up, and intending for Lily and stock farming in these Fen regions, and will probably take Cambridge by the way, and render some account of

¹ The Short Parliament, which met on the 13th of April 1642.

and no credit! 'Steady men!' cries the marching Lieutenant. 'Steady?' answer they under breath and sometimes above breath, with huge universal growl, recovering their few available muskets, bursting out into sheer mutiny. 'Several of their Officers were shot by them during the march'; the reader can expand that little sentence; and this, 'They broke into Churches tricked out according to the Laud fashion, tore away the Altar-rails and other newfangled tackle,' kick them down and I daresay with curses, and reduce matters to the old footing. Puritan painful ministers had reverent salutation from them; Anti-puritan found it convenient to become rapidly absent. Such detached cloud streaks of military force are wandering from all sides of England towards Selby and the Northern parts;—likely when combined to make a formidable army indeed! They have no money, few muskets, the arms are not yet come up, men are only carting them from Hull, and conveyances are scarce owing to want of money: what thing have they? The Earl of Strafford—yes, he is a thing; but he is not all things. Where was the Earl of Strafford's wisdom when he embarked himself, life and fortune, on such an incoherent, explosive, self-divulsive flotilla as this same? I cannot esteem him wise, I esteem him rash and desperate, if he think to face Scotch Puritanism, the practical Fieldmarshal of Stralsund, solemn Covenant, and dear Sandy's¹ troops with such an apparatus as this. He will do it, he says; yes, by the help of God, and that Irish army, Papists mostly. He is sick but unwearied, hopes against hope. Had all men been Straffords;—yes, but there is only one Strafford. Flaming fire cannot kindle brick-dust, but must itself die amid the rubbish. What kind of army this was, full of mutiny, without arms, munitions or money, Lord Conway the practical general knows best; as readers may still see in his narrative; an army full of mutiny, empty of money, discipline, arms and goodwill.

¹ Sir Alexander Hamilton's.

little Grace.¹ His little Grace, the red face growing piebald with fear, barricades his palace, ducks off to Whitehall, to Croydon, to various successive places, and becomes a Chief Priest eclipsed, or Archbishop girt-with trembling.² The apprentices ransack his Lambeth, smash all glass in pieces, disappointed of their Archbishop, and one of them gets hanged, drawn and quartered for it,—his head and limbs blacken aloft on London Bridge for a sign.³ Not satisfactory to the apprentice mind, unsatisfactory, though com-pescent for the hour—And the straggling army marches towards the rendezvous at Selby, at York, or Newcastle, with few muskets or munitions in it, and such a temper as I have rarely seen. Vociferous against Bishops and their chimerical Mandarin fogle-work, now like to issue in cloven crowns, decided not to be officered by Popish rascals, ‘you are a ‘Papist, you shall not lead us, that’s flat!’ Poor thick-headed, heavy handed, hobnailed men, hauled from the workshop and furrow field, set marching on such an errand, they aggravate one another all day through the weary march. Popish ceremonies, surplices at Allhallowtide, pampered High Priests riding prosperous, and godly Mr Burtons set in the pillory to have their ears sawed off, and we marching here in the dusty weather, in the broiling sun, and not a cup of beer rightly allowed us, for the beer is ineffectual,—and we have never seen the colour of money, for they seem to have no money

¹ On 11th May 1640.

² See *ante*, p. 295 n.

³ The name of this unfortunate man was, I believe, John Archer. He was a Glover by trade, and had been at 12 as drummer to the noters, was captured and put to the rack that he might disclose the names of the more important instigators or ring-leaders of the attack on the Archbishop's Palace. He maintained silence, and in a day or two was hanged, drawn and quartered. Archer's case is notable as being the last instance of Torture in England. More than eleven years before, when he was tried, the Judges had unanimously declared that Torture was altogether illegal; Charles, however, by royal prerogative since the law would not serve him, ordered the rack for poor Archer. The warrant, ‘Given under our signet, at our Court at Whitehall, 21st May, 1640, and exists in the State Paper Office. See *Mason's Life of Mr*

these days; wherefrom again they are gradually dwindling down towards their minimum whatever that may be. This was called the Long Parliament, for indeed it sat some thirteen years, had strange fortunes, and took preternatural-looking spectres by the beard, was extolled to heaven and deprecated to Tophet; but it might also be called the Great Parliament, the Father of Parliaments. Had the French Constituent Assembly, the French Convention, been foremost in time, they doubtless might have vied with it or surpassed it in singularity; but they were only children of it; if we will regard them well, they sprang from it as emanations, imitations in many ways; it was the grand original: that makes the peculiarity of it. For this Long Parliament did, after being duly extolled to heaven and deprecated to Tartarus, contrive to accomplish its task in this world; the task, in a rude shape, lay done and ineffaceable; no Charles-Second's Parliaments could erase 'from the Journals,' no man, not even a god, could erase the Fact this Long Parliament had performed among the sons of men. The gods themselves cannot alter the action that is done. Its task lay rude but accomplished; went on completing, perfecting, itself, the everlasting powers of Nature co-operating with it. And so in 1688, in a milder Second Edition, it came out presentable in polite drawing-rooms, as a 'glorious revolution of '88,' to the satisfaction of all parties whatsoever; celebrated with infinite bonfires, expenditure of ale and constitutional eloquence, from end to end of English land. And remains now as a Fact, presentable, patent, soliciting observation from all mortals. So that, in 1774 an American Declaration of Rights, an American Congress we may say, as the eldest son of it, could take effect. And then, and therefrom, in 1789, a French Constituent and Revolutionary Convention,—which properly therefore is the second in descent from it—its eldest grandson. The notablest grandson it ever had; a grandson set on a hill, a flaming mount, far-blazing with intolerable radiance, at one time like to have burned up the whole civilised world. Truly the notablest of all grand-

[The remainder of this Paper is lost. It was probably extracted from the rest of the *ms.* to be used in *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*. In the Chapter entitled 'Two Years' (Library Edition, i. 106) there is a short account of this 'Battle of Newburn,' as it is sometimes called, and of the events which rapidly followed it. It appears that the Scottish Officer mentioned above had come down to the river merely to water his horse, suspecting no danger, the men of both armies being on good terms with each other. An English soldier, provoked by the leisurely manner of the Scot, who was gazing at the English trenches while his horse drank from the river, suddenly raised his musket and fired the Officer dropt from his saddle, wounded. Thereupon the battle began. The crackle of musketry was soon followed by the roar of cannon. The Scottish artillery from the hillside and even from Newburn Church steeple played down upon the English trenches with such effect that their first trench was soon vacated. As soon as the tide would permit, Leslie ordered the three hundred horsemen, above mentioned, to cross the Tyne,—the Scottish cannon meanwhile directing their fire on the English second trench. This, too, was soon abandoned. The three hundred got safely over, followed by others and again by others. Before the Scotch army had all crossed the river the English, who made only a half hearted resistance, turned and fled. Their loss was sixty killed and 'some prisoners', the Scotch loss was some ten or twelve killed. The Scots took possession of Newcastle next day; and gradually of all Northumberland and Durham, and remained in various towns and villages for about a year, on an allowance from England of £50*l.* a day; and were very welcome to the English Puritans. A peace was patched up at Ripon, and Charles, after vainly trying various expedients to raise funds, was forced to consent to the summoning of another English Parliament,—the Long Parliament, spoken of in the next Chapter.]

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LONG PARLIAMENT

[1640]

ON Tuesday the Third of November, 1640, there sat down a Parliament which, as begins now to be more and more apparent, was the flower of all Parliaments, what we may call the acme where they attained their maximum, became notable and in due time imitable by all Nations, as we see them in

tion, his whole life-furniture, what he believes, knows, possesses, his dwelling-houses, his bookprintings, his very tastes, wishes and religions,—can I wonder that the Past seems worshipful, seems divine? Puseyisms, etc. and ('we will believe as our forefathers believed') cease to be wonderful to me.

Spiritual pedigrees are worth taking note of in a slight way; if much run upon they do not yield much,—and belong more properly to the province of Dryasdust and Co. To whom at present let us leave them.

Looking through the rubbish-continent and Rushworthian chaos, one discerns dimly afar off, two hundred years off, an Old London,—very curious, very dim, which one would like to see so clearly! Good Heavens, is it not certain as if we saw it face to face (having flown thither with the 'Time-hat'¹ on our head), that they had all awoke out of sleep that morning in variety of humours, eaten breakfast, and set to their trades and tasks, such as were then going. Some five hundred thousand (?) human individuals as I learn or guess under the fog canopy. Reader, I will ask thee to do me the favour of asking thyself not in word only but in thought, whither that Day with the works, faces, persons, etc., that were in it has gone? The said Day in short where is it? Not nowhither, for I still see it. Thou standest mute. Thou hast no answer. Thy inability to answer is in proportion to the intellect thou hast! Grant me accordingly this other practical favour, To cease altogether talking about preternatural machinery and Epic Hero-biographies that cannot go on without visible descent of gods and such like. If all Olympus with Valhalla in the rear of it were to descend visibly some morning, and vanish again, so that one might take affidavit of it, what new wonder were there for any except children and minors? London city of 3rd November, 1640, *was* it not, and now in 1843 *is* it?

¹ 'Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone.'—*Sartor Resartus*, p. 254.

sons that had been or will be. But so conspicuous, at any rate, that now all peoples and kindreds are bent on having their Parliament as the one thing needful,—and evidently will and must have it, so that the great and other grandsons of this same Long Parliament are like to be many, as many in fact as there are civilised nations in the Earth. For even kings do now everywhere begin to see that this Parliament, freedom of debate, ballot, taxing, and such like, will go the round of the world, and cannot by earthly art be hindered from working itself out to a consummation, that all mortals may see clearly what it is,—whether the one thing needful or only one of the things needful. From the English Long Parliament and its works and King killing, all this, as the Historical genealogist can see, takes its pedigree.

For man is such an imitative creature—very observable even in the genus *Simia*,¹ left in the deserts, and night coming on, the poor creature gazes nigh desperately to see if there be no human vestige, the print of human feet is in every sense as a guidance to him, as hope to his heart and light to his eyes. His imitative virtue take that away from a man, you have taken all from him. You have stript him not of his clothes and shirt only, but almost of his very skin. He has no Tradition or continuance of Past into Future, the career of human development, the history of civilisation, extends to a maximum of three score and ten years. The man cannot speak, it is thousands of ages and their dumb struggle to express themselves that have taught men to speak. If, as Richter says, one new metaphor between the two Leipzig Book fairs be a fair average, what length of time must the building of a Greek Language have cost? Stript of imitation the poor man cannot speak, he cannot even think, except extempore. What his wild eyes can discern as they flash out from him in wonder, in want, in thousandfold eagerness, that is his thought, not a stock of thought at all, but a scantling of insight from hand to mouth! When I think what man derives from imita-

¹ The Monkey tribes.

theless, it would gratify me to understand in what manner Edward Hyde was dressed that day. And the little Lord Falkland, with his screeching voice but extreme gentility and intellectuality—in a clean shirt, he, I cannot doubt. Did Mr. Hampden ride up to Town attended by grooms?

Let the dead bury their dead. Why should any man re-enter upon the Laudian (Canterburian) controversy whether Altars should be built into the East wall, or on the long settled Divine Right of Kings? It is two hundred years ago, and much has come and gone since then. . . .

So that in these Long Parliament matters it is to be owned that the most part of the business has fairly escheated some time since to the Antiquarian Societies and Picturesque History Writers; in whose hands may it have a blessing. With the unconsumable in that business have we to do. If there be no unconsumable? But there is!

OLIVER CROMWELL—JAMES HEATH AS BIOGRAPHER

Till Oliver's seventeenth year all records of him fail, except the sham records of Carrion Heath and others, not worthy of repeating any more. The Destinies have said, Be this man's youth and boyhood forever unknown to me. Let him emerge from the obscure, a full-grown man; with an athletic figure, to fix the world's eye, to make the world ask, Whence came these thews and sinews? but to ask without any especial response at all. Let the world try how it will respond; trace out significantly its own wisdom and folly by its manner of responding! Such being the arrangement of Destiny itself, clearly enough all æsthetic regulations, and historical wishes and regrets, have nothing to do but repress themselves and go cheerfully to work in conformity.

Smelfungus calls poor James Heath, who was son of the King's cutler and a royalist inhabitant of Grubstreet at that early epoch, generally by no other name than Carrion Heath, being to the heart indignant with him. Poor Heath, he had to write Pamphlets, compilations and saleable rhapsodic matter

Gazing with inexpressible trembling curiosity into these old magic tombs of our Fathers, into that far vanished 3rd of November, 1640, I can see a city in considerable commotion, a character of excitation, expectation superadded to the common physiognomy of the place. The King it is true does not ride the city to-day, as the wont is, but comes almost privately by water. He rode the city three days ago with endless pomp, returning from the Scotch army and the treaty of Ripon,—a certain slender young man, of pale intelligent look not without an air of dandyism, by name John Evelyn,¹ saw him. The King does not come to ride again; but comes in gilt barge, only bargemen and a river population getting leave to look. His gilt barge and beefeaters, somewhat like his worship the present Lord Mayor's, I suppose, are a matter wonderfully indifferent to me,—by no means the thing I was in quest of.

People I do see there, whom I would give something to see clearly! That double-chinned elderly man, for instance, with the brisk smiling eyes though the face does not smile, but is heavy with long toil, imprisonment, the learned Mr. John Pym of Brymore. Or Mr. Hampden, Member for Bucks. Cheers from a stout population with doffed cap whenever he is discovered, I think I can discern for that man. A man of firm close-shut mouth, firm-set figure, and eyes beaming with intelligence and energy close-shut; the whole figure of him expressing delicacy almost female, reluctant to offend; beautifully veiling, tempering, in mildest habitudes, courtesies, principles, a fierce enough manly fire; what we call a thoroughly bred man of the English stamp: great delicacy, great firmness; and indeed as the centre of all, a very great pride, if thou wilt call it by such a name. Why should not such a man be prideful, himself equal to the highest men? A most proud but most cultivated, thoroughly well-bred man, Hampden of the Ship-money.

Antiquarianism goes for little with me: Good Heavens, do we not know that we too shall one day be antiquities? Never-

¹ The celebrated Virtuoso, Diarist, etc. (1620-1706).

‘good can you ever do, what good ever experience? Darkness ‘is in you. Darkness will alone come out of you. The living ‘carrión that says there is no God, I will mercifully slay him, ‘make him authentic carrión at least.’ Heard ever mortal the like? What hope is there of the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and any general condolence with criminal persons, if men of genius, secretaries of Dryasdust societies speak such things! We shall have wars again, perhaps civil wars, men rising up in the general putrescence of social things, and saying, ‘O general putrescence, behold, we are totally weary of ‘thee, behold, we will not live beside thee, we are in duel with ‘thee, and thou shalt die or we!’ Was there nothing worse yet heard of than death? Woe to the mortal sons of men when in their benevolences, gluttonies, pruriencies and bottomless pocketocracies, they take to twaddling to one another extensively in that dialect! Their day is not distant then. An awakening is at hand, or else the eternal sleep.

The thing that thou actually lovest, choose that, even as thou art minded; it is the voice of thy whole being that speaks then. Paint that, sing it, celebrate it, work towards doing it and possessing it, deaf to all else. It is rich with blessedness for thee; every feature and figure of it emblematic of good to thee: it is thy counterpart, that.

This man Oliver Cromwell, from Ely, more than any other of these Members of the Long Parliament, vibrates my mind towards him, excites all my curiosity. With what interest do I see him ambling up at a firm journey-pace to Town for the discharge of Parliamentary duties, in rude country habiliments, well wrapped against the cold,—with rugged weather-beaten countenance! Did he ride alone, or came he up perhaps with Mr. Hampden, his Cousin? At which Inn did he lie, what manner of horse rode he? All this I would dispute with Antiquarian Societies; but, alas, neither of us knows aught of it. Consider the dim weather, the muddy ways, the portentous aspect of the time, long heavy darkness, uncertain gleam of deliverance peering through it. Mr. Cromwell,

for a living, at frightfully exiguous rates per sheet, we are afraid; and with a world all got into amazing alterations since he quitted Oxford, and fancied he understood it all! This poor inhabitant of the Literary republic, was his fate a gentle one?—‘I will ask thee,’ says Smelfungus, ‘what kind of blasphemy there is which can equal this of defacing the image of the Highest when such is beneficently sent among us, as at rare intervals it happens to go about in our Earth under the shape of a heroic man? Mark him who plies in the puddles to cover it with mud! He who thinks it worthy of such treatment, what kind of thinking apparatus, of soul as we say, must there be in him? It fills me with a certain sacred horror. Is Heroism common as road pebbles, then, in this country? Must industrious individuals get out of bed to obliterate the exuberance of it by long-continued discharges of mud? What can I call such a man but carrion? There was never any soul in him, or he would have taken to another trade; he would have died ten times rather than live by such a trade. He had no soul, I say, or his thought would not have been such a misthought, the summary of all conceivable misthoughts. He was a living carrion even while he digested and made a pretence to be thinking in Grub Street; he is become a dead carrion, and all men know him for what he is!’—O Smelfungus, my dark friend, why this severity? Heath and his like are a kind of Devil’s Advocates, not without their uses in the world. Unsafe to canonise anybody without having heard the *Advocatus Diaboli* also to an end. Advocates claim a kind of privilege even to lie; much more may Devil’s Advocates, Living Carrion, my dark friend.

But Smelfungus has his own notions about Carrion. This is what I find on a leaf concerning Toleration: ‘Mahomet was quite right to say to men, Believe in Allah, or it shall go worse with you, ye scandalous individuals in the form of humanity. God is great and these appetites and breechespockets of yours are small. Awaken from your grease-element, or it will be merciful to extinguish you in it. What

miracle of miracles. Awakened out of still Eternity, I live, and for a kingdom and inheritance all this Immensity has been given me. Me I say ; for though I draw not the rents or sign the lease-contracts of much or of any of it, yet according to my capabilities,—as I can look or hear, listen or understand,—from beyond the Dogstar to the Cambridge turnpike here, from the Fall of Adam, through the Four Monarchies,¹ down to the Long Parliament of Charles Stuart and present dull month of November, is it not mine, to look upon, to listen to, to understand, to sympathise with,—in a word to live in and possess, so as no mere rent-drawer can? Immensity is my Inheritance, and also the Eternity that is to come. Yes, Mr. Cromwell, that is the amazement.

To depicture the thoughts of Mr. Cromwell as he plods along on muddy highways towards London, at that epoch of scientific and literary history, with such theories of the universe and of Mr. Cromwell as a man could then have in the head and heart of him, were a wonderful task ; which only a few readers, of the intensest kind, could be expected to take interest in. This man is of the sort we now call original men, men of genius or such like ; the first peculiarity of which is that they in some measure converse with this universe at first-hand, and not under the employment of any scientific theory or in the nakedness of none,—these have ever, deny it as we will, a kind of divine worth for us.

Yes, had any James Boswell, riding cautiously alongside of these two, with ass-skin and black-lead, with understanding heart and ear, jotted down the dialogue of Mr. Hampden and Cousin Oliver ! What fraction of the Bodleian Library, of all manner of Libraries, wouldst thou have been disposed to give in exchange for it ? All Divinity Logics, Controversies of the Altar, Episcopacy, etc. ? But so it is, O reader. Men have no eye for the gods ; and Boswells I think are rarer than even Johnsons. In Idolatrous ages it is nothing but empty shambling clothes-screens and other Idols that they give us,

¹ Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman.

doubt it not, has cloaks, rough country wrappages of rather antiquarian style and cut, the cut of which can now be of no use to any tailor, or other, and rides with an infinitude of thoughts, spoken thoughts, or mostly unspoken. The infinite element of Thought, stern, solitary, sad and great, like the primeval sea with firmaments not yet divided, encompasses him always, bodies itself from time to time into Thoughts,—or does not so body itself, but lies silent as in obstruction as of death, which is but an obstruction of travail and of birth, equally painful, though a little profitabler! I have marked Mr Cromwell as a choleric man, indeed his face speaks it. Look at that mouth, at those wild deep grey eyes, at that wart on the brow, at that massive nose, not beautiful, nor yet, in spite of calumnies, ugly—meseems in that peaceable flattish feature there lies a capacity, like that of Chimera's, of breathing fire! A troublous dark face, full of sorrow, full of confused energy and nobleness. I regret much that it is not of a Grecian ideal structure, the facial angle is not that of Mars or the Phidian Thunderer—what a pity not! It is the wearying work day face of an Englishman, not the holiday exhibition of a Greek or other Jupiter. (A mixture of the lion and the mastiff, say physiognomists.) Mr Cromwell, it must be added, is given to weeping—credible as it may seem. I have seen that stern grim face dissolved in very tears like a girl's. For this is withal a most loving man—who knows what tremulous thrillings, wild pangs of fear and sorrow, burstings of woe and pity, dwell in such a soul! Hope is there, high as the Heaven, Fear also, deep as the Bottomless—Let us look at Mr Cromwell as he plods along from Lly City, out of the marsh country towards London and a Parliament which will be called Long—O, Mr. Cromwell, did thinking being ever find himself in a more miraculous scene than this same? The sun and blue heavens overhead, the green earth underfoot, and these deep fog continents that swim there. And this ugly mud element of November will brighten into May and summer—it is enough to strike a man dumb. And I, how came I here? That is the

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and it would almost seem as if there had been no gods there. The seven hundred and fifty-three still extant portraits of Charles I., what intrinsically are they worth to thee? Was it much nourishment that thy soul derived from looking never so deep into that man, or was it little or almost none? A bad world, my masters

One fancies Mr Cromwell riding Townwards in company with Hampden and others A man not beautiful to look upon, grim, other than comely O, ye Daughters of England, happily he is not bound to be beautiful, can without penalty suffer himself to continue ugly —Ugly, and yet that is not the word. Look in those strange, deep, troubled eyes of his, with their look of never resting, wearied thought struggle, with their wild, murky sorrow and depth,—on the whole wild face of him, a kind of murky chaos almost a fright to weak nerves, at which nevertheless, you look a second time, and sundry other times, and find it to be a thing in the highest degree worth looking at. For the chaos is indeed deep and black, yet with morning beams of beautifullest new creation peering through it I confess I have an interest in this Mr. Cromwell, and indeed, if truth must be said, in him alone. *The rest are historical, dead to me, but he is epic, still living.* Hail to thee, thou strong one, hail, across the long drawn funeral aisle and night of Time! Two dead centuries, with all that they have born and buried, part us, and it is far to speak together how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and Time Hail to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I, at least, mean to call thee so.

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